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BRYDGES # CENSURA LITERARIA

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Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, Bart. K.J. & P.L.

This gentleman, born at Wootton, Nov. 30, 1762, was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, entered of the Middle Temple, 1782; called to the bar, Nov. 1787; retired to Denton Court in Kent (a seat which he had lately purchased), 1792; removed to his son's house at Lee Priory near Canterbury, in October 1810. In February 1808, he received the unexpected but gratifying notification from the Chancellor of the Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim, then resident at Stockholm, that at a Chapter in the preceding November, held at Bamberg in Franconia, the distinctions of that Order, which had so lately been honoured by the acceptance of the illustrious Nelson, had been conferred on him. For this he has since received his diploma in due form. He had lately become, by the death of his elder brother, the representative of such pretensions as still remain to the Barony of Chandos: pretensions to which the enormous expence and anxiety proved to be attendant on the support of them in the common course, give but a forbidding aspect. At the General Election in 1813 Sir Egerton Brydges was elected a Representative in Parliament for Maidstone, and has since distinguished himself as a very useful and active Senator. The Prince Regent, Dec. 27, 1814, conferred on him the dignity of a Baronet.—Sir Egerton Brydges is known by many excellent publications, particularly on subjects of Poetry and Bibliography, several of them from his own private press at Lee Priory. He also published the last greatly improved Edition of Collins's Peerage; in which he feelingly observes, that "he who aims, however unjustly, at the honours of a Poet and a Moralist, will surely entertain no inordinate longings for the adventitious superiority conferred by the bauble, a Coronet! A love of reading, more especially works of fancy, history, and biography, and the dreams of Authorship, have been the ruling passions of the Editor's life. In these pursuits no mercenary considerations ever mixed themselves for a moment: for these he has neglected interest, and every more profitable ambition. Instigated by these, he undertook, and has at length, by many a wearisome effort, carried through the present laborious Edition of Collins's Peerage; for which, perhaps, after all, the best reward he will receive from many an inattentive and ignorant reader, will be the mortifying credit of being considered a literary hireling working for his pay!"—In this Edition of Collins will be found (vol. VI. pp. 704—740) an ample account of the Claim to the Barony of Chandos, and of the Ancestors and Progeny of Sir Egerton Brydges.

* "How refreshing," said the late Lord Orford when showing to a friend an ingenious and lively treatise on a subject of Antiquity, 'how refreshing, to meet unexpectedly with such a book, amidst numberless volumes of technical dulness!'

CENSURA LITERARIA.

VOL. II. OF THE NEW SERIES.

Singula lætus
Exquiritque auditque virûm monumenta priorum.
VIRGIL.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, EXTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

ESPECIALLY THOSE WHICH ARE SCARCE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NECROGRAPHIA AUTHORUM,

OR

MEMOIRS OF DECEASED AUTHORS;

AND

THE RUMINATOR,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL, MORAL, AND CRITICAL ESSAYS, WITH OTHER LITERARY DISQUISITIONS.

By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, Esq.

VOLUME V.

BEING THE SECOND OF THE NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1807.

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no.5

PREFACE.

A SPACE has been left for a Preface, and I am called on to fill it up; but, alas! I have little to say, but to thank my kind Correspondents, to whom the Bibliographical part of this volume is almost entirely indebted; more especially my liberal and learned coadjutor Mr. PARK, and his able friend Mr. HASLEWOOD, whose various articles in each number need not be pointed out to my readers.

I will take this opportunity, therefore, of inserting another portion of a Poem, which I have been somewhat earnestly called upon to continue; and hope my readers may not deem it too much out of place.

THE WIZARD.

A KENTISH TALE.

CONTINUED FROM VOL. II. P. 127.

CANTO II.

The dusk of evening sail'd along;
Hush'd was the last bird's warbling song;
But, bright within, the high-pil'd heap
A chearful blazing flame did keep,
Where o'er the wide hearth of the Hall
Hung many a trophy on the wall.
For here the host had lov'd to cherish,
Marks, that with others gladly perish.
High branch'd the stag's horns on each door,
And gorgeous was th' heraldric lore;
Glimmer'd the black cross, and the red;
And many a mystic figure spread
In gaudy hues, enrich'd the cieling,
The blood of ancient chiefs revealing;
While in the oriel's gloom'd recesses
Shone Knights in all their feudal dresses.

The feast was call'd; the table stor'd,
And gaily look'd the lightsome board,
When, faithful to his plighted word,
Knock'd at the door the weary Bard;
Long was the way, the chase was hard;

Yet

Yet vigorous step, and ruddy look,
The strange old Pilgrim ne'er forsook;
He loos'd his belt; he wip'd his brow;
And on a bench he threw him now;
Then did he quaff the offer'd bowl,
And gladness in his eye did roll;
And mingled it with many a jest,
That to th' enlivening draught gave zest;
And many a wink, and many a smile,
And many a cup that interpos'd,
With many a witty comment gloz'd,
The transient moment did beguile
Sooth'd memory of all his toil.

Now timid Beauty came to gaze
Upon the old Man's mystic ways,
And view his reverend form, and hear
The tale, that struck the wond'ring ear.
The old Man bow'd, and smil'd with glee
Sweet Beauty at his beck to see,
While, as his visage glow'd with fire,
They touch'd with thrilling notes the wire;
And where at distance, mounted high,
Amid the seats of minstrelsy,
The full-mouth'd organ op'd her keys,
A blue-ey'd maiden swept with ease
Its deeper tones! the mellow sound
'Gan from the vaulted roof rebound,
And o'er the old man's senses stole,
Melted his frame, and rous'd his soul.

"O ye fair Nymphs, whose music thrills
My cold breast, and my fancy fills,
O how can I these gifts requite,
That swell my bosom with delight!
My faultering tongue has lost the art
Visions of rapture to impart;
And feebly from my wither'd brain,
And painful, comes the frozen strain!
What would ye hear, ye blue-eyed Maids?
Where would ye pierce Time's close-drawn shades?
Would ye to Barham's distant Down
Resort to hear of old renown?
Star of the East,* whose beauty rais'd
A flame, that all around thee blaz'd,
Wake from the tomb, and lead the ball
In noble Aucher's antient hall;
Bring all around the Cantian youth
With vows of everlasting truth:
See poets, statesmen, round thee crowd,
And soldiers breathe their sighs aloud!
Young Cowper † there, with modest mien
Full pensive in thy train is seen;

* Lady Bowyer, daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher of Bourne, was for her exquisite beauty, called *The Star in the East*. Her portrait was painted by Cornelius Jansen, and is one of his best works. See *Walpole's Anecd. of Painting, II.* 9.

† The ancestors of Earl Cowper, and of William Cowper the poet, lived, cotemporary with Lady Bowyer, at Ratling Court, in Nonington in this neighbourhood.

No

No word he speaks, but in his eye
A thousand thoughts thou may'st descry!
'O hear my suit,' he seems to say,
'For tho' no splendour I display,
Some spirit whispers to my soul,
That future ages, as they roll,
Shall view my now-unhonour'd name,
Encircled with resplendent fame;
And from my blood a Bard shall rise
To lift our glory to the skies!'
And there see Hammond * plead his cause;
Tears from the tender fair he draws.
Ah! how his glowing accents move
Predicting strains that breathe of love!
But who art thou † of calmer mood,
That seem'st thy offerings to intrude?
In terms precise, and studied phrase
Thou talk'st of deeds of ancient days;
And Learning's lore, and Wisdom's guise,
The richness of thy tongue supplies.
Full many a tale canst thou relate
Of mighty nations sunk by fate!
'O hark!' he cries, 'if, beauteous maid,
My humble suit may be repaid,
From thee shall spring a wondrous Sage,
Whose praise shall spread from age to age;

* The ancestors of James Hammond, the elegiac poet, then lived at St. Alban's Court, in Nonington, where the same family still reside.

† Gibbon, the Historian, whose ancestors then lived at Westcliffe, near Dover.

And

And History's pages shall enshrine
Gibbon's immortal name with thine!"

The star is fled; no more the sound
Of melting music floats around;
Fall the bold turrets; sinks the gate,
Where *ermin'd* banners* with brave state
Mock'd gorgeously the wanton air;
And Aucher† rules no longer there.
Ah! who with sacrilegious whim
Has plac'd the dome of modern trim,‡
Where once the massy Gothic tower
Was wont in generous gloom to lour?
In vain I look: no lovely dames
Come forth to fan our dying flames!
In silence on the weedy stream
Echo is left her hours to dream;
And still is every laurell'd walk,
Where Love and Genius wont to talk!
E'en o'er yon sacred neighbouring tomb,
Where Hooker's§ ashes wait their doom,
No spirit kindred wisdom breathes;
No sage attempts congenial wreathes!"

* The field of the Aucher arms was *ermine*, *with three lions rampant on a chief.*

† The male line of the Auchers became extinct nearly a century ago.

‡ The present mansion is a comparatively modern building.

§ Richard Hooker, the very learned and far-famed author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, was rector here, and has a monument in the church. See *Walton's Lives.*

Thus

Thus abruptly, at present, end the Wizard's communications; but they shall be resumed at some more propitious moment.

I have been called on also to give the conclusion of the Poem on Retirement. This debt, I trust, I shall likewise be able to pay ere long. At present a fever on my spirits, and an unconquerable anxiety of mind, render me not only incapable of performing any promises of this kind; but even of expressing an apology for my omissions.

This, however, is a strain, in which I am aware that I must not indulge. There is nothing more offensive to the public than the language of complaint; and whatever a man has undertaken, he will be expected to execute, in spite of all obstacles.

Yet

Yet some allowance every liberal mind will concede in favour of a periodical work, and of the *individual*, who, committing his name, has felt the generous inclination to attempt the *monthly* amusement or information of the public, regardless of the avocations, of which he must have been in some degree aware.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Aug. 24, 1807.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XVII.

[Being Number V. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The Rocke of Regard: divided into foure parts. The first, the Castle of Delight; wherein is reported, the wretched end of wanton and dissolute living. The second, the Garden of Unthriftinesse; wherein are many sweete flowers (or rather fancies) of honest love. The thirde, the Arbour of Vertue; wherein slaunder is highly punished, and vertuous ladies and gentlewomen worthily commended. The fourth, the Ortchard of Repentance; wherein are discoursed, the miseries that followe dicing, the mischiefes of quareling, the fall of prodigalitie, and the souden overthrowe of foure notable cousners, with divers other morall, natural, and tragical discourses; documents and admonitions: being all the invention, collection, and translation of George Whetstons, Gent. Formæ nulla fides.* Thus far the title.—A Colophon adds—*Imprinted at London for Robert Waley. Anno* 1576. 4*to.*

After an epistle dedicatory of three pages "To all the young gentlemen of England," and a general advertisement "unto the reader," verses in commendation

of the book and its author are supplied by Nicholas Bowyer, R. C. Humfrey Turner, Abraham Fleming, and John Wytton. Then commences the *first* part of the author's work, containing—

" 1. The disordered life of Bianca Maria, Countesse of Celaunt,* in forme of her Complainte, supposed at the houre of her beheading, for procuring the murder of Ardissino Valperga, earl of Massino:" (ten pages, in seven-line stanzas.)

2. "An Invective written by Roberto San Severino, earle of Giazzo, against Bianca Maria, Countesse of Celant." (6 pages.)

3. "Cressid's Complaint." (5 pages.)

4. "The Discourse of Rinaldo and Giletta." (40 pages. An intermixture of prose and verse, composed much on the plan of Gascoigne's love-tale, entitled the Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi.)

Part II. "*The Garden of Unthriftinesse, wherein is reported the dolorous Discourse of Dom Diego, a Spaniard, together with his Triumphe. Wherein are divers other flowers (or fancies) of honest love. Being the inventions and collection of George Whetstone, Gent. Formæ nulla fides.*

The discourse or tale of Diego is limited to seven pages. Then follows a series of amatory poesies, like those in England's Helicon, thus entitled:

* Whetstone, in his Heptameron, gives a brief prose history of Maria Bianca, who from being "unworthily raised to bee Countesse of Zelande, wickedly and wilfully fel to be a Courtesan." "If you covet more authorities (he adds) to approve so common a mischiefe, read Ovid's Metamorphoses in Latine, Segnior Lodovicus' register in Italian, Amadis de Gaule in French, and the Pallace of Pleasure in English."

1. "The

1. "The Complaint of two Lovers, restrained from their wicked desires by the displeasure of their friendes.
2. The device of a Gentlewoman to persuade her Lover of her constancie, notwithstanding her show of hate, which she onely used to quench the jelous suspicion of her friendes.
3. The rejected Lover, with earnest desire, pursues the sight of his disdainfull mystresse.
4. A Gentlewoman falsely deceived with faire wordes, forsweareth hereafter to be wonne with flattering promises.
5. The piteous complaint of Medea, forsaken of Jason, lively bewraying the slipperie hold in sugred words.
6. The forsaken Lover pretilie nippeth his Ladie's inconstancie, for that (as he thought) shee matched with his baser in accompt, wherein coulerablie he discovereth both their names.
7. The Lover attributeth his curelesse wound to chaunce, by loving *long*."

The whimsical singularity, added to the brevity of this piece, may render it admissible.

"*Long* have I lost my libertie,
Alas! through love *long* have I so;
Long have I stoode in jeopardie,
In loving *long* through pyning woe,
Whose constant truth *long* hath been tryde,
Though *long* his suit hath been denyde.

By batterie *long* the brasen wall
The cannon shot doth cleane deface;
The *longest* trees in time doe fall
Which *long* before bad Boreas base:

The little brooke, in running *long*,
Doth turne into a river strong.

Then may it be, I loving *long*,
My pyning corps, by *long* delay,
Can *long* abide the furie strong
Of ghastly death, which *long* doth stay
His ling'ring stroke, to have it so,
That loving *long* should worke my woe."

8. "A Sonet, wherin is showne the straunge effectes of Love.

9. The Lover wearied with a number of delayes, sues unto his Ladie for pitie, or otherwise her speedie denyall, by death to wake a speedie dispatch of his languishing dayes."

From the following passage it appears that the Poet was the Lover:

'To coole his flaming harte,
By Cupide set on fire,
Through heate whereof a *Whetstone* colde
Consumes with hote desire.'

10. "The thought of wonted joyes, doubleth the miserable man's griefe.

11. The hap and hard fortune of a carelesse Lover.

12. The absent Lover, in pawne of his constancie, sendeth his heart to his Ladie.

13. The Lover neither greatly favoured, nor openly refused, compareth the wretchednesse of his estate unto the paines of hell.

14. G. W. to the signe of the brazen Bell.

15. The Lover blameth his Ladie's mistrust, wherin is figured the passions of an earnest Lover.

16. The

16. The infortunate Lover determineth rather desperately to end his sorrowes, then to proroge them with bootelesse hope.
17. Verses of complaint devised for a well-meaning Lover, to move his Maistresse to pitie.
18. The complaint of a Gentlewoman, being with child, falsely forsaken.
19. Against one which wrote a slaunderous libell in dishonour of a Ladie.
20. The unfortunate Lover is persuaded his mishap to grow by destinie.
21. The discommodities of forst marriages, by the example of Venus and Vulcan: supposed, for the more plaine explayning of the inconveniences, to be written to a covetous carle, having but one onely daughter, [who] refused the offers of diverse gentlemen, some being of good worship; and married her unto an old croked coffing crust, for his great wealthes sake.
22. The forsaken Lover sheweth to what intent he weareth Tawnie, bewraying the bondage that wanton dames bring their thralles unto.
23. The rejected Lover determineth either to purchase his Ladie's speedie reconcilement, or els desperatly to die.
24. The Lover, being wounded at the Bathe, sues unto his Ladie for pittie.
25. The Lover to his Ladie in durance.
26. Her Aunsweare.
27. A description of Jelousie.
28. To a disdainfull Dame.

29. The Lover in praise of his Ladie.
30. An Aunswere to a Gentlewoman, by love constrained to sue to him whom of late she scorned.
31. The contemptuous Lover findeth no grace where he faithfully favoureth, acknowledgeth his former scorne, used toward love, to be the onely cause of his miseries.
32. Epilogus." A recapitulation.

Part III. *The Arbour of Vertue. A worke conteining the chaste and honourable life of a Bohemian ladie: to the which is adjoyned, the complaint of two Hungarian barons, that wagerd the spoile of her Chastitie. Wherein are the severall prayses of certaine English Ladies and Gentlewomen; being the translation, collection, and invention of George Whetstons, Gent. Formæ nulla fides. pp.* 128.

This portion is dedicated "to the right honourable and vertuous Lady, Jana Sibilla Greye,* now of Wilton," and dated from the author's lodging in Holborn, the 15th of Oct. 1576. To this succeed

1. "The Discourse of Lady Barbara's vertuous behaviours. (13 pages in Alexandrine verse.)
2. The Complaint of the Lorde Alberto and Udissas, the two Hungarian barons that unadvisedly wagered their land, to winne the ladie Barbara to wantonnesse: who having the foyle (besides the losse of their livings) for their slaunderous opinions, were condemned to perpetuall exile. (13 seven-line stanzas.)
3. In praise of the Right Hon. the Ladie J. S. G. of Wilton. [Lady Jane Sibilla Grey.]

* Daughter of Lord Grey of Wilton, connected with the Brydges family, whence the name of *Grey Brydges*. *Editor.*

4. In

4. In praise of my L. E. R.
5. In praise of my L. Cecil of Bourleigh.
6. In praise of Maistresse M. H.* now Bridges.

'Beautie with brags, of late,
wil'd Vertue yeald her thrall,
But soone the gods to stay their strife,
a parlement did call;

And Fame, with thundring tromp,
was wil'd their subjects cite;
By credite of their thrals, to shew
who was of gretest might.

Beautie, against this day,
her prowdest shewes prepard;
And, sure, a troupe of gallant gyrles
her seemely selfe did gard.

Their spangels wrought a gase,
eche dame in feathers flauntes,
Their straunge attyres, their cuts and cost,
foreshewd their scorneful vaunts.

They looked all askaunce,
when Beautie claymde her right,
That loe, the gods amased were
to see so proude a sight.

Anon, good Vertue comes,
with traine of bashfull dames,
Whose modest lookes wrought more regard,
then Beautie's blasing flames.

A silence now was made,
that they their sutes might move;
Both ladies sue for sovereigne rule,
and thus their titles prove:—

* Qu. Mary Hopton, who married William Brydges, afterwards 4th Lord Chandos?

Proude Beautie vaunts on powre;
poore Vertue, on desart;
And (by your leave) for all her bragges,
the worst had Beautie's part.

Her showes were blemisht much,
with surfling and such like,
Which knowne, Beautie (through feare of foyle)
into a mase did strike:

Who, gasing rounde about,
faire *Brydges* * did espie,
Whose seemely feature, forme, and shape,
did much delight her eye;

And, scorning other proofe,
she *Bridges* calld in place,
Who (to sett forth her sightly selfe)
apeard with bashfull grace.—

Quoth Beautie: "See my toyle,
you gods, nowe judge aright;"—
"Halfe part with you (quoth Vertue, straight)
my gifts adorne this wight:

For Bountie guides her thought,
which Beautie farre excells:
And pittie rules her noble heart,
where pride in Beautie dwells.

To love, and lawlesse lust,
where Beauties lures doe traine,
She winns a calme, yet friendship firme,
with showe of chaste disdaine,

* Catharine Brydges, daughter of Edmund, 2d Lord Chandos, and wife of William Lord Sands, was also celebrated by Gascoigne as the "Fair Bridges." See Percy's Reliques, II. 140.

Probably this Mrs. M. Brydges, was *Mary*, daughter of Sir Owen *Hopton*, wife of William Brydges, who afterwards, in 1593, became 4th Lord Chandos, and died 45 Eliz. *Editor.*

A meane

A meane contents her minde,
where Beautie is extreame;
What botes thee then, good Beautie, thus
to strive against the streame?

Shee onely shall suffice,
if thereto thou agree,
To showe and prove, by dome of Jove,
the best of thee, or mee."

"I will (quoth Beautie) stand
to that that Jove awards;"—
Jove, waying wel their worthie worke,
thus both their toile rewards:

Hee ruled Virtue should
be alwayes best in name;
Yet Beautie, during *Bridges'* life,
should sway in equal fame.

Loe thus betweene these Dames
the bloudie frayes did seace;
But *Bridges* bore the praise away,
for making of this peace.'

7. The praise of Mistresse A. C.
8. In praise of Mistresse A. H.
9. The saucie pesaunt's present unto his sovereigne Mistresse.
10. Epilogus."

Part IV. *The Ortchard of Repentance. Wherein is reported, the miseries of dice, the mischiefes of quarrelling, and the fall of prodigalitie; wherein is discovered, the deceits of all sortes of people; wherein is reported, the souden endes of foure notable cousiners. With divers other discourses, necessarie*

for

for all sortes of men. The whole worke the invention and collection of George Whetstons, Gent. Formæ nulla fides. pp. 121.

This concluding part is inscribed to the Right Worshipfull Sir Thomas Cicill, Knt. The divisions of metre which follow, are thus set forth:

1. "The honest-minded man's adventures, his largesse, and his farewell to the world. A worke discovering the subtilties of all sortes of men. (This poem and its l'envoy, or moral, extends to 119 seven-line stanzas.)
2. G. W. Opinion of Trades (as touching Gaine) written to his especiall friend, Maister R. C.
3. R. C. Answere to G. W. Opinion of Trades.
4. A briefe Discourse of the Discommodities of Quarrelling, written at the request of his especiall friend and kinseman, Maister Robert Cudden of Grayes Inn.
5. The unhappie man contemneth Fortune, and cleaveth to Hope; assured once to reach good-hap by vertuous Industrie, in the despite of Fortune.
6. How great a follie the conceit of Excellencie is.
7. Against Ingratitude.
8. The civill fortune of a covetous person, and what profite ariseth by the death of a churl.
9. A briefe description of Death.
10. An epitaphe upon the death of Henrie Cantrell of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. by his friend R. C.
11. How great a vice it is, either for the vertuous or valiaunt man, to accompanie himselfe with men of base condition; when as (acknowledging

ledging his dutie) hee may adventure into the companie of the best.

12. An epitaphe on the death of the Right Worshipful Maister Robert Wingfield of Upton in the countie of Northampton, Esquier.
13. An epitaphe on the death of the Right Worshipfull Maister John Ayleworth, Esquier.
14. An epitaphe, in the order of an admonition, written on the death of his verie friend John Note of Grayes Inne, Gent. untimely slaine the 2 of November, 1575.
15. An epitaphe on the death of his especiall friend Thomas Cornelius, Gent. slaine in the Prince of Orange his service in Holland.
16. Whetstons invective against Dice, (a poem of 17 pages, in short metre.)
17. Fiftie Apples of Admonition, late growing on the Tree of good Government: bestowed on his especiall friends and companions, the gentlemen of Furnivals In.
18. A Caveat to G. W. at his going into Fraunce, written by his friend R. C.
19. Whetstons Dreame, (a poem of 8 pages.)
20. Inventions of P. Plasmos, touching his hap and hard fortune, unto the which is annexed the sundrie Complaintes of foure notable couseners, the instrumentes of his greatest troubles; which in the prime of their mischievous enterprises, with soudaine death and vexation were straungelie visited. At the end of every the said inventions, for the more plaine knowledge of them, is the Reporter's Admonition in prose, both pleasant and profitable.

P. Plas-

P. Plasmos triumphe.
His praise of his purse.
His Complaint of Want.
P. P. to his Mishap.
His digression from one action of miserie unto another.
His description of Couseners.
His invective against his toung.
His farewell to wanton pleasures.
His recantation.
His farewell to Folly.
The Complaint of one Lyros, a notable Cousener, supposed at the houre of his death.
Frenos' Complaint.
Caphos' Complaint.
Pimos' Complaint at the houre of his death.
The Reporter's conclusion, as touching the report of Paulus Plasmos' adventures; and Lyros', Frenos', Cuphos', and Pimos' falles.
Epilogus, "(recapitulating the subjects treated of, in the last portion of the work.")

Such are the copious contents of a volume whose known rarity has been the chief incentive towards describing it so circumstantially.

In his epistle dedicatory the author earnestly requires, that "this first increase of his barren brain may be used so rightly, as to encourage him hereafter to beat his head about some matter of more worth." What this head-beating produced, will be seen by a reference to CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 273. At the close of his "Touchstone for the Time," 1584, which was intended to expose the tricks and frauds of the town, he utters

utters the following exultation and allusion to this volume: "No man was ever assaulted with a more dangerous stratageme of cosonage than myself, with which my life and living was hardly beset. No man hath more cause to thank God for a free delivery than myselfe; nor anie man ever sawe more suddaine vengeance inflicted upon his adversaries, than I my selfe of mine; as lively appeareth in the ende of my booke intituled The Rocke of Regard, imprinted many years past." Paulus Plasmos, therefore, may be read with an *alias* for George Whetstone.

T. P.

ART. II. *The History of Frier Rush, how he came to a House of Religion to seek a service, and being entertained by the Priour, was first made Under Cook, being full of pleasant mirth and delight for young people.* - - -

[Remainder of the title-page torn off.]* 4*to*. The signatures extend to G 3.

This is a book of great rarity, which Mr. Ritson had ranked as a desideratum, and of which Mr. Beloe has given an account from a copy in the rich library of the Marquis of Stafford. Another copy having fallen in my way, I take the opportunity of giving an extract, from the first chapter.

* Mr. Beloe adds "Imprinted at London by Edw. All-de, and are to be solde by Francis Grove, dwelling on Snow-Hill. 1626." See Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books, I. 249.

"A plesant history, how a Divell (named Rush) came to a religious house to seek him a service.

"There was sometime beyond the sea edified and founded a certain house and cloister of religious men, which house was founded at a great forrest's side, for to maintain the service of Almighty God, and daily to pray for their benefactors and founders, and for the salvation of their own souls; which place by reason of their founders and well disposed people, (which gave unto it largely of their goods and possessions) increased in riches, and every man had gold and silver at their will; and also of meat and drink they had great plenty: insomuch, that they were so much at ease, and had so much, that they wist not what to do, they were so full of wantonness, whereby the service of Almighty God was not well maintained among them: for oftentimes they said neither mattins nor even song: and through their great negligence they forgate clean the charge that they were bound to, when they entered into their religion, and they lived more like beast without reason, then like men of good and holy conversation: for they haunted harlots and lived viciously, and the goods that was given them by good and well disposed people, they spent in unthriftinesse and ribaldry. And when the great Princes of Divells, which are the patrons of ill vices, understood of the great misrule and vile living of these religious men; consulted to keep them still in that state, and worse if it might be.

"And these be the names of the Devills—Belphegor, who was Prince of Glutony; Asmodeus, Prince of Lechery; and Belzebub, Prince of Envy; with many other Devils assembled together; which rejoiced for the

the misorder of these religious men. And as they were all assembled together with one accord, they chose a Devill to go and dwell among these religious men, for to maintain them the longest in their ungracious living, which Devill was put in rayment like an earthly creature, and went to the Religious house, and there he stood at the gate a certain space, all alone with an heavy countenance. Then within a while after, the Priour came unto the gate, and espied Rush the young man, standing there all alone. Anon he said unto him, "What dost thou here? and what wouldst thou have?" The young man with great reverence answered and said; "Sir, I am a poor young man, and am out of service, and fain would have a master. And, Sir, if it please you to have me, I shall do you diligent service, and shall do so well that you and all your brethren and convent shall be glad of me, for I shall keep so well your secrets, that I trust to obtain at all times your good love and favour, and all theirs also."

"And when the Priour heard these words, he was moved with pitty, and said! "Go into the kitchen to the cook, and shew him that I have sent thee thither, and bid him shew thee, what thou shalt do; for thou shalt be with him a certain season, till that time other better thing fal." Then the young man made his reverence to the Priour, and thanked him, and forthe he went to the kitchen, where he found the master cook. Anon hee made reverence unto him, and said: "Sir, my master the Priour hath sent me hither unto you, and commandeth me to shew you what I shall do, for I must be here and help you." The master cook answered and said; "you be welcome." And anon he set him to such business as he had to do. And thus the Devill

became

became Under Cook in the place that he was assigned unto, by the Prince of Devills."

Then follow the Devill's words, (" laughing") to himself.

ART. III. *Britain's Remembrancer, containing a narration of the Plague lately past; a declaration of the mischiefs present; and a prediction of judgments to come (if repentance prevent not.) It is dedicated (for the glory of God) to posteritie; and, to these times (if they please) by Geo. Wither.*

Job, xxxii. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22, [*quoted at length.*]

Reade all, or censure not:

For " he that answereth a matter before he heare it, itis shame and folly to him." Prov. xviii. 13.

Imprinted for Great Britaine, and are to be sold by John Grismond in Ivie-Lane CIↃ IↃCXXVIII. pp. 574. 12*mo.*

This book of Wither does not appear in the account of his works in the CENSURA, Vol. I. p. 42. It commences by a dedicatory epistle in verse, of eleven leaves, " To the King's most Excellent Majestie." This is succeeded by a " Premonition," in prose. After this the poem opens, consisting of 8 cantos; each canto preceded by an " Argument," in a measure of eight syllables; and it ends with a " Conclusion," occupying nearly six leaves. The above title-page is preceded by an engraved one, representing a glory, and beneath it, in the clouds, figures of mercy and justice.

Still

Still lower, in the clouds, are an army marshalled in order of battle; two armed knights on horseback, encountering each other with spears; wild beasts devouring each other; a Cupid discharging a dart from his bow; a dead body prostrate, and covered with plague-spots; two armed knights standing with their spears in their hands, conversing; a personification of pestilence, hurling a javelin; a blazing star; and various chimeras flying in different directions. Across the page, directly beneath this curious medley, runs a scroll, inscribed "Britain's Remembrancer." The lower compartment is filled by a bird's-eye view of England and Scotland, with the sea and ships; one of which, as if setting sail from Lynn, or thereabouts, is set on fire by a flash of lightning from the clouds above the scroll. The dedication is expressed in terms rather bold for the time; of which the following may be taken as specimens.

"Most Royall Sir:

"Because I doubted who might first peruse
These honest raptures of my sleighted muse;
Observing it the quality of most
To passe rash judgements (taken up) on trust;
And that, according to the wits of those
Who censure first, the common censure goes;
Perceiving, too, with what oblique aspect,
Some glaring *comets* on my lines reflect;
Awhile I pawsed, whether trust I might
My plaine-paced *measures* to their partiall sight,
Who may upon them (ere you reade them) seize,
And comment on my text as they shall please,
Or sleight, or scoffe; such men were knowne to me;
And being loth they first of all should be

My *judges*, here I offer to your eye
The prime perusall of this *poesie*.
I doe not fear the *world* deprive me can
Of such a mind as may become a *man*.
And sure I am, tho' many seeke to spight me,
That every dog which barketh cannot bite me.
I know of *want* the utmost discontents;
The cruelty of *close imprisonments*;
The bitternesse of *slanders and disgrace*.
I doe not feare the frownes of mighty men,
Nor in close prison to be lodg'd agen:
I doe not feare those *criticks* of your court
That may my good intentions misreport;
Or say it mis-beseemeth me to dare
With such bold language to salute your eare;
I feare not any man that would abuse,
Or in her lawfull flights affront my *Muse*,
Because, perhaps, exceptions may be tooke
Against some passage in the following booke;
For, when she pleaseth, she hath meanes to pay
Those *buzzards*, that would interrupt her way.
She dares not onely, hobby-like, make wing
At *dorrs* and *butterflyes*; but also spring
Those fowles that have beene flowne at yet by none;
Ev'n those, whom our best *hawks* turn taile upon.
Not only at crowes, ravens, dawes, and kites,
Rookes, owles, or cuckowes, dare she make her flights,
At wily magpies, or the *lay* that vaunts
In others' plumes: or, greedy cormorants;
Or those, who being of the kestrell-kinde,
Unworthily aspire, and fan the winde
For aerie *titles*; or, the birds men rate
Above their value, for their idle prate:
As wag-tailes, busie tit-mise, or such like;
But with her pounces, them dares also strike,

That

That furnish courtly tables: as our gull,
A bird much found among the worshipfull.
Our dottrels, which are caught by imitation;
Our woodcocks, shadowing out that foolish nation,
Who hide their heads, and think secure they be
When they themselves their dangers doe not see.
Our strutting peacockes, whose harsh voice doth show
That some sharp stormy wind will shortly blow.
Our hernshawes, slicing backward filth on those
Whose worth they dare not openly oppose.
Our traiterous mallards, which are fed and taught
To bring in other *wild-fooles*, to be caught;
Those *fowles*, that in their over-daring pride,
Forget their breed, and will be *eglifide*:
Our British barnacles that are a dish
That can be termed neither flesh nor fish.
E'en these, or any *fowle* she durst surprise,
If they dare crosse her, when to check she flies.
Beleeve not those, who reasons will invent,
To make this volume seeme impertinent:
For what is of more moment than a story
Which mentioneth to God Almightie's glorie,
His judgments and his mercies?—
Sure nothing is more worthy of regard:
And though a foolish tale be sooner heard;
Yet, in respect thereof, the glorious things
That stand upon record of earthly *kings*,
Appeare to mee as vaine as large discourses
Of childish *May-games*, and of *hobby-horses*."
&c. &c.

In his "Premonition," after complaining of the evil constructions that had been put on his former pieces, (alluding particularly to his "Abuses Stript and Whip'd,") he proceeds to anticipate a number of ob-

jections which he foresees will be made to the present work. From the last of these, it appears, that however adventurous he might be himself, he could not find a printer equally bold: or who would with equal readiness set at defiance the pillory and the Marshalsea. "If you find (says he) anie thing which may seeme spoken out of due time, blame not mee altogether; for it is above two yeares since I laboured to get this booke printed: and it hath cost me more money, more paines, and more time to publish it, than to compose it: for I was faine to imprint every sheet thereof with my owne hand, because I could not get allowance to doe it publikely: so unwilling are we of *Remembrancers* of this kind."

The execution of the poem itself is very unequal. Amid a very great abundance of dross, there are many masses of sterling gold. At intervals we are surprised by flashes of a very vivid imagination, and many of the descriptions are highly-finished and pathetic pieces of poetry. But from the whole poem, when considered altogether, I think it fully appears, that either he was under the influence of a most extraordinary degree of enthusiasm; or, rather, that imprisonment, and irritation of mind, had disordered his intellect. For visions, and ecstasies, and supernatural revelations and impressions, are introduced, not as by a *licentia poetica*, but as real matters of fact, which were made the springs and motives of all his actions. It was one of these supernal admonitions which induced him to continue in London during the whole time of the plague; and another, which peremptorily commanded him to publish his book, in spite of every opposition he might meet with.

The

The following may be taken as a specimen of the poem, from Canto 2. It records pestilential symptoms.

"On some this Plague doth steal insensibly,
Their muddy nature stirring secretly
To their destruction. Some, it striketh so
As if a mortall hand had with a blow
Arrested them, and on their flesh hath seene
A palme's impression, to appearance, beene.
One man is faint, weake, sickly, full of feare,
And drawes his breath where strong infections are,
Yet scapes with life. Another man is young,
Light-hearted, healthy, stout, well-temper'd, strong,
And lives in wholesome ayre, yet gets a fit
Of this *land-calenture*, and dies of it.
Some are tormented by it, till we see
Their veines and sinewes almost broken be,
The very soule distracted, sense bereft,
And scarce the smallest hope of scaping left,
Yet soone recover. Other some, againe,
Fall suddenly, or feele so little paine
When they are seized, that they breathlesse lye,
Ere any dying symptomes we espy.
On some, an endless drowsinesse doth creepe;
Some others cannot get one winke of sleepe.
This useth, ev'ry day, preservatives,
Yet dies; another taketh none, yet lives.
Ev'n thus uncertainly this sicknesse playes;
Spares, wounds, and killeth, many sev'rall wayes."

The following extract from Canto 4 describes a scene of peculiar horrors, during the most calamitous period of the plague:

"Ev'ry place with sorrowes then abounded,
And ev'ry way the cryes of mourning sounded.

Yea, day by day, successively till night,
And from the evening till the morning light,
Were scenes of griefe, with strange variety,
Knit up in one continuing tragedy.
No sooner wak'd I, but twice twenty knels,
And many sadly-sounding passing-bels,
Did greet mine eare, and by their heavy towles
To me gave notice that some early soules
Departed whilst I slept: that other some
Were drawing onward to their longest home,
And seemingly presag'd, that many a one
Should bid the world good night, ere it were noone.
My chamber entertain'd mee all alone,
And in the roomes adjoyning lodged none.
Yet, through the darksome, silent night did flye
Sometime, an uncouth noise, sometime a cry;
And sometime mournfull callings pierc'd my roome,
Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.
Glad was I, when I saw the sun appeare
(And with his rayes to blesse our hemisphere)
That from the tumbled bed I might arise,
And with more lightsomenesse refresh mine eyes:
Or, with some good companions, read or pray,
To passe the better, my sad thoughts away:
For, though such thoughts oft usefull are and good;
Yet knowing well I was but flesh and blood,
I also knew man's natural condition
Must have in joys and griefes an intermission,
Lest too much joy should fill the heart with folly,
Or, too much griefe, breed dangerous melancholy."

Beccles. W. T. SPURDENS.

ART. IV. *Angliæ Speculum, or England's Looking Glasse. Devided into two parts, by C[aptain] W[illiam] Mercer. Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim. London. Printed by Tho. Paine.* 1646.

Angliæ

Angliæ Speculum: or England's Looking-Glasse. The Second Part. Consisting of severall speeches, anagrams, epigrams, acrosticks, and sonnets, &c. By C. W. Mercer. 4to. Sign. Q. 2.

The wood-cut of a mirror follows the title-page, with four lines above, and eight on the reverse. Others precede the dedication to Robert Earl of Essex and Ewe, &c. with a print of him by W. Marshall, followed by an acrostic sonnet on his name. Then the epistle dedicatory and address to the "curteous reader," and to the "criticall reader," commendatory sonnets by T. F. [perhaps Flatman] and W. M. [the author.]

The first part, ending with signature F, contains one long poem

"————————of civil wars
Of such disasters and distracted jars,
As tell a story tragi-comicall,
And sing the praises of his Generall," &c.

The Second Part consists of short poems inscribed

1. To the Lords assembled in Parliament.
2. To the Hon. House of Commons.
3. To the Lords Commissioners of Scotland
4. To the Committees.
5. To Algernon, E[illegible] of Northumberland.
6. To Philip, Earl of Pembroke.
7. To William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.
8. To Robert, Earl of Warwick.
9. To Bazil, Earl of Denbigh.
10. To Earl Henry Rich.
11. To Edward, Earl of Manchester.
12. To Henry, Earl of Stamford.
13. To John, Earl of Lauderdale.
14. To Earl Loudon, Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

15. To John, Lord Balmerinoch.
16. To William, Visct. Say and Seal.
17. To William, Lord Gray.
18. To John, Lord Robarts.
19. To Thomas, Lord Bruce.
20. To William Lenthall, Esq. Speaker of the House of Commons.
21. To the Hon. James Fiennes.
22. To Sir John Merrick, Kt.
23. To Sir Henry Mervyn, Kt. his father-in-law.
24. To Sir William Belfour, Kt.
25. To Sir Philip Stapleton, Kt.
26. To Sir John Clatworthye, Kt.
27. To William Jepsone.
28. To Sir Chas. Erskine, Kt.
29. To Alexander Popham, Esq.
30. To Denzal Hollis, Esq.
31. To John Goodwin, Esq.
32. To Michael Noble, Esq.
33. To Col. Audelay Mervin, his brother-in-law.
34. To Sir Richard Strode, Kt.
35. To Thos. Adams, Ld. Mayor.
36. To the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.
37. To Sir John Northeal, Kt.
38. To Sir Samuel Roule.
39. To Anthonie Nicholls, Esq.
40. To Major General Edwd. Massie.
41. To Godfraie Bossezile, Esq.
42. To Mr. Hue Kennedie.
43. To Mr. John Cheesly, Secretary to the Commissioners for Scotland.
44. To the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councell Men.
45. To the renowned, learned, and worthy divines, Mr.

Mr. Alexr. Henderson, Mr. Sam. Rutherford, Mr. Rob. Bayly, Mr. Geo. Gilespie, Commissioners for the church of Scotland. *

46. For Apologie to these persons of Honour.
47. To Alexander Ramsey, M. D.
48. To my brother Capt. John Mercer.
49. To the famous poet Capt. Geo. Withers.
50. To Sir Archibald Johnstoun, Ld. Warestone.
51. To Sir Oliver Fleming.
52. The pen-man's apologie to the common reader.
53. A Satyre.
54. To the Lords and Commons in Parliament, "the humble petition of Captain William Mercer, who's forced to leave off prose and turn a verser."
55. One word more to Momus.
56. To the feareful passenger.
57. Ad eundem.
58. Upon the Title of the Book."

From the above addresses it may be gathered that Captain Mercer was a parliamentarian adherent: but that he was no great credit to the party, as a volunteer laureat, the following short specimen of his *versing* will sufficiently prove.

"*Upon the Title of the Book.*

"There are some books which bears the very name
That mine does own, yet they are not the same.
Thou never heldst a Glasse before thine eyes,
Wherein thou saw all these nobilities,
And worthies; wherefore thou must needs confesse
'Tis fitly named *England's Looking-Glasse!*

* See Todd's Milton V. 469, and VI. 92.

Or

Or if this Glasse should have been call'd by me
The Glasse of these three kingdoms—'twere no lye. *
Then with a threefold reverence see thou stand,
And, looking in it, hold thy hat in hand.

W. M."

ART. V. *Two Centuries of Epigrammes: written by John Heath, Bachelour of Arts, and Fellow of New Colledge, in Oxford.*

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus; nostri farrago libelli est.

London: Printed by John Windet. 1610. 12*mo.*

Wood† has described this author as born in 1585 at Stalls, in Somersetshire, educated in Wykeham's school, admitted Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1607,‡ where he took his degrees in arts, and became famous for his poetry, at least as an epigrammatist. The above appears to have been his only publication, and is inscribed to Mr. Thomas Bilson, only son to the bishop of Winchester. The following are favourable specimens.

* The author was a North Briton: though his book is dated "from a lodging in King-street, Westminster, at the Three Pidgeons, Jan. 6, 1645."

† Athenæ, I. 403.

‡ Heathhaving carped at "the unreasonable Epigrammatist of Hereford," as Fitzgeffrey charactered him, Davies retaliated in the following and in other similar jerks of wit.

"Thou lawd'st thine epigrams for being chaste;
No marvell:—for the *dead* are nere embrac'd.
And penal 'twere to offer light abuses
'Mong doctors, proctors, and grave heads of houses.

Scourge of Folly, p. 251."

CENT.

CENT. I.—EP. 4.

In solem occidentem.

"Oft did I wonder why the setting sunne
Should looke upon us with a blushing face;—
Is't not for shame of what he hath seen done,
Whilst in our hemisphere he ran his race?

EP. 63.

In Syllam è bello reducem.

I questioned Sylla, being all alone,
What store he slew in warre? he answer'd, '*nine*.'
Had he said *none*, as the truth was that time,
So had the tale been true, and eke the rime.

EP. 77.

In Lanionem medicum.

When Lanio heard the plague increast so sore,
Alas! good man, how he took on therefore:
Fearing, belike, if it continued still,
'Twould rid us all, and leave him none to kill.

EP. 84.

Ned will not keep the Jewish sabbath, hee,
Because the church hath otherwise ordain'd:
Nor yet the Christian, for he does not see
How alt'ring of the day can be maintain'd.
Thus, seeming for to doubt of keeping either,
He halts between them both, and so keepes neither.

EP. 90.

To make a face.

Wreathing the visage from his proper place,
We commonly call *making* of a face;
Which, by a divers speech methinkes more fit,
Ought rather to be tearm'd—the *marring* it.

EP.

EP. 95.

Will, ask't how's sick wife did—said, 'who, my Jone?
She'll come abroad ere long, I do not feare.'
And so she did, before two dayes were gone,
With her heeles forward, mounted on a biere.

CENT. II.—EP. 10.

In Chrysalum.

The miser Chrysalus will hardly spend
One crosse * on his own use, much lesse will lend,
Or give ought to the poore of all his pelfe:—
Blame him not,—for he loves them as himselfe.

EP. 20.

In Quintum ad Academicos.

Urge Quintus with a text of any weight;—
'This text answers it selfe—' he answers straight.
If it doe so, 'tis well:—else, all his wit,
For aught I see, would hardly answer it.

EP. 44.

In Lalum.

Mark Lalus, when he doth a tale begin,
And say—whether 'd'ye see'—do not come in.
See or see not—all's one, what neede he feare?
'Twere better for him if we did not *heare*.

EP. 64.

In Amorphum.

Amorphus steps not out of doors a nights,
For feare of meeting some mishapen sprights;
Whereas, saw they his face so grisly grim,
The sprights they would be more afraid of him.

* Crosses were formerly stamped on pennies. See Leake on English Money.

EP. 73.

In Gallam.

Galla's as foule a wench, the truth to say,
As one shall light on in a summer's day;
Yet Scylla faine would match her with his heyre;
She's rich and sickly, though she be not faire.

EP. 81.

In Rufum.

Rufus got's nose so full of fiery wheales,
By studying presently upon his meales.
You credit not this tale;—I pray, Sir, why?—
It sounds not to my hearing like a lye:
For straight on meales still may you see the man
In a browne study at an ale-house can.

EP. 91.

In Linum.

Linus (what e're it is disturbs his pate)
Is, as they say, growne out of 's wit a late.—
How can it be, that he should now begin
For to be *out* of that he ne'er was *in?*"

T. P.

ART. VI. *A treatise concerning the Nauie of England written in Anno* 1570, *by Ino. Mountgomery, with an addicion thereto made by the saide author, in Anno* 1588. *M. S. 4to.**

[Every article that marks the rise and progress of the maritime power of this country must be universally interesting

* In the possession of Mr. Uphill of May's Buildings, bookseller.

to

to Englishmen; the loan of this manuscript has therefore been obtained for the purpose of this article, being partly written at a period which renders it particularly valuable, that of the invasion attempted by the Spaniards. A portion of the work, I understand, a literary gentlemen recognized as having seen before in MS. but it is supposed never to have been printed, nor do I trace it in Herbert, though there is a method in it that certainly leaves it doubtful if it has not already been before the public.]

"As every people or nation willing to defend itselfe againste the suddaine envasion of others, provydeth therfore according to the situation and bordering of their country: some that have none other but plaine fields betweene them and their enemyes, with making mightie trenches and fortes for ther safeguarde: some that are devyded with ryvers, which they count as peece of defence, with planting heere and there, as the place requyreth some kinde of fortification: some compassed with lowe grounde, by keeping of sluces to drowne the whole country aboute them; and some other by limitting their domynion at deepe fenns, greate woods, huge mountaines, and suche daungerous sands and rocks as maye seeme best to withstande the enemyes force: Even so this isle of Englande, being envyroned with the sea, and having on everye syde good portes and landinge places of safety, oughte to be defended therafter; that is to say, with shipps and block-howses as withe the proper defence thereof: Purposing therefore uppon good will and zeale to my country to write somwhat concerning the mayntenaunce of our navie, &c."

The

The writer, after noticing the country was overrun by Cæsar Claudius, &c. says,

"So voyde was this Ile of good shyppes at the entring of the Romaines, that we finde noe mention made of them in histories of that tyme, neyther did the Brittaines, when they had learned the making use of warlike shippes, seeke thereby to defende theire country, but suffered othar to be lordes of the seas; thorough which sufferaunce, their ennemies did not onely chuse theire landing, without any kinde of displeasure, but also were able to bark themselues safelie, and contynually, withe ayde from othar places, till they had accomplished theire whole desire; which to bring to passe, they spared not to kill without mercye, wickedlye to spoile the fruites of the earthe, to burne and overthrowe castles, townes, and cities, to ravish wives and maidens, to make slaves of nobilitie, and of their slaves gentlemen, and finally, to use all kinde of crueltie and tyranny."

Again, "It is often tymes sene that he whiche hathe to defend him selfe withall, is not soe soone sett uppon, as he that wantethe a weapon, according to the olde proverbe, weapon biddes peace; wherfore I thinke it possible, yea and very lykely to, that our enemy, us allwais provided and able to keep the seas against him, will not so redelye attempt to molest us, as he would otherwise, considdring that he cannot doe it without his owne perrill. And if it so chaunce the matter to be staied, then are we delivered without blood shed, or losse from those euills that might haue followed. But admitt that he wear soe adventurus, that notwithstanding our navy on the seas he wolde attempt to goe throughe withe the matter, yet have we thadvantage of him

him dyvires ways, for if we see our selves of sufitient force to encountre withe him, and therwithe thinke it good so to doe; then may we valliantly give him the charge, fighte withe him, and beate him from our coaste."

Here the author argues, an inferior navy would sufficiently destroy an invading enemy, to force them to return "to get repaired, trymmidd, strengthened, and augmented," and that upon a second attempt,

"All thoughe our navye should be the lesse in nomber, and inferior as it might be thoughte to encounter or give any charge, yet sholde it be of sufficient force to receve the charge and to defend it selfe, notwithstanding the enemy weare two or thre shippes against one; for in giving the charge is a greater daunger then in receving the charge, and especially uppon so forceable, woorthy, and warlyke a navy as the navye of England is: for meting or coping with our navye he shall fynde nothing but blowes, renting, tearing, sinking, fyering, slaughter and spoiling; for as muche as he must come in the face of the cannone, in the eye of the ordenaunce, and as he comethe nerer, so shall he feell the pay of the musket, calyver, and bowe; and when he comethe to hand blowes, he must feele the push of the pyke, and the waight of the brown bill, laid on with the might and hardy courage of our English men, whos quarell being to defend their natyve contry from enemyes, their goods from spoile, their wyves and children from thraldom, and themselves from beastly slaughter and slavery, they wolde no doubt fight more stoutely and withe better courage, then thenemy whoes quarrell is grounded but uppon mallice and the wining

wining of glory and domynion. Moreover ours sholde with the better hope be moved therto, knowing the strengthe of our navye to be suche, as wantethe neither goodly great nor bewtefull shippes, whoe of mould are so cleane made beneath, of proportion so fine above, of sayle so swift, the portes fighte and romes in them so well devised, with thordenance so well placed, that none of any other regeion maye seem comparable unto them; in whiche also is planted suche a deale of tirreble and deadly ordenance as is not a little mervelus to behoulde, some having iij tyers and some iiij, one above another, all charged withe brasse, that is to saye withe cannons, culverens, sakars, mynions, falcons, and foulers, and also smaler peeces of all sortes withe their shott apartayning; as rounde, cloven, cheyne, crosbarre, and haill shott, all of iron, withe dyvers sortes of fyerwoorkes, besyde their furniture of smaller peces or hand weapons, as musket, calyver, and suche lyke, every shipp being manned to the uttermoste, as some withe iij, iiij, v, vi, vij, viij C men apece, whose valliant myndes in the tyme of fight ar stired up with the courageous sounde of trompete, droms, fifes, and their sprites revyved withe the pleasant sight of topp armours, streamours, banners, flaggs, ensignes, and pendantes; so that our shippes, passing other in strengthe, swiftnes, and warlyke bewty, and being manned withe valliante captains, boldned maryners, stoute gonners, and hardy soldiers, I conclude that we are lyke to have the better, or" [here the writer repeats his opinion of the necessity the enemy would be under of giving up the enterprize, from loss of men and want of amunition, of returning home to refit, during which] "the navy (of this country) myght be repayred withe force, and

strengthe reddy to receyve him, and to give him as good a wellcome as he hadd a farewell."] This is followed by a doubt that no one or two Princes could sustain such a charge. Then from the example of Scipio Africanus, who could not expel Hannibal out of Italy, the expedient of cutting off succours and invading the country of the enemy is suggested; but that, unless the navy is well supported, aid cannot safely be received from other powers The necessity of preserving "mayne tymber," and "to repayre our shippes, to make new in places of thoulde, and the rather while those connying carpenters yet lyve which searve the Prince at this present;" to fill the store houses with double furniture, as anchors, cables, &c. "and all maner of warlyke bravery that might encourage or kendle the hartes of woorthy servitors." The muskett and calyver are recommended in preference, as the "longbowe, crosbowe, and darte, cannot be used without greate roome." While of the other a man "layeth foorthe no more but the nose of his pece out at a loopehole lesse then haife the breadthe of a mannes hand, wherout his eye dyrecteth him to doe his feate." With respect to number of "the Queenes Maiestics owne shipps, which shoulde allwaies lye in reddynes, they myght be 40 saylles." In "further troubles then might ther be chosen in this realme, amongst many, 40, 50, or more, tall marchantes shipps to joyne with them, sufficient nomber, with God's helpe, to withstand such enemyes." Then follows a distribution on the coasts of England, and Scotland, and the Irish seas, with the reason "whether the Scotts be our friendes or our enemyes, for keeping upon their coasts."

In providing for emergent want of vessels, the writer proposes an allowance in building marchantes shippes;

shipps: "to any that should buyld a shippe able to stowe or carye two houndred tonns in caske or above." And "in voyages eyther to Spaine, Ittalie, the part of Turkey, Barbari, the Indies, the Islands, Hambroe, Danske, the Narue Muscovia, Burdeus and suche lyke places, wher suche shippes may best be fraighted, the saide great shippes of 200 tonns to be first fraighted foorthe and sett on woorke uppon payment of some great penaltye for ofending." And "now to come to the places in England where theis shippes should and myght best be occupied and mayntayned, I will first begyne with the citty of Bristoe, wher hathe ben and yet are a woorshipfull company of marchants and owners whiche I suppose woulde mayntaine and occupie 3. Then next to it is Falmouth, Perrin, and Truro, a good porte, but I supose their wantethe bothe marchants and trafficke of marchandies, wherfor I let them passe, and soe come to Plimouthe, and that contrye whiche I thinke wolde mayntain 1. Then might be appointed to Dartmouth, Totness, and Excetour, 2. To Southampton, 1. To the citty of London, 12. To Ipswiche, 1. To Yarmouth and Norwich, 1. To Hull and Yorke, 2. To Newcastle, 1. And to the great haven of Milford, withe the rest of the portes and havens on the coast of Wales, and that parte of England, I omytt to say any thing, because I knowe them not, but referr it to others that know the coast; also to the citty and haven or ryver of Waterforde, in Ireland, might be apointed 1. And for the rest of the portes, havens, and places of Irelande, I comitt to others that know them. And in this manner I thinke they might be well disposed; not onely because the trade of marchandis in those places is dillegentlye followed, but

also for that those havens and ryvers are good and able to receive suche shippes; not with standing they, as well as other havens and portes of this lande, decaye dayly and need repairations; for whiche cause, I would wishe by the waye, ther wer some order and provision hadd concerning the mending of them, or, at the least, for the keping of them in good state; and espetially for the Thames, or ryver of London, which daily falleth to decay and ruine from the brige downe to Purphelet, wher the chanell is decayd in moste places fyve foot, and in some place seven, nine, and twelve foot, besyde a nomber of banckes and shelves that have encreased and dayly do encrease in the said ryver, soe that it is to be thought it will not continue long navigable, nor fit for good shippes, especially for suche tall marchants shippes as I have tofore wished for and spoken of, except spedye remedy be hadd in the reformatione therof; the decay of which ryver wolde be a great hurt to the comon wealthe of that moste antyent and famouse citty."

The recommendation of erecting fortes and block howses, next follows, "especially a cople to be raised at the Nesse on bothe sydes the entry of the ryver bye Quynbrow, called Medoe water, wher the Queen's majestie's shippes doe now ryde in harbrowe;" then is recommended the increase of mariners, mayntenance of fishing, with examples of the "Duchmenne and Flemings" therein, and encouragement to marchantes. The first part concludes with praying a long and prosperous reign for the Queen, "and that her honourable counsayle, first seeking the glory of Godd, maye still provyde for the securety and defence of this lande."

Of

Of "The Addicione to this Treatise," an account will be given in the following number of CENSURA.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VII. *Here begynneth a treatise of a gallant.*

" Ryght as small flodes encrease to waters fell,
So that narowe furrous may not sustayne,
Ryght so pryde unclosed may not counsell
This new wretchednes y^t causeth us co̅playn;
How wo hath wrapped us in a cruell chayne:
Our pryde sheweth it well, bothe ferre and nere;
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

The synne that now reygneth to beholde is ruthe,
Of fraude and dysceyte grete abhomynacyon,
But nede constrayneth us now to saye the truthe
Of pryde and dysceyte this newe dyscymulacyon,
That blyndeth and consumeth our Englysshe nacyon:
Lucyfer's progenye amonge us dooth appere,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Ryght late stode our londe in suche prosperyte,
Of chyvalry, manhode, and ryche marchaundyse,
Thrughe all crysten realmes sprange our felycyte,
Of grete welth and prowesse in sondry wyse,
Our sadnes is chaunged for the newe guyse,
We haue exyled our welth, I note where,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Pryde hath founde waye to exclude man fro blys,
In dysfygurynge nature by this newe araye,
Bothe men and women can saye what it is,
For bothe nede and poverte gooth now ryght gaye;
But alas our sorowe encreaseth every daye,
And yf ye lyve long ye shall bothe se and here,
That Englonde shall wayle that ever it came here.

For pryde hathe our plente torned to evyll fare,
And fedeth us as beestes that draweth in the ploughe,
Many a worthy man bryngeth he to sorowe and care,
Where fortune somtyme fresshely on hym loughe,
Examyne the lyvinge that this worlde useth ynoughe,
How nede with synne groweth every where;
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

For many a vengeaunce, as scripture maketh mencyon,
Hath fallen to kyngdomes in sondry wyse,
And fynally put the people in dystruccyon,
For theyr obstynacy, a newe fangle guyse;
Alas Englonde, that somtyme was so wyse!
Other nacyons refuse, hast bought so dere,
That thou may wayle that ever it came here.

Som tyme we had Fraunce in grete derysyon,
For theyr hatefull pryde and lothesome unclennes;
Use we not nowe the same in our regyon,
And have permuted our welthe for theyr gladnes?
Lechery of our people is become a maystres,
Our gentylnes, for galantyse have we lefte there,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came heere.

Yf ye beholde the galantes progenye vyperius,
That out of Fraunce be fledde for theyr intoxicacyon,
Hathe nowe vengeaunce consumed that realme gloryus,
For theyr pryde and synfull abhomynacyon,
That all the worlde may wayle theyr desolacyon.
O Fraunce why ne had these galauntes byden there,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

For in this name galaunt ye may expresse
Seven lettres for some cause in especyall."—

The remainder of this, sixteen others, and beginning of the next stanza, wanting.

"Good

" Good makynge of man is nowe layde on syde,
This newe araye is brought up in this londe so wyde,
And yet for all that it may not last a yere,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Beholde the rolled hodes stuffed with flockes,
The newe broched doublettes open at the brestes,
Stuffed with pectoll of theyr loves smockes,
Theyr gownes and theyr cotes shredde all in lystes,
So many capes as now be, and so few good prestes.
I can not reken halfe the route of theyr marde gere:
Englond may wayle that ever it came here.

These galauntes use also full abhomynable,
Theyr typpettes be wrythen lyke to a chayne,
And they go haltred in them as hors in the stable:
It is a peryllous pronostycacyon certayne;
For synfull soules shall be bounde in payne,
Hande and fote in perpetuall fyre:
They shall curse the tyme that ever it came here.

All these newe bulwarkes they weare at theyr knees,
They laboure sore in theyr wyttes fantasyes to finde,
No man holdeth hym contente with his degrees,
Pryde gothe before and shame cometh behynde;
Alas that Englyshe men sholde be so blynde,
So moche sorowe amonge us and so lytell fere,
We may wayle the tyme that ever it came here.

Forgete not lyghtly how many straungers,
Have entred this kyngdome and kepte the possessyon,
Fyve tymes as wryteth olde cronyclers,
And chaunged our tonges in sondry dyvysyon;
O clergy praye for our Englysshe nacyon,
That God for his merey of this synne make us clere,
Elles shall we wayle that ever it came here.

Effectually pray God for his reformacyon,
Of welthe, manhode, and of marchaundyse,
And tresory of peas, that Cryste in his passyon
Lefte bytwene God and man whan he sholde dye;
The comynalte in love, conserue perseverauntlye,
With charyte bothe hyghe and lowe to joyne in fere,
In voydynge of synne that tourmenteth us here.
O Englonde, remembre thyn olde sadnes,
That thou may resorte agayne to thy gladnes;

Exyle pryde, relyeve to thy goodnes,
Synne hath consumed this worldes humanyte;
Praye God thou may rejoyse thyn olde felycyte;
And his blessyd moder, as this londe is her dowere,
We have no cause to wayle that ever it came here."

FINIS.

Here endeth this treatyse made of a galaunt. Enprynted at London, in the Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde."

This fragment of a poem, printed in black letter, was found pasted within the fly leaf, on the oak board binding, of an imperfect volume of Pynson's Statutes, and purchased from the Nash-Court collection. The first side having the printer's letter, A j, connected with the end, seems conclusive that it did not form a portion of any particular work, or extend beyond a sheet ballad, or poem, folding in quarto, of which the above is the contents of the first and last leaf; the stanzas wanting, calculated for a deficiency of four pages. The title, as customary at that period, is on a ribband. No mention of such a tract occurs in Herbert.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Country Conversations: being an account of some discourses that happen'd in a visit to the country last summer, on divers subjects; chiefly of the modern comedies, of drinking, of translated verse, of painting and painters, of poets and poetry.*

———Recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena.

London: Printed for Henry Bonwicke, at the Red Lyon in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1694. *Small* 8vo. *pp.* 86.

In a short preface, addressed "to the Wits," the anonymous author says, "I made bold to borrow one of your pens last summer, and employed it merely for a pass-time, during the intervals of angling, and such like diversions of a country retreat; *La manière de bien penser* fell in my way, I know not how, and I had a mind to try how something of that nature would look in our language. I endeavoured to imitate (though faintly, and afar off) the original draught of *Le Pere Bonhours.*"

The work is divided into five sections, according to the arrangement in the title, and from the fifth the following extract will not be unamusing to those who have been entertained by a modern dramatic author at the conceit of a man falling in love with "my grandmother."

"Among other arts, which have interfered with poesie, I have observed, in a more especial manner, that of painting to be one; as if the two sister sciences delighted

delighted to live together in the same person. You seldom knew a poet but he was a lover of pictures, nor a painter who had not the like affection for poems and musick (which is really an inarticulate poesie). Some persons have attained to a great perfection in both those arts; such was *Leonardo da Vinci*; I could name other Italians, and several of our own nation; but it is sufficient to instance only in one. A young lady of eminent virtue and beauty, was when she lived (which was not many years since) incomparable for her performances both with the pen and pencil; I mean Mrs. Ann Killigrew, whose picture, drawn by herself, is printed before her book of poems, published soon after her death. A gentleman of our acquaintance, though he had never seen her when living, fell really in love with her memory, and on the first view of her picture and poems, composed some verses which I think I can still remember.

"Often have I conquer'd been
With the beauties I have seen;
Often have uncommon faces
Pleas'd and wounded with their graces;
But till this hour I never found
That the fair sex unseen can wound;
Till now I never was a slave
To charms and beauties—in a grave.

Nor time can cure, nor hope can ease my care;
At once I see, love, and despair.
Ah sweet remains of that lamented maid!
Ah lovely shadow of a shade!
Where's now the hand which this fair image drew?
Where's that we miss, even when we view?

Where

Where is that noble fancy could design
A face, and verse, both so divine?
Where is that face that did all art defie,
That art that nature did outvy?
Where in the sex shall we her virtue find?
And where her wit in all mankind?

Absurd inquiries! can such beauty dye,
Such wit be subject to mortality?
Can such accomplishments as hers' create
Less than a miracle, and conquer fate?
See, profane infidel, see here, and find
In this eternal monument inshrined,
Her very self; her wit, her face, and mind."

"This seems, indeed, to be writ with as great affection as encomium, and more love than art. But you know Philaster, he is the author." "I did imagine, (said Mitis) it must be he; he is himself a pretender to both these arts; and that with as much success as he desires, since he never made either of them his business, but diversion."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IX. *Richard Hampoole's Devoute Medytacyon in sayenge deuoutly the Psalter of our Lady, with diuers ensamples. Emprynted at London, in Flete strete at the signe of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde, MCCCCCVIII, the furthe daye of Februarie.*

This

This volume did not appear to have any regular title page. The above is a correct * copy of the head title (a mode occasionally found adopted by the early printers) which immediately preceded the prayers. It was a quarto, printed on vellum, in black letter, and formed an article in the catalogue of the library of the late Mr. Voight; but on the morning of sale it was not to be found. Several instances of similar depredation have occurred lately at different auction rooms. In the present instance, harsh as the allegation may appear, yet the craving of a black-letter appetite can alone be suspected. So little was known of its real value, that had it been taken by one of *Newgate notoriety*, he would scarcely have found a pawnbroker to give it hoarding room with the advance of a crown; and if offered to a bookseller, was there one in the metropolis, who would appreciate its value above waste, but knew of so singular an article being exhibited for public sale, or has since seen the hand-bill distributed from Bow-street? If it was taken by a mercenary purloiner, a hunting jackall of the more indolent and wealthy collector, this registry may yet be the means of tracing it to its present lodgment, and induce a restoration; if the possessor reflects, neither russian surtout nor morocco mantle will be sufficient disguise to parry recollection within *the memory of man*. Its singular rarity renders it perhaps matchless, and in what manner can it hereafter appear without condemning the possessor? Unless it is intended to form

* The circumstance of having by chance corrected the catalogue by the original, will account for its varying both from that and the hand bill afterwards distributed. The work does not appear to be mentioned by Herbert.

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an inchoated article in the *Bibliotheca Parlæiniana*, it must be kept more sacred than a cabinet curiosity, unknown, unseen, or the publicity of the theft may lead to a discovery. Where is the opportunity for ostentatious display, too often the parsimonious gratification which alone delights the sordid collector of old books? The *unique copy* must hide its guilty head, doomed to an unexplored nook, and decreed at last to destruction, in order to save the fair fame of its possessor from posthumous censure and obliquity. Purchase may be alleged, but that is such equivocal transfer, where only a solitary copy is known, that it must appear a vain attempt to screen connivance at an act founded on fraud, covin, and petty larceny. Let it be hoped this register may help to check such acts in future, perhaps deter, which is much better than to detect.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. X. *A Discovrse of Life and Death. Written in French by Phil. Mornay. Done in English by the Countesse of Pembroke. London: Printed for W. Ponsonby.* 1600. 12*mo.*

Of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," Collins, in his memoirs of the Sidneys; Ballard, in his account of learned Ladies; and almost every subsequent biographer, have afforded an interesting account. The publication here cited, is not less estimable than rare: and having omitted to introduce any extract from it in the late edition of Royal and Noble Authors, for the sake of interweaving poetic specimens; I take the present occasion

occasion of exhibiting her Ladyship's elegant and forcible style in prose, from the exordium to this translation.

" It seemes to me strange, and a thing much to be marveiled, that the laborer to repose himselfe hasteneth as it were the course of the sunne; that the mariner rowes with all force to attaine the port, and with a joyfull crie salutes the descried land; that the traveller is never quiet nor content, till he be at the end of his voyage; and that we, in the meane while, tied in this world to a perpetuall taske, tossed with continuall tempest, tyred with a rough and combersome way, cannot yet see the end of our labour but with griefe, nor behold our port but with teares, nor approach our home and quiet abode but with horrour and trembling. This life is but a Penelope's web, wherein we are alwayes doing and undoing; a sea open to all winds, which, sometime within, sometime without, never cease to torment us; a wearie journey through extreame heats and colds, over high mountaines, steepe rockes, and theevish deserts. And so we terme it, in weaving at this web, in rowing at this oare, in passing this miserable way. Yet loe, when Death comes to end our worke; when she stretcheth out her armes to pull us into the port: when, after so many dangerous passages and lothsome lodgings, she would conduct us to our true home and resting-place: in steade of rejoycing at the end of our labour, of taking comfort at the sight of our land, of singing at the approch of our happie mansion; we would faine (who would beleeve it?) retake our worke in hand, we would again hoise saile to the wind, and willingly undertake our journey anew. No more *then* remember we our paines; our shipwracks and

and dangers are forgotten: we feare no more the travailes nor the theeves. Contrariwise, we apprehend death as an extreame paine, we doubt it as a rocke, we flie it as a thiefe. We do as little children, who all the day complaine, and when the medicine is brought them, are no longer sicke; as they who all the weeke long runne up and downe the streetes with paine of the teeth, and seeing the barber comming to pull them out, feele no more paine. We feare more the cure than the disease, the surgeon than the paine. We have more sense of the medicine's bitternesse, soone gone, then of a bitter languishing, long continued; more feeling of death, the end of our miseries, than the endlesse miserie of our life. We fear *that* we ought to hope for, and wish for *that* we ought to feare."

Though not printed till 1600, the last leaf of the volume is dated "Wilton, the 13 of May, 1590."

T. P.

ART. XI. *A misticall deuise of the spirituall and godly love betwene Christ the Spouse, and the Church or congregation. Firste made by the wise prince Saloman, and now newly set forth in verse by Jud Smith. Wherunto is annexed certeine other briefe stories. And also a Treatise of Prodigalitie, most fit and necessarie for to be read and marked of all estates.* 1575. *Imprinted at London by Henry Kirckham, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the little northe doore of Paules, at the signe of the Black Boie. Small 8vo.*

Mr.

Mr. Warton, in his enumeration of the various English versions of Solomon's song made in the 16th century,* does not notice the present; nor is it registered either by Ames or Herbert. An address to the Christian reader is prefixed by John Wharton, a puritanical writer of poetry, and thus begins:

"In perusing this little volume intituled 'A misticall devise,' being requested of my frend therunto, I did fynde such a pleasantnes therin, that my hart rejoyced and gave du signes what pleasure and delight my minde of it conceived. For surely (gentle reader) if thou covit to heare any olde bables, as I may terme them, or stale tales of Chauser, or to learne howe Acteon came by his horned head, if thy mynde be fixed to any such metamorphocall toyes, this booke is not apt nor fit for thy purpose. But if thou art contrarywise bent to heare, or to reade holsome documentes, as it becometh all Christians, then take this same: for thou shalt fynde it sweeter (as the prophet sayeth) then the honye or the honye combe. For Salomon had great delite in the makinge of these, to recreat and revyve his spirits, and called them by this name, *Canticum Canticorum*, whyche is to saye—the song of songes."

These songs are very briefly and prosaically metrified, in ten pages: then succeeds "A coppie of the Epistle that Jeremye sent unto the Jewes, which were led away prisoners by the king of Babilon, &c." in verse. This also fills ten pages. Then, "The Commaundements of God our Creator, geven by Moyses," followed by texts from scripture, on four pages: and on four

* Hist. Eng. Poetry, III. sect. xxvii.

concluding

concluding ones, "The Commaundements of Sathan, put in practise dayly by the Pope." A very scanty specimen may suffice, from his version of the song of Solomon.

Christ speaketh to the Churche.

" Come, wend unto my garden gay,
My sister and my spowse;
For I have gathered mirre with spice,
And other goodly bowes.

I meane to eate my honnye, and
My honny combe so sweete,
And I will drinke my wyne and milke,
For so it seemeth meete.

Christe to the Apostles.

Eat now, my frinds, do nothing spare,
But be of perfect cheare;
And drink with mirth, for you of me
Are sure beloved deare."

T. P.

ART. XII. *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets. London: Printed by J. G. for Rich. Marriot and Hen. Herringman, and sold in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet-street, and at the New Exchange.* 1657. *Small* 8vo.

From an address of the publishers to the author (who was Dr. Henry King, bishop of Chichester) it appears, that this little volume was printed without that author's

* " The Devil's Commandments," in verse, make a part of that antiquated medley called The Calender of Shepheards. In course they are diametrically opposite to those delivered by Moses.

consent, if not against his inclination. Part of their apology runs thus:

"The best we can say for our selves is, that if we have injured you, it is meerly in your own defence, preventing the present attempts of others, who to their theft would (by their false copies of these poems) have added violence, and some way have wounded your reputation."

Wood* tells us, that these poems, on their first appearance, were attributed to Dr. Philip King, the author's brother, and inserted as such in the Bodleian catalogue. The uncertainty of the real author might have led to a clumsy deception, which I have twice had occasion to observe. Whether the book had sold but little, from being published anonymously, or whether a number of copies had fallen into the hands of some ignorant book-jobber, certain it is, that the old title-page was displaced, and that a new one was prefixed, with the date of 1700, in which the poems were called *Ben Johnson's! !* No popular name could perhaps have been more awkwardly misapplied: for, besides a total dissimilarity between the metrical style of rare Ben and Bishop King, there is a copy of verses inscribed "*To my sister, Anne King*," at p. 83, while (unluckily for the spurious title) an elegy is addressed "*To my dead friend Ben Johnson*," at the distance of a few pages.

Mr. Headley† has truly said, that the poetry of bishop King, which was either written at an early age or as a relaxation from severer studies, is neat and un-

* Athenæ Oxon. II. 432.

† Biog. Sketches before Select Beauties of Anc. Eng. Poetry, p. lvii.

commmonly

commonly elegant. Howell before had remarked, in his Familiar Letters, "I find not only heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy in Dr. King's poems." A single and short extract shall only here be made; as an entire republication is intended by Mr. Gilchrist, who has so ably edited the poetical works of Bishop Corbet.

"To Patience.

"Down, stormy passions, down; no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing reason sits and hides
Her from the fury of the tides.
Fit onely 'tis, where you bear sway,
That fools or franticks do obey:
Since judgment, if it not resists,
Will lose itself in your blind mists.
Fall, easie Patience, fall like rest
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast:
And where those rebels you espy,
O in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power, and praise
The soveraign vertue of your balm,
Which cures a tempest by a calm."

To some copies of bishop King's poems, are affixed elegies on his death.

T. P.

ART. XIII. *Characters vpon Essaies, morall and diuine, written for those good Spirits, that will take them in good part, and make vse of them to*

good purpose. London: Printed by Edw. Griffin for John Guillim, and are to be sold at his shop in Britaines-Burse. 1615. 12*mo.*

This is one of the numerous productions of that prolific penman Nicholas Breton, who inscribes it in a dedication of five pages "to the honorable and his much worthy honored, truly learned, and judicious knight, Sir Francis Bacon, his Majestie's Attourney-Generall." A short prose address "to the reader" follows: after which verses *Ad Authorem & in laudem Operis,* signatured W. D. W. P. I. B. I. R. C. N. R. B. The Charactering of Essays then extends from p. 1 to 44, and comprises 1. Wisdome. 2. Learning. 3. Knowledge. 4. Practise. 5. Patience. 6. Love. 7. Peace. 8. Warre. 9. Valor. 10. Resolution. 11. Honor. 12. Truth. 13. Time. 14. Death. 15. Faith. 16. Feare. These are written in a strain of antithesis and paradox, very prevalent at that period, with the writers of essays, or characteristics, of which Sir Francis Bacon, and Bishop Hall, appear to have been the earliest prototypes. The following may serve as a specimen of what Breton terms the "travells of *his* spirit."

"*Warre.*

"Warre is a scourge of the wrath of God, which by famine, fire, or sword, humbleth the spirits of the repentant, tryeth the patience of the faithfull, and hardneth the hearts of the ungodly. It is the misery of time, and the terror of nature; the dispeopling of the earth, and the ruine of hir beauty. Hir life is action; hir food, bloud; hir honour, valor; and hir joy, conquest. Shee is valor's exercise, and honor's adventure; reason's

reason's trouble, and peace's enemy; shee is the stout man's love, and the weake man's feare; the poore man's toile, and the rich man's plague: shee is the armourer's benefactor, and the chirurgion's agent; the coward's ague, and the desperate's overthrow: she is the wish of envy, the plague of them that wish hir, the shipwracke of life, and the agent for death. The best of hir is, that shee is the seasoner of the body and the manager of the minde, for the induring of labor, in the resolution of action. Shee thunders in the aire, rips up the earth, cuts thorough the seas, and consumes with the fire. Shee is indeed the invention of malice, the worke of mischiefe, the musique of hell, and the daunce of the devill. Shee makes the end of youth untimely, and of age, wretched; the citie's sacke, and the countrie's beggery. Shee is the captaine's pride, and the captive's sorrow; the throat of bloud, and the grave of flesh. Shee is the woe of the world, the punishment of sinne, the passage of danger, and the messenger of destruction. Shee is the wise man's warning, and the foole's paiment; the godly man's griefe, and the wicked man's game. In summe, so many are her woundes, so mortall her cures, so daungerous her course, and so devilish her devises, that I will wade no further in her rivers of bloud, but only thus conclude in her description:—she is God's curse, and man's misery; hell's practise, and earthe's hell."

T. P.

ART. XIV. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. IV.

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The character of Oliver Goldsmith offers many points of deep disquisition, which have never yet been entered upon, in an interesting, and still less in a satisfactory, manner. I feel my own inability, as well as my want of materials, to execute this task myself at any time, but more especially at the present, when a want of time and a great hurry of spirits must weaken the little powers I possess. Nevertheless the occasion calls; and I must do the best, which it admits.

Genius, we well know, surmounts the barriers of unpropitious circumstances, and is independent of birth, fortune, and opportunity. In the descent and early education of Goldsmith there was indeed nothing unfavourable to the powers he afterwards displayed; but in the events of his life, which immediately followed, in the indiscretion of his conduct, which had often the appearance of absolute fatuity, he had violent prejudices and difficulties to conquer, over which his brilliant talents triumphantly prevailed.

Our poet, a native of Ireland, was born 29 Nov. 1728, at the parish of Forney, in the county of Longford. His father was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, afterwards minister of Kilkenny West in the county of Westmeath. His mother's name was Anne Jones. He received the first rudiments of learning from a village schoolmaster, who had been a quarter-master in Queen

Queen Anne's wars, and having been a great traveller, and possessing a romantic turn of mind, is supposed to have given his pupil the first tincture of that wandering and unsettled turn, which afterwards became a prominent trait of his life.

At this period his relations describe him to have exhibited many of those characteristics of moody thoughtfulness, or sudden vivacity, which Beattie so beautifully attributes to his young Minstrel, Edwin. These qualities at length induced his father, embarrassed as he was by a large family, and small income, to send him to the University of Dublin, with the assistance of the Rev. Thos. Contarine, a man of eminent learning, and a generous spirit, who had married his aunt. In June 1744 he was accordingly entered at Dublin College. But his tutor, Mr. Wilder, was a man of savage disposition, and perhaps laid the seeds of all his future misfortunes. Once when Goldsmith offended against the discipline of the place, by giving a supper and dance in his rooms, this man broke in upon the party with so much rudeness, and treated his pupil with such ferocity, that the disgraced lad fled from the University, and wandered about for six weeks, none of his friends knew whither, till all his money and claims of hospitality were exhausted, when he returned pennyless to his mother's house.

While he remained at college he gave few proofs of those extraordinary endowments, which Nature had bestowed on him. His hard-hearted and undiscerning tutor had broken his spirit, and brought on an habitual despondence, which was attended by its constant concomitant, a morbid indolence. He was generally seen lounging in the gateway in a state of

apparent stupor; while flimsy witlings passed him by in scorn, and gloried in their own superiority.

Conceive the indignant flashes, which must now and then even at this period have lightened through the gloom of his mind. "These triflers, so vain of their slender faculties; these insects now fluttering in the short sunshine of unmerited encouragement! The day will yet come, when the blaze of my reputation shall eclipse and mortify them, and give me ample vengeance for these insults! Stupid and heavy as they deem my intellects, that very heaviness is brooding over scenes of future fertility, which shall put my enemies to shame, and unexpectedly astonish my despairing friends!"

He was not admitted to the degree of A. B. till 27 Feb. 1749, two years after the regular time. It seems that he had lost his father at this time, and that his uncle Contarine supplied his place. This good man enabled him to remove to Edinburgh in 1752 to study physic; where he attended the lectures of Monro, and other professors in the medical line. In a letter dated 26 Sept. 1753, he has given a ludicrous account of Edinburgh society at this time.

From Edinburgh he removed to Leyden, where he stayed about a year. Here he suffered many vicissitudes from an indulgence of that unhappy love of gambling, from which he never afterwards was free, and which rendered the affluent income of his latter days not much more capable of preserving him from pecuniary embarrassment, than the slender one of his former life.

Driven by distress thus created from Leyden, he is said

said to have set out, with no money in his pocket, a pedestrian wanderer on the tour of Europe; and many of the particulars ascribed to the traveller in the Vicar of Wakefield are believed to have happened to himself; especially, his obtaining entrance and entertainment at the houses of the peasantry by the exhibition of his humble skill in music. When he approached one of these cottages at night-fall, he played one of his merriest tunes; and the doors of the generous inhabitants were instantly opened to him. What an affecting picture of fortitude in adversity! What a romantic tale, if exhibited in all its circumstances, by the glowing pencil of Genius! With a sensibility acute in itself, which must ever be the case with men of vivid intellect; but rendered trebly active by the scenes of difficulty, in which he was placed,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy——"

with what gratitude and delight, must he have looked on those, who thus received "the houseless stranger." With what feelings of admiration and affection must he have beheld the face of the simple peasant-girl listening to his music and his stories!

It is said that in these wanderings Goldsmith first felt within him the powers of a poet; and that at this time he first made many of the sketches, which he afterwards worked into such beautiful pictures in his poem, entitled "The Traveller."

In this way he passed through Flanders, and some parts of France and Germany, to Switzerland, a country, in which he found peculiar pleasure. "I fought my way," said he, "from convent to convent, walked

from

from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

He now visited all the northern part of Italy; and beheld Venice, Verona, and Florence. At this period he lost his uncle, who was his principal supporter, and resolved to return home. He had still no means of travelling but on foot; in which manner he returned through France, and reached Dover in 1756.

Hence he resorted to the capital, where yet without money, or friends, he had to seek the means of subsistence. Those means were difficult to be found even in an humble capacity, by a stranger of unpolished manners and neglected appearance. He sought admission as an usher into some school or academy; but even there experienced little facility in the attainment of his wishes. Such however was his well-grounded pride, and just confidence in his future eminence, that his applications were made in a feigned name; and when he had occasion to seek the recommendation of Dr. Radcliff, who had been joint tutor to him with his cruel enemy, he informed him of this circumstance, and requested him to humour this innocent concealment.

He probably did not long continue this degrading employment, but next applied for the place of an assistant in the shops of apothecaries and druggists, which from his forlorn figure and uncouth dialect he did not procure without much mortification and many denials.

At length he met with his friend Dr. Sleigh, with whom he had been a fellow-student at Edinburgh. By the assistance of this affectionate and liberal man, he resolved to commence the practice of his original profession

profession of physic, which he began first in Southwark, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of the Temple It is probable he was not very successful; but the comparative dignity of his new situation perhaps revived his spirits, and gave him leisure to attempt those literary occupations, by which he was ere long to acquire so much fame, and so much money.

In a letter to an Irish friend, dated 27 Dec. 1757, written with all that simplicity and naivetè, which afterwards so much distinguished the style of this writer, he says, "I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it, at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret; in short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well, if they only left us at the door: the mischief is, they sometimes give us their company at the entertainment; and Want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends."

The next year Goldsmith had an intention of going physician to one of the factories in India, for which he obtained a regular appointment. This intention gradually cooled, and was at last laid aside. At this time he was employed about eight months by Mr. Griffiths in writing for the Monthly Review. And in 1759 he published his *Enquiry into the present State of Polite Literature*

Literature in Europe. Printed for Dodsley, 1759. 12*mo.*

At this time the poet occupied mean and dirty lodgings in Green-Arbour-Court, Old Bailey. He afterwards removed to better apartments in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet Street, where he wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield,* which he sold on a pecuniary emergency to Mr. Newbery, for 60l. In 1761 commenced his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson. In the course of the three or four subsequent years, his connection with Newbery drew on him many other literary tasks, which he executed for his subsistence. Among these were his *Letters on English History,* 2 vols. 12*mo.* and his *Letters of a Chinese Philosopher,* published in the "Ledger," and collected by Newbery into 2 vols. 12mo. His best fugitive pieces were also collected under the title of *Essays,* 1765, 12*mo.*

At this period he had a project of obtaining a mission into the internal parts of Africa, in search of knowledge; and applied to Lord Bute for a salary to enable him to undertake it. But in vain: for his reputation was not yet established.

At length in 1765 his celebrated poem, *The Traveller,* was given to the public, and immediately raised him to a high seat in the temple of fame. Lord Nugent, himself a minor poet, now became his patron; and introduced him to the Earl of Northumberland, who regretted he did not know his desire of travelling to Africa, during his Lieutenancy of Ireland, which he had lately resigned, as he would have procured him a salary on the Irish establishment for that purpose: though Johnson observed that of all men Goldsmith

was

was least fitted for such an employment, as he knew nothing of the state of the arts he was about to quit.

In 1764 our author took up his abode in the Temple, where after changing his chambers twice he closed his life. About this time he was one of the institutors of the Literary Club. In 1765 he gave the public his Ballad of *The Hermit*.

He was now encouraged to try the drama by his comedy of "*The Good Natured Man*," which was represented at Covent Garden, 29 Jan. 1768. During the intervals of his greater works, he supported himself, as usual, by several historical compilations for the booksellers.

The Deserted Village appeared in 1769. The next year he made a short trip to Paris, in company with a party of ladies. In 1771, it appears by a letter to Mr. Bennet Langton, that he was busily employed about his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, which did not make its appearance till 1774, in 8 vols. 8vo.

On 15th March, 1773, his second comedy, *The Mistakes of a Night*; *or She Stoops to Conquer*, was acted at Covent Garden, with the highest applause.

Notwithstanding the various works, which he had now produced with so much credit, and for which he was most liberally paid, his total want of prudence and management, added to that unfortunate addiction to gambling, which had aggravated the difficulties of his earlier life, had now so far embarrassed his circumstances, as to prey upon his mind, which in the Spring of 1774, brought on his old complaint, the strangury. This increased so far, as on the 25th of March to bring on a violent fever. Medical assistance was called in; but

but the symptoms became every day more unfavourable; and unluckily he persisted against the advice and importunities of those who attended him, in an improper use of James's Powders. After ten days struggle, his disorder terminated in death, on the 4th of April 1774, in the 46th year of his age.

Of this extraordinary, but inconsistent man, what Garrick said, is well known, that

"He wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll!"

Garrick further characterized him with much severity in the following fable.

"*Jupiter and Mercury.*

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay; I will make an odd fellow;
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross;
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn'd to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail:
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet:
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this strange mixture no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here."

Beattie's

Beattie's opinion of his character, not inconsistent with this, has already been given in Vol. III. p. 130 of this work. "Goldsmith's common conversation," says he, "was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; of silliness so great, as to make me think sometimes that he affected it.* Yet he was a great genius of no mean rank: somebody,† who knew him well, called him *an inspired ideot*. His ballad of Edwin and Angelina, is exceedingly beautiful; and in his two other poems, though there be great inequalities, there is pathos, energy, and even sublimity."

Character of Goldsmith by Boswell.

"No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.* His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but in truth this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked care-

* So thought Sir Joshua Reynolds. † Lord Orford.

lessly,

lessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those, who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies (the Miss Hornecks) with their mother, on a tour to France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself!'*

Character of Goldsmith by Cumberland.

**** "That he was fantastically vain all the world knows; but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions that did not, and by nature could not belong to him, and at the same time inexcusably careless of the fame which he had power to command. His table-talk, was, as Garrick aptly compared it, like that of a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 377. At p. 380 Boswell gives Johnson's account of Goldsmith's arrest at the suit of his landlady; and his release by the sale to a bookseller of *The Vicar of Wakefield* for 60l. through Johnson's intervention, which is related differently by Mrs. Piozzi, *Anecdotes*, *p.* 119; and with still greater variation by Cumberland, *Life*, *p.* 273. All from Johnson's own relation—so difficult is it to get at truth. Boswell's is probably the accurate story, as taken down at the moment, and bearing internal marks of exactness.

had

had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought; but in general his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had, he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him; and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the muse of poetry was to that art, of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino; what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed, and happily applied.

"There is something in Goldsmith's prose, that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt; but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station, where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, * variety, and grandeur of design

* These opinions of Mr. Cumberland I cannot subscribe to. They would exclude Pindar, Horace, Dryden, Gray, &c. &c. from the list of great poets, and so it is apparent that Mr. C. thinks of the *last*, whom he calls the most *costive* of all writers in this line. But we must estimate poems by

design to constitute a first-rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens, beautiful as such; but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the ὁ ποιητης. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he shewed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature:* it was with a sigh such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry,* and Paternoster-Row is not Parnassus,†" &c.

Such is the testimony of men, who had a personal acquaintance with Goldsmith, and whose own talents

the quantity of sterling ore which they contain, and not by the number of their verses, or the extent of their design. It is natural, however, for Mr. Cumberland, who has written epic poems himself, to indulge these sentiments!

* This is scarcely a liberal or just assertion at the present moment. There are poets, who, if report speaks true, can prove the contrary—witness Bloomfield, Walter Scott, &c. &c.

† Cumberland's Life, 257, 258.

and

and experience enabled them to form a due estimate of his moral and intellectual qualities.

It is probable that the striking inconsistency between the elegance, propriety, and wisdom of his writings, and the aukwardness and folly of his conversation, arose from the irritability of his passions, which were excited by company, and clouded his faculties; while in the calmness of the closet his judgment had full power to operate. His intolerable vanity, which made him aspire to be universally brilliant and distinguished wherever he appeared, instead of giving him a superiority over the eminent, degraded him below the stupid. His perpetual failures and mortifications, arising from this cause, must have deeply affected the complacency of his mind, when alone: for with a rectitude of thinking, which in the hours of quiet and seclusion was exquisite, he must have reflected on the appearances, he was continually exhibiting in society, with the compunctious visitings of regret and shame. It was probably his lot, like all those who give up the rein to their passions, daily to sin in this way, and daily to repent.

They, who heard him talk as if he was scarce capable of a clear comprehension of any thing; and if he did comprehend it, utterly unable to express and explain it; must have read, almost with a doubt of their own senses, successive publications by him on various subjects, in which he exhibited the power of expressing every thing in the neatest and most perspicuous manner; and relating even what he never pretended to understand or study deeply, better than those who understood it best. "He is now writing a *Natural History*," said Johnson, "and will make it as entertaining as an

Arabian Tale." In another place this powerful critic has pronounced, that "Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best, that which he was doing; a man, who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."

His poems I esteem to possess great value, because they are both original, and among the most finished of their kind; but I never can yield to the school of criticism, of which Dr. Johnson was the master, that that is a *very high* kind! Goldsmith, was like Pope, a poet rather of reason than of fancy or pathos; and his popularity does not appear to me by any means a test (though a favourite test with Johnson) of his transcendent claims. But it seems the style of poetry he adopted, resulted not merely from the character of his genius, but from the conviction of his judgment that it was the best. For in his life of Parnell he has given us the following critical opinions.

"The universal esteem in which Parnell's poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman

workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those, whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things, which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he scarce can tell why. Our poet on the contrary gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

"His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period, at which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it into pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions, and the harshest constructions, vainly imagining that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have

adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them, are silent, and those who make out their meaning are willing to praise, to shew they understand. From these follies and affectations the poems of Parnell," (and it may be added, those of Goldsmith) "are free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression."

All this abstractedly may be very just; though it must be observed that it applies rather to the outward dress than to the substance and essence of poetry. At the same time we cannot help feeling a little disgust, when we consider the purpose with which it was written, and recollect that it became on every occasion the cant both of Goldsmith and Johnson, with a view to depress and degrade the compositions of Gray, Collins, and others of that stamp, to whom they undoubtedly alluded, and of whom they indulged an illiberal envy.

But I am confident that neither Johnson nor Goldsmith possessed fancy or sensibility sufficiently lively to relish duly the higher flights of the muse. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of Shakspeare's description of the real poet's powers.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name." *

* Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. 1.

Instruction

Instruction is not the first object of poetry; it is not to the reason that she addresses herself. When we resort to her power to exercise our faculties, we expect to be carried into the realms of fancy and passion; we demand voluntary delusions, and strive to escape from the dull severities of truth. Didactic verse, therefore, which can only aspire to some of the outward clothing, and minor embellishments, (as the metaphors and the rhythm) of the muse, must always stand in a subordinate class. It is wonderful how much more distinctly and universally these distinctions are understood in the sister art of painting. *There* the most conspicuous honours of the art are without hesitation decreed to those who have shewn the boldest and most sublime invention; to figures which surpass in strength or beauty the imperfect specimens of reality, or scenes which exceed in richness and variety the proudest productions of nature. The portrait-painter, the ingenious Dutchman, who brings forth with such exquisite minuteness the pictures of familiar life; nay, the delineator of historic groups, neither obtains, nor even for a moment asks, a seat in the upper ranks of his profession.

Let us then put the class, to which Goldsmith belongs, in its proper rank; and having done so, we can have no scruple in placing him among the very first of that class. The Traveller is indeed a very finished and a very noble poem. The sentiments are always interesting, generally just, and often new; the imagery is elegant, picturesque, and occasionally sublime; the language is nervous, highly finished, and full of harmony.* The

* There is a forgotten poem of Blackmore, entitled "The Nature of Man, in Three Books," with this motto, "Quid quæque ferat Regio, et

The Deserted Village is a poem far inferior to The Traveller, though it contains many beautiful passages. I do not enter into its pretensions to skill in political

quid quæque recuset." Virg. 1711. 8vo. in which the Second Book is filled with topics very similar to those of Goldsmith, in the above poem. Blackmore, in his Preface, says—

"The Design of this poem is to express how far the disparity of the intellectual faculties, dispositions, and passions of men is owing to the different situation of their native countries in respect of the sun; and to shew what advantages those receive, who are born in a mild air and temperate climate; and what disadvantages in respect of understanding, reason, and moral improvements, those nations lie under, who suffer the extreme either of cold or heat: this is attempted in the First Book. Next, the Design is to bring down this general object to particular instances, by giving the distinct characters of many European nations, arising from the different nature of the air and soil of their respective countries; and this is the subject of the Second Book. In the Third, the causes are enumerated, which raise and preserve a worthy and generous race of men; and the fatal errors and distempers of mind, which bring unavoidable ruin and destruction on the greatest and most flourishing people."

The Argument of the Second Book is thus stated:

"The Character of the French Nation: their virtues and vices. Of the Spaniard. Of the Inhabitants of the Northern Coast of Africa stretching along the Mediterranean sea. Of the Italians. Of the Germans. Of the people of the United Netherlands. Of the Britons. An Episodical Digression, in praise of British Liberty. The Briton's Vices."

The following is part of the description of the French.

"Splendid in houses, equipage, and dress,
For show and pomp their passions they express.
Fawning and servile to the great they bow,
While scornful they insult the mean and low:
They thirst for praise immoderate, and proclaim,
In fulsome style, a benefactor's name;
And when their lawless monarch is the theme,
To court a tyrant they their God blaspheme.
They boast with hasty pride each small success,
And as small losses soon their souls depress,
Still in extremes their passions they employ;
Abject their grief, and insolent their joy."

economy,

economy, though, in that respect, it contains a strange mixture of important truths and dangerous fallacies. My business is with its poetry. Its inferiority to its predecessor arises from its comparative want of compression, as well as of force and novelty of imagery. Its tone of melancholy is more sickly, and some of the descriptions, which have been most praised, are marked by all the poverty and flatness, and indeed are peopled with the sort of comic and grotesque figures, of a Flemish landscape.

" The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The *never-failing brook, the busy mill,*
The *decent* church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn *bush,* with *seats* beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And *sleights of art and feats of strength went round.*
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The *dancing pair,* that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The *swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,*
While *secret laughter titter'd round the place,*" &c.

Are not these the exact verbal description of a scene of Teniers?

In the mention of the village murmurs, which rise of a still evening to the neighbouring hill, occurs a line

line of this sort, which never could have been admitted by one endued with high taste.

" The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

The recollected scene of the village ale-house contains also several passages strikingly liable to this censure.

" The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glitter'd in a row."

If these were meant to be comic, they ought not to have occurred in a serious poem; and if they were not meant to be so, they must be admitted to be in a very bad style, and very unfortunate! But I do not doubt that Goldsmith thought them, as the mob always think a Dutch piece of drollery, highly simple and natural! And there are not a few readers, who of course consider them among the best verses of the poem.

How different is the following part of an Address to Poetry, with which he closes.

" Farewell! And O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;

Aid

Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach errring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Tho' very poor, may yet be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

May 21, 1807.

Art. XV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. IX.

On the Belief of Supernatural Beings.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

In the course of your deep speculations on men and things; in the varied reflections of a poetic as well as philosophic mind, you must sometimes probably have thought on what will be, as well as on that which has been. Some of your *ruminations* no doubt have turned on subjects of higher and more lasting importance than political, and, of course, temporary concerns; than the far more engaging pursuits of philosophy, or even of that divine art, which, beyond all others, ensures the immortality of this world.*

Speculations

* Witness the assertion of Horace, that his fame would last as long as the Vestal Virgin should offer sacrifice on the Capitol. The Pagan Priest, the Vestal Virgin have served for centuries, only

"To point a moral or adorn a tale,"

and

Speculations of this nature have indeed engaged the attention of the wise and learned in every age; and, perhaps, in exact proportion to the excellency of those mental faculties, by which they felt a consciousness of excelling the brute creation, attended by an inward assurance that it was therefore improbable that they should cease, like them, to exist. Hence (not to allude at all to the inestimable advantages of that revelation which "has brought life and immortality to light" through the gospel) the most interesting inquiries of those who have thought deeply and abstrusely, have been directed to the nature of that future state, of which almost every sage, in every period of the world, has asserted the probability, if not the certainty.

For this reason, perhaps, it is, that in all ages the belief of supernatural beings, or appearances, seems to have prevailed; the persuasion of something, neither defined nor understood, forming, as it were, a link, a connexion, or bond of union, between this world and the next. * Modern philosophers, indeed, cut the gordian knot at once, by denying the truth of every relation that tends to establish such belief; without deigning to inquire or scrutinize, they assume the impossibility of them as an incontrovertible axiom, and scorn to use any other argument but that powerful,

and the Capitol itself, the residence of the contemptible representative of the Conscript Fathers, the *Senator of Rome*, "stat magni nominis umbra;" but the poet's lays still survive and shine with undiminished splendour, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years.

* If it be said that this idea loses ground in proportion to the spreading of civilization, still it keeps pace exactly with religion; a lukewarmness, or indifference towards which, is also found unfortunately to increase as soon as civilization degenerates into luxury, towards which it makes a continual and sometimes rapid progress.

though

though somewhat uncivil one, *ad stultitiam*. The ancients did not so; but they, perhaps, erred as much on the other side, by receiving indifferently, as true, all sorts of idle stories, however improbable or ill supported.

I was led into these reflections by reading an account of the most ancient apparition mentioned either in history or poetry, which is told in these words: "When deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice." *

There are not, perhaps, many instances of relations delivered in language more truly sublime as well as poetic. The fear and trembling of limbs, and horror of something unknown, which was the forerunner of the spectre; the dark veil of impenetrable mystery thrown over the form of the appearance; the undefined outline of the vision which was before his eyes; and the dread silence which preceded its speech, are an assemblage of images hardly surpassed by any writer in a more polished age.

But with the language in which the story is clothed, we have, at present, no concern; it is only brought as a proof of the very early belief of the reality of supernatural appearances: and this persuasion seems so rooted in the mind of man, that Dr. Johnson even

* Job iv. 13, &c. This book was written, in the opinion of the most learned commentators, before the Israelites came out of Egypt; consequently many ages before any other records, but those which are to be found in the same volume.

ventured

ventured to assert, that, though all argument is against it, all belief is for it. But *pace tanti viri*, that expression, so often quoted, does not properly apply to the case. The question is not whether all the popular tales of absurd fear and superstition be true; whether ghosts meet the trembling wanderer in every lone church-yard; whether forsaken maidens leave their graves to terrify their inconstant and conscience-smitten swains; and misers return to the upper regions to brood over concealed treasures, or point out the spot where they have buried them; but whether there are, or not, multitudes of "ministring angels"* who execute the commands of the Almighty on earth; and whether these may not at times be permitted to assume bodily shapes, for purposes consistent with his general government of his creatures, though not always perhaps obvious to our limited understandings.

If it be said that there are no accounts of such visions in ancient or modern history so authenticated as to leave no room for doubt concerning them, it may be replied, that in both there are relations of this kind, as well attested as most other historical facts which are generally believed.† If it be affirmed, that no adequate consequences have ever been produced by such supernatural appearances; that no example is on record of misfortune having been prevented by them, or of the wicked having been persuaded or terrified into virtue;

* Hebrews i. 13. Milton and Young are not quoted as authorities, lest it should be said that they wrote as poets, and not as philosophers.

† Such, for instance, as the appearance of his evil genius to Brutus; of Sir George Villiers, previous to the murder of the Duke of Buckingham; of the vision which announced his approaching death to Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, and many others which might be enumerated.

this

this is begging the question, and taking that for granted which remains to be proved. Though we may know what has been the consequence when such warnings have been slighted, we cannot possibly tell what might have happened had they not been attended to, nor how often they may have had an influence on the conduct; for the altered intention in this case can be known only to the person who had originally formed it. And, indeed, he alone who made the heart can judge of the alteration of it; and the impressive circumstance of a warning, which he thinks out of the common course of human events, may have produced in the mind of the person who has experienced it, a conviction salutary to himself and beneficial to others, though the effect may not have been so sudden as to be noticed by the world. *

We should be careful therefore not to affirm too rashly, either that such things are not, or that they are useless. In the bounded state of our present faculties, many events in this world may be brought about by an agency of which we have as yet no conception. For my own part, such an idea, instead of being terrific, is rather delightful. I know that such things cannot happen but by the permission of the Father and Creator of all; and, if they ever do, it is a still more convincing and affecting proof of his tender care of his creatures. It is a sort of approximation to a better world; and the idea that such superior beings are appointed to watch over us, seems to give us an additional safety in this.

I am, &c. &c. †*†.

* See the remarkable occurrence in the last century, known by the name of Colonel Gardiner's conversion.

N°. XII.

How far genius, when properly exerted, brings its own reward with it.

It is a subject of curious meditation, to consider how far genius, if properly regulated, is, like virtue, its own reward. Riches, and power, and rank, too frequently fall on the meanest and most stupid and profligate of mankind. These beings, who turn into curses the blessings which have been conferred upon them, are perfectly insensible to the charms of literature; or if they know any thing of it, know it only to hate those who excel in it. In their coarser minds a different estimate of eminence is encouraged; skill in intrigue, an oily tongue, a power of suppressing and concealing all emotions, which it is contrary to a selfish interest to betray; a conscience, which no nice scruples perplex; a brazen countenance, and an unfeeling heart! these are the qualities, which are acceptable to vulgar greatness. Of men, whose whole lives have been spent in schemes of ordinary ambition, the mere puppets of fortune, such are the only traits which excite the notice, or the comprehension.

If these observations be just, genius will be miserably disappointed in the expectation of worldly favour or advancement; and must turn inward, and look to itself for its principal, if not only, gratifications. It must elevate its sentiments "above this visible diurnal sphere;" it must learn to despise those gew-gaws and baubles, which corrupt and undiscerning Power heaps upon the unworthy, and which the foolish multitude pursues and worships with a base idolatry; it must learn to bear with fortitude the neglects and insults of those, whose heads are overset

set by prosperity and upstart command; and retire with a smile of placid or indignant contempt from the half-witted dispensers of political trust, or honour, or emolument.

But is it in the power of minds thus endowed with a keener sensibility, to tranquilize, at all times, their emotions, and extract a balm for their wounded spirits, from a due estimate of their own dignity? I am fearful that, in the frailty of poor human nature, it is not! Much may undoubtedly be done by a virtuous exertion; low and degrading desires may gradually be nearly extinguished; and a calm loftiness of thought succeeding, may become habitual, and at last lift the possessor, as it were, into a higher order of existence.

A head and a heart thus modified, may in truth find an ample fund of satisfaction in their own resources. For them the morning unbars her gates, and opens all the glories of nature to their view, unalloyed by the folly and wickedness, which are prevalent in the principal haunts of human life; at such prospects their bosoms expand, and their fancies glow with unutterable pleasure; they see not, or see with pity, the major part of mankind grovelling at a distance from them in paths of dirt and danger, actuated by restless and disgraceful passions, and sinking at last, without even momentary enjoyment, into quagmires, and irrecoverable pits. At the same time, "their" own "minds are kingdoms to themselves;"* and kingdoms not only of power, but of virtuous power. Time and space are at their command; the pomp of thrones, and the most in-

* Alluding to the beautiful words of the old song, "My mind to me a kingdom is."

genious splendour of human hands, are insignificant compared with the creations of their ideas; they can call forth a paradise in a desert with the wand of a magician; and people the earth with angelic beauty and wisdom.

If such be the powers of genius when rightly directed, do its operations produce no recompense to itself? The sensual wretch, whose whole soul is imbruted, will deem these shadowy enjoyments worse than insipid; he will consider them as the play-things of insanity; and behold with ignorant contempt, or affected pity, the unhappiness of him, whom he will denominate a moon-struck visionary. Far different will be the opinion of the man of taste, and the sound philosopher. They well know, that "to advance ourselves in the order of intellectual beings" is next to virtue, probably one of the first purposes for which we are destined to a trial in this state of existence; and is indeed itself a very high degree of virtue. I have heard that a celebrated poet, now living, lately said, that "the only things he values in this world are virtue and genius;" and, giving credit to the report, I have admitted him to a still higher rank (if possible) in my admiration than before.

He who imagines that the best proof of talent is the worldly fruit it brings forth; and that our mental faculties are only given us for the purpose of accumulating wealth and titles, and carrying on with acuteness and success the ordinary business of society, must behold the frequent failure of genius in these points with wonder. He must hear the evidence of fame with doubt; and refuse conviction to his own observations; because he will generally see men of the most brilliant

brilliant capacities not only unwilling but unable to do the drudgery of practical affairs; because he will find men of subordinate and plodding parts, and not those who have pretensions to great intellectual preeminence, at the head of senates and councils; and neglect and insult pursue those of splendid endowments, even when they descend to a contest in these ambitious paths.

There is nothing, therefore, more necessary to be impressed on Genius, than to know how to set a proper estimate on itself. Till it can survey the objects of vulgar flattery with a calm and dignified scorn; till it can raise itself above a competition for those distinctions, which coarse minds are better qualified to obtain; till a rivalry of its sharp and delicate-edged wit with heads of block and hearts of stone can be withdrawn, it will, it must be miserable. Defeated by those it despises, its irritable feelings generate poisonous vapours, which envelop in clouds of gloom and dissatisfaction all its golden visions.

Let the poet "reverence the lyre," to which his propitious nativity has consecrated him. Let him look to its charms to soothe away his angry passions; or to strike from its chords the tones of indignation, by which mean-spirited, or stupid greatness is held up,

"Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy!"

The scenery of inanimate creation is at his command; "the breath of heaven, fresh-blowing;" meadows, and hills, and vallies, and woods, and streams, are open to his rambles, where vanity and ostentation will seldom insult him, and the drunkenness of puft-up prosperity will have little opportunity to spit her loathsome jokes on his humble fortune!

Such are the firm convictions of the present writer; and, if he does not always act up to these sentiments, let no one question his sincerity. There are those who too well know that his ardent passions sometimes mislead him; and that he cannot always suppress the seduction of views of ambition, which, he trusts, are far below him. These delusive flames, which occasionally emit their dancing lights to draw him over quagmires and precipices, he has too much reason to dread and abhor. Every step thus set is accompanied by anxiety, and toil, and followed by regret, and disappointment.

May 12, 1807.

Art. XVI. *Original Poems by the late Henry Kirke White.*

Mr. Southey's intention to publish the Life and Poetical Remains of the late Mr. Henry Kirke White, has already been announced. I am not a little proud to record my gratitude to that great poet for the communication of the following most exquisite specimens, which I am sure every reader of sensibility or fancy will read with as much delight as I have done. They have never before been printed, and are a treasure, which, while they adorn my pages, will necessarily raise the expectations of the public very high for the appearance of the work, in which Mr. Southey has so amiably engaged. What must be the charm of a life of such a writer written by another of such endowments as Mr. Southey? But I will not by my pen detain the

the reader any longer from these most beautiful relics.

Denton, May 24, 1807.

Poetical Relics of Henry Kirke White.

SONNET.

" Yes, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain,
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of continual pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,
Yon landscape smile, yon golden harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just! thou gav'st the bitter cup,
I bow to thy behest and drink it up."

SONNET.

" Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretel the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aerial music, round my bed,
Dissolving slow in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning to mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good-bye,
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last."

SOLITUDE.

" It is not that my lot is low
That bids this silent tear to flow:
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks in its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds with sullen wail
Tell all the same unvaried tale:
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view
That thinks of me and loves me too,—
I start,—and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone."

Art. XVII. *Origin of the Name of Mount Caucasus.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. IV. P. 418.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Since my former testimony from Bayer, concerning the probable origin of the name *Caucasus*, I have met with a remarkable confirmation of it in *a Memoir concerning the Nations inhabiting Mount Caucasus*, published by Edwards, in 1788, and extracted out of various books of travels, by Russians into Tartary, viz. Guldenstadt, Klingstadt, Gaerber, and Strahlenburg. Now, at p. 31, are these words, "The flat countries, near the Volga, were *always* called by the Tartars *Capchak*, which Strahlenburg supposes to have been corrupted into *Casak*." Whether Strahlenburg has or not given us a better derivation of *Casak*, than Mr. Wilford from *Ch' asas*, yet it is evident that the name here of *Capchak*, for the *plains* which surround the Caspian sea, is the very same which Bayer expressed by *Kaphgjak*, his *phgj* being changed into the guttural aspirate *ch*; and the author here assures us, that it is no name newly imposed, but has *always* been the same. We know also, that the natives of barbarous countries commonly preserve the ancient names of places with more tenacity than civilized nations: hence in Syria, and other parts of Asia, notwithstanding the new names imposed by the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, many of the most ancient names are still current among the natives, in the neighbourhood of them. It appears also, from the above sentence, that

the name in Bayer is not a compound of two words, as I before suspected to be possible; and how the Greeks could pronounce it otherwise than by *Kauc*, I cannot conceive, unless they had preferred the *Gog* of the Jews: we are indebted then much to Bayer, for having first brought this native name for those *plains* to light, and to the knowledge of Europeans; the meaning of which, even Bochart did not venture to guess at, although he was plainly got into the right road; neither has the author of this *memoir* noticed that additional information by Bayer, that the word of itself signifies *a great plain.* We cannot wonder, that it should be so corrupted by the Greeks as to become scarcely cognizable, if we consider, that the very same has been done by the Persians, Arabians, and Turks, who pronounce *Gog* and *Magog* as if written *Jagiouge* and *Majouge*, as we are informed by Herbelot; the distinction between which may possibly have been, that *Gog* denoted the people who inhabited the *plains* and vallies contiguous to Mount Caucasus, and *Magog* the mountain itself; for *Ma* and *Maha*, we find to have always among Orientals included the idea of *great* or *high*, as they still do among the Hindoos. It is observable, that the author of the above *memoir* no where informs us, by what name the mountain Caucasus is denoted at present, by its inhabitants, and only gives us the names of the different nations, who dwell in the vallies and plains which surround it; who speak a great variety of languages, many of which have no resemblance to one another, and in a dozen of these the author gives us vocabularies of the names of the most common objects; but unfortunately has totally omitted the names for *plain.* *Coh*, however, never occurs there, as the name

name for a mountain; and it is remarkable, that in all those languages there is not the least similitude to the Scythian, that is, to the common parent of the Gothic, Saxon, German, and Belgic tongues: neither does *Ch' asu* occur as the name for *Snow*; but in the dialect of the *Oseti*, a mountain is named *Khohk*, and among the *Tchetchens* it means a *foot*, and also a *hand*, so that nothing can be concluded from it. In fact, the present inhabitants of Caucasus seem to be new tribes from the east, who have settled there, and their languages are so totally different among themselves, that they must have come from distant and different parts. It is, therefore, only from the Tartars, on the northward of them, that any farther information concerning the word *Kaphgjak*, in Bayer, can be collected; it seems, however, already to be sufficiently confirmed, that it is the ancient name given to the immense desert *plains*, adjacent to the Caspian sea, and equally so to those on the west, as the east of that seat. Guldenstadt seems even to have found some traces there still, of the name *Kauc*; for, being permitted to make extracts from a manuscript chronicle in the *Georgian* tongue, preserved in a Christian monastery, near *Tifli's*, among the names of other neighbouring nations, he found that of "Kaucas, inhabiting Kaucasranta," which he supposes to mean *Caucasians*, p. 53.

As to the latter half of the name of *Cauc-asus*, I may now add as a farther proof, that the name of Asia was probably derived from the name of some nation, of a nearly similar name, dwelling near the Euxine sea: that Strabo mentions a considerable wandering nation

nation of that name, "Ex Nomadibus *maxime* innotuerunt Asii, Pasiani," &c. *lib.* 11. We find also other traces of the scriptural name *Ashenez*, in *Ascania*, the name of a river in Phrygia, and in the name of *Ascanius*, given to persons, which, together with those enumerated by me before, may be all relics of that nation, which first gave name to Asia, and which must have been very ancient, as Herodotus says, that he could give no account why that country was called *Asia*. Now it appears also, by Herodotus, that the country north of the Euxine sea, even as far east as beyond the *Volga*, was anciently inhabited by Celts, under the name of Cimmerians; which is confirmed by the name of *Cimmerian Bosphorus*, afterwards given to the mouth of the Palus Mœotis: if then those *Asii* dwelt near the Caucasus, or even on the south side of the Euxine, in Asia Minor, it would be natural for the Celts, on the north side, to give the name of *Asia* to those districts to the south of their own habitations, occupied by that nation of Asii; for many names of aggregate countries have been thus formed from the names of those people dwelling in them, who were first or best known to some foreign and neighbouring nation; just as we now give the single name of *India* to a vast extent of different countries, because the name of the single nation of Hindoos was first or best made known to European nations by means of Alexander and others, and was also nearer to Europe, than the more distant country of China. The latter half of *Cauc-asus* may therefore be another relic of the name of the same nation, from which Asia was derived, of which *Ch' asus* may be another relic.

I cannot omit mentioning, that in the language of the

the *Tchetchens*, the name for *a spirit* is *Esey*, *Ssay*, which has some resemblance to the *Asæ* of the Gothic ancestors of our northern parts, who gave formerly this name to their *divine beings*, which might have been *the spirits* of some heroic ancestors. But this is the only word which has the most distant resemblance to any, in any of the Gothic languages

I cannot but observe also, that it seems rather extraordinary, why the editor of the new edition of *Wells's Geography*, should have inserted so many of Mr. Milford's Hindu reveries, on this and other subjects, by way of addition to that work *Wells* himself has too many manifestly erroneous opinions, which ought rather to have been corrected, than additions made to them out of Mr. Wilford's meditations; while no notice whatever is taken of the *Spicilegium Geographiæ Sacræ*, by Michaelis, nor of the opinions of any of the later and best critics concerning sacred geography: neither are the positions advanced by the editor himself, as his own, supported by sufficient evidence from facts or arguments; so that, between them all, readers of the Jewish scriptures will be rather involved more and more in a wilderness, than find a *companion to the Bible*, on whom they can depend. A judicious and abbreviated collection from all the latest and best writers, would have been a useful work in the English language, instead of this vast warehouse of ill-sorted goods.

S.

ART.

ART. XVIII. *Extracts from the Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, by her nephew, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, just published, in one vol. 4to.*

Whatever matter the following extracts may exclude, the Editor feels that he cannot gratify his readers more than by giving them an early place. In the Letters and other relics, which are contained in the Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, will be found treasures of moral and intellectual wisdom, such as the public can seldom receive. The first, which I shall select, I cannot doubt, will receive all the praise it deserves: from me, I am not ashamed to confess, that, when its amiable and able editor shewed it to me in MS. some months ago, it drew tears of the most exalted gratification. It is part of a letter addressed to Miss Sutton, to whom Mrs. Carter's fine lines, beginning "*Heir of immortal being,*" *&c.* are addressed, and is on the same subject as that poem, which was written a few months afterwards. Miss Sutton, it seems, had low spirits, and was too apt to see the evils of human life in a desponding light.

Mrs. Carter to Miss Sutton.

Oct. 27, 1762.

"It is by our own fault, if human improvement ever stands still. The languors of illness are as much the subject of life, as the vigorous spirits of health; and the powers that are insufficient for active exertions of understanding, and for high attainments, are equal to the duty of unrepining submission to the disappointment of favourite aims, and of thankful enjoyment of every permitted good.

"No;

"No: it is impossible that it could be from serious conviction; it must be merely an accidental transient thought, that made you speak of annihilation, as 'preferable to staying always in such a world as this.' Surely, my dear Miss Sutton, life with all its portion of toils and sufferings, is mercifully diversified with such a mixture of ease, and even of positive delight, as must render it greatly preferable to non-existence. Was every prospect to be limited by the grave, what inexpressible horrors must one feel at the thought of quitting such a system of creation, as engages the attention by every form of variety, strikes by every wonder of magnificence, and charms with every grace, and every elegance of beauty! How terrible to close one's eyes upon the flowery earth and radiant sun, to 'leave the warm precincts of the chearful day,' * and sink into a cold, dark, eternal night! Then to think of losing all sense of intellectual pleasure, all the tendernesses of affection, and all the excellencies of virtue. †

"From this dreadful extinction, God be thanked, we are graciously secured; and as much as I have said in profession of my attachment to this world, I heartily join with you in rejoicing, that it is not to last for ever. Yet I have but little curiosity concerning any other particulars about a better, than those which are revealed to us. Content and thankful for the

* Gray.

† "These mournful ideas are evidently only on the supposition of there being no life after this; for the thoughts of the passage from this state of existence to another (usually called, but improperly, *death*) never affected Mrs. Carter's mind with melancholy. She used to say, that in all her meditations upon that subject, she never suffered her mind to dwell on the shroud and the coffin, but passed at once from this life to a better." *Pennington.*

promise,

promise, which HE, 'who cannot lie,' has made, that all who endeavour to fulfil, the conditions of happiness shall infallibly be happy, and convinced, that he alone knows what will make us so. The general ideas of perfect health, perfect security, and perfect virtue, are sufficient to support the mind in the hours of pain and languor; to console it amidst the anxieties of precarious good; and to elevate and encourage it amidst the humiliations of mortal frailty, vainly struggling for an entire conquest over those corruptions of a disordered nature, which can never be completely subdued, but in that state, where alone the 'spirits of the just will be made perfect.' * * * * *

The following is an extract from a letter to Mrs. Vesey, containing an account of

The death of George Lord Lyttelton, 1773.

"It is impossible for me to begin my letter with any other subject than that which I am sure must at present be so near your heart, as the loss of our excellent and dear Lord Lyttelton. To his friends alone this is a melancholy event; to himself, I trust, it proves most joyful. From a world which so little deserved his virtues, he is removed to the applauding society of saints and angels, and to the righteous Judge, who will reward them. Except the testimony of a good conscience, a long series of disappointments in every human pursuit, left him a very small portion of happiness below. His great integrity, his amiable simplicity, and the gentle temper of his mind, rendered him unfit for the advancements of public life, which in this bad world are procured and supported by arts, to which

which his soul was an utter stranger, and the affections of his heart were disappointed in every scheme of that domestic comfort, which he was so peculiarly qualified to impart, and to enjoy. He was a noble and edifying example of the power of Christian principles, in many instances, and very particularly in that absolute resignation to the Divine Will, which calmed his mind amid all its storms, which, with most unremitted violence beat upon him. In all the conversations upon his misfortunes, to which I have been a witness, I do not recollect ever to have heard him utter a single murmur or complaint. It pleased God to try him in the furnace of affliction; and, like gold, he came out with the brighter lustre and the greater purity.

"The concluding scene of his life was conformable to all the first. The account is very affecting, but very delightful. His sun set in calm splendour without a cloud. His mind was supported by Christian faith, and his hopes were full of immortality. I had a letter from Mrs. Montagu last night upon this subject. She appears as deeply affected by it as one would naturally suppose her to be: and expresses herself with as much piety as sensibility on the loss of such a friend."

In another letter to Mrs. Talbot she says,

"The newspapers must have informed you of the death of good Lord Lyttelton. He was indeed an Israelite without guile. Never, I believe, was a human heart more free from every bad inclination, or more filled with the kindest and most benevolent dispositions. He was a sincere Christian; and amidst the many and various afflictions which he suffered, he always preserved the most absolute and uncomplaining submission

submission and resignation. The trial of his virtues is now over, and he is called away to the reward of them. All who intimately knew him must regret their loss of so excellent a friend: but most severely in all probability will it be felt by his daughter-in-law, to whom he afforded so kind a protection."

May 25, 1807.

ART. XIX. *Extraordinary instance of Prediction, copied from a paper found among the MSS. of a celebrated literary person, lately deceased.*

Extract of a Letter, dated Oct. 21, 1763, relating to the story of the School-boys at Winchester.

"If a boy at Winchester school was now to foretel the deaths of three persons belonging to that society, by name, in the compass of half a year; and the order in which they should die, and the very day and hour of the death of one of them; you, and I, no doubt, should look upon him as a very great fool and impostor. But if this prophecy of his should be verified by the event, in every particular, exactly as he foretold it, should not we change our opinions? And think, that the story he had told, however ridiculous, was true?

"This, I think, is the case of NEEDS' story; and if so, the only doubt must be, 'whether he really foretold it, so fully and exactly, as is supposed above?'"

That he did, will appear from a short paper, (the original of which subsists) written and signed by Dr. Fletcher, then the under master of Winchester school, who was present at the examination of some of his school-

school-fellows, about this affair, and who attended Needs himself in his last hours.

From an attested copy of Dr Fletcher's paper.

" Forder says, that within a fornight after the return of our scholars, *i e.* about the beginning of June, as he was speaking of the Bishop of Winchester to Needs, Needs repeated to Forder, 'that the Bishop and Mr. Carman, a chaplain of the college, would die before Christmas.' Some time after, when Mr. Carman fell sick, Needs repeated to Forder, 'that the Bishop and Mr. Carman should die before Christmas, and that he himself should die before that time.' He says farther, that it was usual for his school-fellows, to jest at him for this prediction. He says also, that on Friday, the 23d of August, Needs told Burton, sen. (who has since left school) upon his saying, 'Needs, thou art a prophet, and foretellest the Bishop's death, and Mr. Carman's, prithee, tell me, when thou thyself shalt die?' that he should die the Thursday fortnight following; 'which,' said he, (counting the days upon his fingers) 'will be the 12th of September.'

" Coker sen. says, 'that before Whitsuntide last, he heard Needs say, that the Bishop of Winchester, Mr. Carman, and himself, should die before Christmas.' He said also, 'that Mr. Carman should die first; himself next; and the old man should survive them both; but should die a considerable time before Christmas.'

" Rymes says, that three weeks before Needs died, he said to him, ''tis in vain to send for a doctor, for I shall die the 12th of September.'

" In the morning, he said to me, 'Is this Thursday morning, and I to die to-day, and no better prepared?'

"Edmunds says, 'that more than a fortnight before Needs died, he told him, that in a dream an angel appeared to him, and told him that he should die on Thursday, the 12th of September, about three o'clock in the afternoon."

J. Fletcher.

"My copy is attested by Philip, a son of the doctor, who adds, that his father was by Needs when he died, and that he died just as Trinity clock struck three.

"*Mem.* The then Bishop of Winchester died in five or six weeks after Needs, (I think on the first of Nov.) and was succeeded by Sir Jonathan Trelawney. Dr. Congbeare, late Bishop of Oxford, has told me, that the famous Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, (no over-credulous man) having had a full account of this prediction from persons of credit, and of its having been fulfilled so particularly as to Carman's and Needs's parts in it, sent a full account of the whole to his great friend, Sir Jonathan, who he knew had views towards Winchester, to incite him to strengthen his interests that way, as much and as fast as he possibly could. Sir Jonathan did so, and got the bishopric by it."

Art. XX. *Smith's Chronicon Rusticum.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

To the account of that "invaluable and erudite work," *Smith's Chronicum Rusticum Commerciale,**

* Cens. Lit. Vol. I. pp. 21., &c.

it

it may be added, that the proposals for printing it by subscription,* (8vo. 8 pages) are dated January 16, 1744-5; wherein the author thus explains the occasion and design of his intended publication.

"There is no book extant which answers to the intention of this. The plan is new; and the performance, it is presumed, will be useful. For though this subject not only is, but by all is acknowledged to be, of vast importance; yet, not being matter of erudition, or of polite conversation, nor the immediate concern of any one, or of any select number of persons, more than of multitudes besides, it has been too neglected; while almost every other part of knowledge, in things of far less moment, has been studiously cultivated, and by some one, or more, accurately treated of.

Nor have there been wanting writers on this head also; but several of those (from the Restoration especially) out of eager solicitude for some separate interest, or being greatly enamoured with some darling scheme, for which they were willing to allege the practice and experience of past ages, have, whether by mistake or design, misrepresented many facts of consequence; whom others copying after implicitly, it has come to pass, that our history and reasoning in this case, is commonly overrun with falsehood and error. And what hath been wrote in this way, with sobriety and truth, either through length of time, or by being buried among other matter, is too remote from observation, or else it has been published in short pamphlets, superficial and fugitive in their nature. So that there is actually wanting upon this subject, beyond all

* At ten shillings for the two volumes in sheets.

others that have been thought of any consideration, some distinct work of competent intelligence, which, as obtaining a place in the gentleman's library, and the trader's closet, might be recurred to occasionally.

Now, in the volumes proposed, among other things, as promised, besides what is more ancient upon record, it is intended, as the most unexceptionable method of representation, to bring together, from the year 1601, (many whereof are very scarce facts, found in the Harleian Library and elsewhere) a series of authors themselves, treating professedly upon the subject; also what lies interspersed, relating thereto, in various, and some of them voluminous, works of the best note; to compare and examine them critically; correcting the false history too frequently given, in considerable instances, and confirming the true by authentic vouchers; above all, to exhibit one plain interesting proof, or decision of a principal question, by the evidence of certain facts never yet exposed in a true light. The nature of which proof is,

1. That as it is a criterion of moment, or test much wanted, so is it difficult to be obtained by any other medium.
2. That it arises out of a juncture of circumstances, such as rarely have coincided, and possibly may not meet again.
3. This juncture, for want of being properly noted at the time when it did happen, has since been unluckily disguised, and the conclusion from it inverted; insomuch, that if the whole affair is not soon exemplified in some better manner, than hitherto it hath been, the important

portant testimony it conveys will be irrecoverably lost; at least, if this is not done now that there is a possiblity of disproving the same, provided it was not true, it must, though afterwards produced, abate much of its credit and weight; because contradicting, essentially, accounts that have passed with the generality of the people, and opinions which have gained strength, upon the authority of those accounts.

For these reasons, it is desirable not to let slip the opportunity, but that this proof should be communicated to the present age, and transmitted to posterity, clearly and fully as it will admit of, and as it deserves.

N. B. The author having no partial views, his whole aim is truth; which is equally a friend to the landed, as to the trading interest. And these two, commerce and agriculture, are rightly said to be the breasts that suckle and nourish the state. And they also, like members of the same natural body, do reciprocally support and serve each other. The latter, indeed, agriculture, is subdivided into arable and pasture; but as arable is apt to be affected with a bad state of pasturage, and the consequential ploughing-up of sheep-walks; so it is to be hoped that gentlemen, without distinction, as well as merchants, manufacturers, &c. will favour this undertaking. And in regard, a very low price for wool has, at times, a tendency to lower the price of corn too, wherein the universities are greatly interested, it is further hoped, that those

learned bodies also will bpleased to countenance th e same.

☞ Forasmuch as it is incumbent upon every historical writer to tender due proof, above all things, of his own fidelity; and, whereas the several tracts mentioned to make a part of these memoirs, being long since out of print, are now almost in the nature of original papers. Therefore, for the sake of obviating such disputes as otherwise might, sooner or later, be raised concerning them, it is proposed to lodge the said tracts, for a season, from the time of the work being published, in the hands of an eminent bookseller in London, with a liberty of free perusal to any one; and, finally, to deposit the same in a nobleman's, or in some public library; of which a proper intimation may be expected in a postscript to the work itself."

CENS. LIT. Vol. IV. p. 21. To the various editions of *Commines*, mentioned by De Bure, and in the Bibl. Harl. may be added one in folio, by Denis Sauvage, "Acheué d'imprimer, par moy Claude Bruneual, maistre Imprimeur à Paris, le dix-neufiesme d'Aoust. mil. cinq cens quatre vingts:" of which edition, a fine copy, bound in vellum, appropriately decorated with Fleurs de Lys, came lately into my possession.

Birmingham. W. HAMPER.

ART.

Art. XXI. *Literary Intelligence.*

1. Mr. John Pinkerton has undertaken to edite a *General Collection of Voyages and Travels*, in about eight or ten quarto volumes, to be abridged and digested from the originals; but, with as much use as possible of the voyagers' or travellers' own language.

2. The new edition of Pope's Works, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, is nearly ready for publication.

3. Mr. Coleridge has two volumes of Poems in the press.

4. Mr. Elton has nearly completed a poetical translation of Hesiod.

5. Jortin's Life of Erasmus, is editing by Dr. Raine and Dr. Henley.

6. Dr. Charles Fothergill is preparing An Account of the Northern Islands, including the Orcades, Shetland, &c.

7. Mr. William Spence, F. L. S. is bringing forward a work, entitled, "*Britain independent of Commerce.*"

8. Mr. Park is engaged in superintending a new edition of that very scarce work, *The Harleian Miscellany*, with additional notes, and two additional volumes.

9. The Rev. Mr. Collinson is printing a Life of the Historian Thuanus.

10. The Rev. G. S. Faber is finishing a work on the Restoration of Israel, and the destruction of Antichrist.

11. The Rev. Mr. Kidd, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has announced a new edition of Homer, with notes, &c. in 5 vols. 8vo.

12. Mr. Stephen Jones is getting ready a new edition of the Biographia Dramatica, with the aid of Isaac Reed's MS. notes.

13. Dr. Dickson is about to edite a new Agricultural Magazine.

14. The second volume of Jones's History of Brecon is nearly ready for the press.

15. Mr. Byerley has in the press a new translation of *The Prince* of Machiavel, the most celebrated of that author's works, with copious notes.

16. Mr. Card is printing a *Life of Charlemagne*, in one vol. 8vo.

17. A Reply to Mr. Malthus's Remarks on the Poor, by a person of eminence, is in the press.

18. The *ninth* volume of the new edition of Bishop Hall's Works will soon appear.

19. The fifth volume of the Annual Review is announced.

20. The Rev. John Oldisworth, of Swansea, proposes a new edition of *Nicholls s Paraphrase on the Common Prayer, and Psalms of David*, with notes, &c.

21. The Rev. J. Milner is reprinting *Fox's Martyrs*, in 8vo. with notes.

22. Letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, translated from the Spanish, in two vols. 12mo. are announced.

23. A

23. A new edition of the Poems of Robert Ferguson, with his Life, is in the press, in 8vo.

24. Dr. Jarrold, of Manchester, has in the press, Dissertations on the Form and Colour of the Person of Man, 8vo.

25. Dr. Miller, of Edinburgh, is preparing a new edition of Williams's Mineral Kingdom.

26. The author of Celtic Researches is preparing another work.

27. The Memoirs, &c. of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, in one vol. 4to. by her nephew, the Rev. *Montagu Pennington*, have made their appearance.

28. The first volume of the new edition of Holinshed's Chronicle, has also been published, and the second will very soon follow.

29. Isaac Reed's Library will be sold in October by King, and will make forty days' sale.

ART. XXII. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

1748. Thomas Brerewood, Esq. author of various poems, published in Gent. Mag. 1744, 1746, &c.

1779. Aug. 29. Mr. Vere, formerly an eminent silk-merchant in Bishopsgate Street,* and uncle to the present banker of that name. He was author of a curious book, entitled "*A physical*

* In partnership with Mr. Carter, who married his sister, and was uncle to the late Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

and

and moral Enquiry into the Causes of that internal restlessness and disorder in Man, which has been the complaint of all ages," 1778, in which he was much assisted by Dr. Owen, the late Vicar of Edmondton, whom he rewarded by a present of 500l. He is said to have died worth 80,000l.

1786. April 4. Overwhelmed with age and poverty, Wells Egelsham, bred a printer, but many years a writer of fugitive pieces for the newspapers. He was author of "*A Short Sketch of English Grammar,*" 8vo.

—— July 1. At Chiswick, Dr. William Rose, translator of Selections from Sallust, and largely concerned in the Monthly Review.

———— 10. At Acomb, near York, Wm. Cooper, D. D. Archdeacon of York.

—— Aug. 27. At Nottingham, Matthew Unwin, hosier, author of a small volume of "*Poems, Sacred and Evangelical,*" 1783.

—— Sept. 25. At Bath, Edw. Ives, author of "*A Voyage from England to India in* 1754," 1773, 4to.

—— Oct. 24. At Lincoln, Cecil Willis, D. D. Vicar of Holbeach.

1786. Nov. . Rev. Edw. Clarke, A. M. Rector of Buxted, Sussex, author of "*Letters concerning the Spanish Nation,*" 1763, 4to. &c.

1787. Jan. 8. At Bath, Lieut. Gen. Sir William Draper, K. B.

———— 21. Nearly 70, Gustavus Brander, F. R. and A. S. S.

—— Feb. 1. At Ashted, Surry, æt. 61, Thomas Tyers, Esq.

1787.

1787. March 3. At Hertford, aged near 70, Benjamin Bartlet, F. R. S. a great collector of coins.

—— April 1. Floyer Sydenham, well known by his elaborate comment on the works of Plato, born 1710.

—— June 14. Israel Mauduit, Esq. F. A. S. aged 79.

—— Aug. 4. In Gray's Inn, John Baynes, Esq. æt. 30.

——— 15. Joseph Reed, æt. 65, a rope-maker, author of "*The Register Office*," and other dramatic pieces.

—— Sept. 12. At Edinburgh, John Brown, painter, author of "*Letters on the Italian Opera.*"

——— 13. Rev. Moses Brown, aged 83, Vicar of Olney, Bucks, author of "*Piscatory Eclogues*," &c. &c.

——— At Dresden, Kenneth Fergusson, Secretary to Morton Eden, Esq. a young man of great genius and learning, and translator of an epic poem, entitled "*Joseph.*"

—— Nov. 3. Rev. John Glen King, D. D. Rector of Wormley, Herts.

——— 13. At Oxford, Geo. Jubb, D. D. &c.

—— Nov. . At Bury, Suff. Rev. Philip Laurents, A. M. many years Head-Master of the Grammar-school there.

1788. ——. Isaac Ritson, Translator of Homer's *Hymn to Venus*, with notes, 1788. He was a schoolmaster at Penrith, in Cumberland, in a lucrative and respectable situation, which he quitted, and then went to Edinburgh to study physic under the late Dr. Brown. He has been absurdly confounded with *Joseph* Ritson, who,

who, I believe, did not understand a syllable of Greek.

1788. Oct. 18. In Jamaica, John Lindsay, D. D. author of "*A Voyage to Senegal*," of several novels, and a poem, called "*Sir John Tostle.*"

—— Nov. 25. Aged 97, Thomas Amory, M. D. author of "*John Buncle.*"

1789. Jan. 23. In Petty France, aged 80, John Cleland.

———— 26. At Leicester, æt. 61, Rev. Wm. Bickerstaffe.

—— Mar. 24. Aged 42, Mrs. Anne Emelinda Foster, author of "*The Old Maid*," a Novel, &c.

—— April 17. Æt. 32, Wm. Jackson, Esq. an ingenious young man, at Canterbury, author of several poems in Nichols's Collection, &c.

—— May 5. Joseph Baretti.

———— 21. Æt. 71, Sir John Hawkins, Kt.

—— July 20. Rev. James Ramsay, A. M. Vicar of Teston, Kent, aged 55.

—— Aug. 8. At York, aged upwards of 80, Joseph Randall, author of the "*Semi-Virgilian Husbandry*," 1764, 8*vo.* &c. He was formerly Master of the Academy at Heath, near Wakefield.

—— —— Joseph Harris, æt. 38, formerly Secretary to Vice-Admiral Milbanke, and author of "*Naval Characters*," &c.

—— Sept. 14. At Busbridge, Surry, Sir Rob. Barker, Bar.

———— Rev. John Walters, poet, Master of Ruthin school, son of the Rev. John Walters, the ingenious

genious and learned author of the English Welsh Dictionary, died *before* Oct. 1789.

1789. In France, James Paine, Esq. the celebrated architect, æt. 73. He published two volumes of "*Plans, Elevations, &c. of Noblemen's, Gentlemen's, and other Houses and Buildings, designed by him,*" 1783.

—— Nov. 29. In Ireland, Geo. Cleghorn, M. D. aged 75.

—— Nov. 26. James Ibbetson, Barrister at Law.

1790. Jan. 30. John Watson Reed, F. S. A.

—— At Cotterstock, Northamptonshire, Rev. Sam. Ward, author of "*The Modern System of Natural History,*" in 12 vols.

—— April 12. Dr. Nathaniel Forster, Rector of All Saints, Colchester.

—— July 24. Rev. Mr. Withers, in Newgate.

—— Aug. 2. Rev. Wm. Dade, who in 1783 published Proposals for "*The History and Antiquities of Holderness in Yorkshire.*" He was F. A. S. Rector of Barmston, Co. of York, and Curate of the perpetual Curacy of St. Olave, Moregate, without Bootham-Bar.

—— Aug. 22. Mr. Macdonald, author of "*The Tragedy of Vimonda.*" He was also author of a Novel, entitled "*The Independent.*"

—— Aug. 1. Mr. John Knox, formerly a bookseller in London, and author of "*A Systematic View of Scotland, with regard to its Fisheries,*" &c.

—— Sept. 22 John Aitken, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. and author of several publications on his profession.

1790.

1790. Oct. 11. At Wycliffe, Co. of York, Marmaduke Cuthbert Tunsall, Esq. F. R. and A. S. S. Editor of "*Ornithologia Britannica,*" 1771, Fol.

——— Francis Pigott, Esq. Barrister at Law, of Berks, and Oxfordshire.

—— Nov. 5. At his house in Savile Row, Michael Lort, D. D.

1790. July 27. Rev. Sam. Rogers, A. M. æt. 60, author of two volumes of "*Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse,*" 12*mo.* He died at the Close, Salisbury, and was Rector of Husband Bosworth, Co. of Leicester, and of Brampton, Co. of Northampton.

——— At Pant-y-kelyn, near Llandevery, in Carmarthenshire, aged 72, the Rev. Wm. Williams, a methodistical clergyman of distinguished talents and character, said to be "probably the last lyric poet of South Wales."

1791. — Mrs. Celesia, daughter of David Mallet, at Genoa. She wrote a Tragedy, called "*Almida,*" 1771.

—— April 23. Lockyer Davis, bookseller, aged 73. He edited "*Rochefoucault's Maxims,*" 1774, 8vo.

——— 3. Dr. John Berkenhout, æt. 61.

——— Near Pershore, Co. of Worcester, Henry Winchescomb, author of "*The Lyre of Amphion,*" and other poetical effusions.

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

Art. XXIII. *Literary Obituary.*

1807. April . At Cambridge, the Rev. John Mainwaring, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in that University, 1788—Of St. John's Coll. A.B. 1745; A.M. 1750; S.T.B. 1758, Rector of Church-Stretton, Co. Salop, and of Aberdaron, Co. Caernarvon. Author of a volume of Sermons, 1780, with a prefixed Dissertation on that species of Composition. He was a native of Warwickshire.

April 13. Robert Heron, author of the History of Scotland, Tour to the Highlands, &c. He was a native of Scotland, and bred to the church; but his promotion in that line not answering his expectations, he resolved to take advantage of his intellectual acquirements, which he had already proved by several publications of merit, and came to London as a literary adventurer, where he soon obtained the patronage of the booksellers. He for some time edited the Globe and British-Press Newspapers; and at last began another, entitled the Fame, which not succeeding involved him in pecuniary difficulties, which preying on his mind, brought on a fever, that terminated his life.

May 19. John Douglas, D.D. Bishop of Salisbury, æt. 85. He was, we believe, the fabricator of his own fortune, being born of obscure parents in London. He was educated at Oxford, where he became a student in 1738, when Johnson's "London" was first published. In 1750 he distinguished himself by a detection of the forgeries of William Lauder; and afterwards the impositions

positions of Psalmanazar and Archibald Bower. He was chaplain to the celebrated William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, whom he attended on a tour in Germany and Holland, about 1763, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. He was afterwards a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; and promoted to the see of Carlisle, 1787; from whence he was translated to Salisbury, in 1791. He was author of "The Criterion, or Miracles Examined," 1757.

May . At Osborn's Hotel, Adelphi, London, Sir James Durno, knighted March 13, 1799, lately his Majesty's Consul at Memel, &c. distinguished for his commercial abilities, who had afforded great literary assistance to authors, and probably an author himself, though the present Editor cannot specify any publications by him.

May 16. John Charnock, Jun. Esq. F. S. A.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XVIII.

[Being Number VI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The Golden Aphroditis: a pleasant discourse, penned by John Grange, gentleman, student in the common lawe of Englande. Whereunto be annexed, by the same Authour, aswell certayne metres vpon sundry poyntes, as also diuers pamphlets in prose; which he entituleth His Garden: pleasant to the eare and delightful to the reader, if he abuse not the scente of the floures.*

Habet et musca splenem,
Et formicæ sua bilis inest.

At London: Anno 1577. Colophon. *Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman. 4to. Signat. S.*

Grange's Garden, the second title to this book, is given, by Herbert,* at length: but the above must have been wanting in the copy used by him, as he has only cited the running title. There appears also to be some mistake in describing it as "licensed July 1, 1578;" since the printed date is 1577. An epistle dedicatory of seven pages is addres-

* Typogr. Antiq. II. 990.

sed to "the Lord Seamus," by his "poore orator John George." Two pages follow of long metre, in which the author sendeth greeting "to the courteous dames and ladielike gentlewomen." Then, a short copy of verses superscribed "Colignum." Acrostical verses fill another page by "C. G. Maister of Arte, in the prayse of the Author:" and eighteen commendatory lines succeed, by W. S. This probably was Wm. Smith, the writer of other poesies. Shakspeare it could not be: both on account of the date, and because he thus useth the common-place process of complimentation employed in that age, in which mythology and personification are made to bolt for it.

"Or silver pure thy penne is made, dipte in the Muses well,
Thy eloquence and lofty style, all other doth excell:
Thy wisdome great and serious sense, diffusedly dispryde,
Doth shew how Pallas rules thy minde; and Phœbus doth devide
Those golden lines which polisht are with Tagus glistring sandes,
A pallace playne of pleasures great, unto the viewer's handes.
Thy learning doth bewtify in selfe, and worthie praise dothe wynne,
Who so thee knew did litle thinke, such learning thee in tyme.
Here Venus seemes in cheeke at Vice, and Wisedome Folly tramples:
Here Venus she is set at nought, and dame Diane she vyolates
Here Pallas Cupid doth detest, and all his carpet-knightes,
Here doth she shew that youthfull impes in folly most delightes;

And

And how when age comes creeping on, with sheve of hoary heares,*
Then they the losse of time repent, with sobbes and bytter teares," &c.

Of John Grange I have not met with any biographical intimations; but as a poetical writer he is placed by Webbe,† with Whetstone, Munday, &c. and not without propriety. The same writer, to exemplify that puerile species of versification called Echo, has cited six lines from the Golden Aphroditis:‡ a work, as the title§ may infer, adapted to youthful readers of the first-spring goddess, and comprising a gallimaufry of pedantical, mythological, and unnatural conceits. In proof of this, the following short colloquy may be cited, between a loquacious lady and her logical gallant.

N. O. is the gentleman who speaks: "I know, deare dame, if it were thy pleasure to shake me of, thy comely personage, thy courteous haire, thy lovly mind, thy friendly cheere, thy cheerfull countenance, and eke thy brave demeanure therewithall, beseeth to matche with one, whose heed standeth higher than ever any head will reache. Yea, lady, where true love,

* Heare for haires, an orthographic license used by most of our early poets, when the rhyme required it.

† Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586.

‡ George tells us in his dedication, that certain young gentlemen earnestly requested him to entitle this book "A Nosegay for an Ape:" but being somewhat ventrous in his own opinion, he thought it good to set a more courtly name upon it, viz. "Golden Aphroditis." Lodge might have adopted a hint in part which George rejected, for he printed in 1596 "A Nosegay for New Nurses."

§ Errors in Theatre.

I 2 friendship,

friendship, and charitie, remayneth; there goodes can never wante. Wherefore, though I wante the pompe of Cæsar, the goodes of Crœsus, the wealth of Crassus, the gold of Midas, and the excessive treasure of Artalus the olde; yet hope I still a blisfull lyfe to leade."

She answered: "They live not most at ease that have the world at will; but they, whome true love hath united and knit togither, doe leade the pleasant life: for, as Sallust testifieth, *Concordia parvæ res crescunt, discordia maxima dilabuntur*; which is, by concord small things growe to great, and discorde maketh great things small." N. O. liked this well: yet, beyng in the vayne of hope, he was not content to feede his eyes with the sight of his lady, and his eares with the pleasaunt wordes whiche flowed forth of hyr sugred mouth; yea, sweeter to him than the hony or the hony-combe, sayde—'These wordes, lady, make me leape for joye, transporting my corps (as it were) to paradise; placing my minde in a *pallaice of pleasure*, rocking my wittes in a *cradle of securitie*, and penning up my harte in a *castle of comforte*. Yet, lady, God graunt I play not as the swan of Menander, or Apolloes' birde, who joyfully sings before his death, even when the pangs themselves drawe neare. For this we see the catte delights to play a long time with the mouse, hyr prisoner, before she enjoyes his death."

A. O. looking frowningly, bending hyr browes, and scowling with hir eye-liddes, like unto Pallas, who can no otherwise doe, for that shee was ingendred of the braynes of Jupiter, who alwayes are troubled and vexed, answered—'Am I the catte, by whome thou meanest?"

Grange,

Grange, in the conclusion of his Aphroditis, offers the following apology for what he terms his "glosing stile."

"By what meanes could Skelton that laureat poet, or Erasmus that great and learned clarke, have uttered their mindes so well at large, as thorowe their clokes of mery conceytes in wryting of toyes and foolish theames: as Skelton did by *Speake parrot*, *Ware the hauke*, *the Tunning of Elynour Rumming*, *Why come ye not to the Courte? Phillip Sparrowe*, and such like: yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged ryme contayned? Or who would have hearde his fault so playnely tolde him, if not in such gibyng sorte? Also Erasmus, under his *prayse of Folly*, what matters hath he touched therein? even the chiefest poyntes whiche pertayneth to man's salvation. And sure in my minde he shewed no greater learnyng in any one booke of his penning, than he did in this. Beare therefore, gentle reader, I beseeche thee, with my bolde attempte in wrytyng, accepting rather my good will herein than the thing it selfe; yet judge thereof with equitie: and if it deserve commendation, so it is; if not, then use thy discretion therein. For I must needs say, that such tragedies as intend to inhumanitie, are not worthie of reading, neyther to be put in printe. But yet the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles interlaced with pretie poemes and pleasaunt talke I condemne not, whose sweete language did (as it were) intermedle the Graces with the Muses. Wherefore suche paganicall histories and poeticall pamphlets ought to be redde with indifferency."

The division of the volume entitled 'Grange's

Garden," is chiefly in verse, and consists of the following pieces.

1. " A valiant yong Gentleman beyng trayned up in martiall prowes, and allured by evill counsell to Women's follies, bewayleth his life in this order.
2. The force of Beauties pryce.
3. A Gentleman revealeth his former life.
4. A Gentleman suyng for grace. (Prose)
5. The paynting of a Curtezan.
6. A Gentleman seeing his Brother desirous to goe to the seas, wrote these verses following, unwitting to any, and layed them in his Brother's way.
7. A Gentleman, halfe in despayre, seeketh release. (Prose.)
8. The description of the love of a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman.
9. A Song whiche the Gentlewoman made, before she slew hir selfe.
10. An Answere to a Letter written unto him by a Curtyzan.
11. A Song of a Lover, wherein he shewes his love towarde his Lady.
12. A Gentleman, being halfe forsaken by mistrust, appealeth to his Lady again by humilitie.
13. A newe married man being stung with wedlocke, declareth his minde *Cantico more,* upon this texte:

' Content your selfe as well as I,
Let reason rule your minde,
As cuckoldes come by destinie,
So cuckowes sing by kinde.'

14. The

14. The Lover forsaken, bewayleth his chaunce.
15. The Lover hearing his Lady to be caste in dumpes, writeth unto hir in this order. (Prose.)
16. J. G. biddeth his friende A. T. good morrowe.
17. His good night to the same A. T.
18. His Farewell to the same.
19. Epilogus." (Prose.)

From his "Farewell to his friend," too much in the strain of those amatorial ditties, in which he designed "to blase the incineration of Veneriall dames and ruffling nymphes," the following stanzas are taken.

"A greater griefe can hardly be,
Than faythfull friendes for to departe,
Thy tryed friendship biddes me say
That absence thyne will cut my harte.

Thou arte my gem of all my joye,
The fountayne eke of my delight,
Thou arte the staffe whereto I leane,
How might I misse thee fro my sight?

Though space is great and myles are long,
Whiche seemes to parte our corpse in twayne:
Yet distaunce shall not parte our love,
Our hartes alike shall still remayne.

O Titus true! O Phenix kynde!
How lothe am I to bidde farewell!
It grieves me that suche faithfull friendes
For aye together may not dwell.

Shall we asunder parted be,
Who thus have livde in tryed troth?
If needs we must, then fare you well,
Yet to departe I am full lothe.

Ten thousand times I rather had
A grisly ghost to ende my lyfe:
Come Atropos therefore in haste,
On me to use thy shredding knyfe.

Come lothsome death, with fearefull mace,
Spare not to worke my latter dome:
Make haste, make haste, I live to long;
Breath yeelded hath, bryng me my tome."

A prose epilogue concludes the volume, and may fitly do the same by this article.

"The proud pecocke (gentle reader) strouteth and playteth his gorgeous tayle so long, till at the length he discovereth the filthe thereof: so some will thinke, and will not sticke to say, that whyle I indevour to discover the imbecillitie of other men's natures, I reveale thereby mine owne licencious livyng, if so (at the least) I speake by experience. And what if I did?—Yet are they farre deceyved herein, and do but dreame (as it were) upon falshoode it selfe. For the market declareth how the corne is solde: and though I am but yong of yeares, yet may I dayly heare and see that, whereof by action I am not partaker. It seemeth also, the vanities of this world are the greater, when as they lie so open, and are so manifest unto my youthfull yeares. And though it hath not pleased Polymneia so to favour my penne, as to countervayle my well willing: yet I truste yee will accepte of me for my well meanyng, who am not therein a strawe bredth incomparable to Cleanthes. Comparisons are odious:* I meane not therefore by his learnyng, (for therunto I am many a degree below) but by the great desire he

* So said Shakspeare's Dogberry; or rather, meant to say.

had

had in writing, and by the pleasure he tooke all his life time therein.

"How simple yet so ever this little volume of mine be, if thou wilte bestowe thy travell to secke forth the grounde and the depth therof, thou shalt soone espie and quickly perceyve how in every poynte and clause therof is hidden, besides the myrthe, some deeper sense and purpose. But unto the carelesse reader it is (as it were) a peece of unleavened dough, wherefore for such I thinke it better to have their browes knitte harde with the kercher of Morpheus, and so to lay them doune to sleepe, than *legere et non intelligere, nempe negligere est.* And as I have been briefe in all things heretofore, so will I be likewise herein: and as I have brought you into my rude Garden, so (turnyng the key) here will I leave you to choose what flowers shall like you beste. My penne is stubbed, my paper spente, my inke wasted, my wittes gravelled, and (to be shorte) tyme calleth me away; wherefore, standing to your curtesies, and hoping of your good acceptaunce hereof, wishyng to you as to my selfe, in haste I bidde you farewell."

T. P.

ART. II. *A Report and Discourse, written by Roger Ascham, of the affaires and state of Germany, and the Emperour Charles his court; duryng certaine yeares while the sayd Roger was there. At London: Printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate. Cum grat. & privileg. Regiæ Majest.* 4to. *pp.* 60.

In September 1550, the noted penman of this report, accompanied Sir Richard Morysine to Germany, when

when he went as ambassador from the court of England to Charles the Fifth. There Ascham continued three years; and, during that time, left nothing unattended to, which might serve to perfect his knowledge of men as well as books. In Oct. 1552 he was requested by his particular friend, Mr. John Astely,* Master of the Jewel Office, to draw up an account of the political events which took place during his stay in Germany, and this account is described by Dr. Campbell to be "one of the most delicate pieces of history that ever was penned in our language, evincing its author to have been a man as capable of shining in the cabinet as in the closet."† As a brief historical document, faithfully deduced from personal observation, it is certainly of considerable value: yet perhaps the most interesting extract to general readers, will be Ascham's prefatory statement of the qualifications essential to an historian. It is addressed to his friend John Astely.‡

"When you and I read Livye together (if you do remember) after some reasonyng we concluded both what was in our opinion to be looked for at his hand, that would well and advisedly write an history. First point was, to write nothyng false: next, to be bold to say any truth: wherby is avoyded two great faultes—flattery and hatred. For which two pointes, Cæsar is read to his great prayse; and Jovius the Italian to hys just reproch. Then to marke diligently the causes, counsels, acts, and issues, in all great attemptes: and in causes, what is just or unjust; in counsels, what is purposed wisely or rashly; in actes, what is done couragiously or fayntly; and of every issue, to note some

* For whom see Gent. Mag. Vol. LXVII. † Biog. Brit. I. 284.

‡ Blundevile partly addressed his "Port of Rest," 1561, to John Asteley, as a true lover of wisdom.

generall

generall lesson of wisedome and warines, for lyke matters in time to come, wherin Polibius in Greeke, and Phillip Comines in French, have done the duties of wyse and worthy writers. Diligence also must be used in kepyng truly the order of tyme, and describyng lyvely, both the site of places and nature of persons, not onely for the outward shape of the body, but also for the inward disposition of the mynde, as Thucidides doth in many places very trimly; and Homer every where, and that alwayes most excellently, which observation is chiefly to be marked in hym. And our Chaucer doth the same, very praise worthely: marke hym well, and conferre hym with any other that writeth in our tyme in their proudest toung, whosoever lyst. The stile must be alwayes playne and open; yet some time higher and lower, as matters do ryse and fall. For if proper and naturall wordes, in well joyned sentences, do lyvely expresse the matter, be it troublesome, quyet, angry, or pleasant, a man shal thincke not to be readyng, but present, in doyng of the same. And herein Livie of all other in any toung, by myne opinion, carieth away the prayse."

T. P.

ART. III. *The Scholemaster, or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children to understand, write, and speake the Latin tong; but specially purposed for the private brynging vp of youth in Jentlemen and noblemen's houses, and commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latine tonge, and would by themselves without a scholemaster, in short tyme and*

and with small paines, recover a sufficient habilitie to understand, write, and speake Latin. By Roger Ascham. An. 1570. *At London: Printed by John Daye, &c. pp.* 135. 4*to.*

Dr. Campbell has dated this title 1571, * and says, that the colophon tells us, it was printed in 1573." In the copy now before me, both title and colophon bear the date of 1570. Ascham died on the 30th of December, 1568, and the present publication was inscribed by Margaret, his widow, to Sir Wm. Cecil, principal Secretary of State, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The book had its accidental origin from a conversation at a dinner-party in the apartments of Secretary Cecil at Windsor, during the time of the plague in 1563. Several scholars having run away from Eton college, in consequence of the master's severity, † it occasioned a warm debate on the best method of educating youth, in which Ascham took so prominent a part, that he was instigated by Sir Richard Sackvile to draw up his sentiments on the subject for the benefit of his grandson. So ably did the royal tutor execute his task, that the Schoolmaster has been characterized as "a book that will be always useful, and everlastingly esteemed on account of the good sense, judicious observations, excellent characters of ancient authors, and many pleasant and profitable passages of English history, which are plentifully sprinkled therein." As this excellent scho-

* Biog. Brit. I. 285, note F.

† Which master is said to have been Nicholas Udal. See Hawkins's History of Music.

lastic

lastic treatise has been reprinted, and has also been largely extracted from, in Seward's Anecdotes, a single passage only shall be cited, which serves to shew the fashionable reading of the *beau monde* in Ascham's day. He is inveighing against that travelled object of disgust, an Englishman Italianated.

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, savyng certaine bookes of Chevalrie, as they said, for pastime, and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monkes or wanton chanons, as one for example, *Morte Arthure:* the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes: in open mansslaughter and bold bawdrye. In which booke, those be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarell, and commit fowlest advoulteres by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelote, with the wife of King Arthure, his master; Syr Tristram, with the wife of Kynge Marke his uncle; Syr Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at: yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and Morte Arthure received into the Prince's chamber.—And yet ten Morte Arthures do not the tenth part so much harme as one of these bookes made in Italie and translated in England. Suffer these bookes to be read, and they shall soone displace all bookes of godly learnyng. [Hence,] they have in more reverence the triumphes of Petrarche than the Genesis of Moses; they make more account of Tullie's Offices, than S. Paule's Epistles; of a tale in Bocace than a storie of the Bible." T. P.

ART.

ART. IV. *The Schoolemaster, or Teacher of Table philosophie. A most pleasant and merie Companion, wel worthy to be welcomed (for a dayly gheast) not onely to all men's boorde, to guyde them with moderate and holsome dyet; but also into every man's companie at all tymes, to recreate their mindes with honest mirth and delectable devises, to sundrie pleasant purposes of pleasure and pastyme. Gathered out of divers, the best approved auctours: and devided into foure pithy and pleasant Treatises, as it may appeare by the contentes. Imprinted at London by Richarde Jones, dwelling over against St. Sepulcher's Church, without Newgate.* 1576. 4*to*.

The learned friend who possesses this scarce tract, observes, there is good reason for supposing that it was written or compiled by Dr. Twyne, * who completed the translation of Phaer's Virgil. He was a pedagogue of a very different description from Roger Ascham; his work being designed to regulate the culinary economy of the table, with the behaviour, the conversation, and the festal mirth of the *bon vivant*. The anonymous editor inscribed it "to the Right Worshipfull M. Alexander Nowell, Dean of S. Paul's," a frequent and paineful preacher (according to Wood) and a zealous writer against certain English Catholics: but, according to the present writer, "a solacer of himself and others at his table, with seemly mirth in opportunities uttered."

* At the end of the work, are the initials T. T. and in a list of books dedicated to Dean Nowell, the Schoolmaster is positively given to Twyne.

The

The dedicator declares, that "having by chance happened on this pamflet, and comming into his hands both without name and orderly beginning, he did not onely peruse it himself, but shewed it also unto some of his friends, and was by them and others exhorted to publish the same in print, for that it seemed to containe nothing else but holesome diet, sauced with honest mirth and pleasant pastimes; and interlaced with pithy and effectual examples, tending unto the advauncenient of vertue and suppression of vice, a fit meane to delight and recreate the weake and specially the over-weryed spirits of studients." Such scrupulosity did the publisher observe in adhereing to the original text, that he "thought it good not to leave out any thing; but only to admonish, that who so shall not so well like of some trifling tales of this book, in the fourth part, may sufficiently recreate himself in the other three parts."

The several parts have the following general arguments prefixed.

1. "The first book, which is of naturall philosophie, treateth of the nature and qualitie of all manner of meates, drinkes, and sauces, that are used at meales.
2. The second book, which is of morall philosophie, speaketh of the manners, behaviour, and usage of all such, with whom we may happen to be conversant withall, as well at the table, as all other times among companie.
3. The third booke is of naturall philosophie, and conteyneth certayne delectable and pleasaunt questions and pretie problems, to be propounded

pounded for myrth among companie at all times, but most conveniently at the table.

4. The fourth booke is of morall discourses, and compriseth honest jestes, delectable devises, and pleasaunt purposes, to be used among companie for delight and recreation at all times, but especially at meale times at the table."

There is so little of grave anecdote in this last book of moral discourses, that much of it might serve to augment the modern reprints of Joe Miller's Jests, Baker's Witticisms, or Wood's pieces of humour; and some of them have actually done so. The compiler confesses himself indebted to Macrobius, and Macrobius was so to his predecessors. A few of the *bon mots* shall be extracted.

"An olde woman, having almost lost her sight, feed a physician to come and dresse her eyes every day, who, as oft as he came, stole some piece of houshold stuffe away with him, untyll all the house was emptie. But when she recovered her sight, seeing all her goodes gone, was thereat much amazed, and woulde not pay the physicion his duetie. Then he convened her before a judge: to whom she complayned, that she was not yet fully cured, but rather saw lesse than she did before; for (sayd she) "I could see good store of houshold stuffe in my house, and nowe I can see nothing."

"On a time there came unto a sanctes church so many hault and lame people to be cured, that the priest could not drive them foorth. Then said the priest—'Give me your staves and I wil heale you all.' And when he had them, he sent for fier, and beinge demaunded

maunded what he would do with it?' 'Burne him that is *most lame*, (quoth he) that you may all be healed with his ashes.' And when they heard this, they *ran* all away."

"A certayne frier comming unto the gate of an abbey, seeing that he could not get in, rang the bell very hard: and a munke, comming to the gate, asked why he rang? Then sayd the frier—'I ring for the *charitie* which is gone away from the abbey:' which the munke hearing, took the bell and rang harder than hee had done.' 'What meaneth this then?' quod the frier. Then quod the munke, 'I ring for the *patience* which is departed from your friery."

T. P.

ART. V. *The Muses Cabinet: stored with variety of poems: both pleasant and profitable. By W. W. London: Printed for F. Coles in the Old Baily*, 1655. 12*mo. pp.* 48.

William Winstanley reveals his claim to the initials in the above title, by his dedicatory verses "to the truly and excellent well accomplished gentleman, Mr. William Holgate.' From a similarity of name, and of plebeian taste in poetry, there is much reason to believe this picklock of the Muses' Cabinet, was the barber-biographer, who impudently as falsely declared "the fame of MILTON would go out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory always stink;"* while, in the same book, he delivers the following truism, adverting

* Lives of the most famous English Poets, 1687, p. 195.

(it is presumable) to his own despised volume:—"I have known (says this auctorial shaver) a well-writ poem, after a double expence of brain to bring it forth, and of purse to publish it to the world, condemned to the drudgery of the chandler or oylman, or, which is worse, to light tobacco." * Great indeed is likely to have been the candle-lighting consumption of Winstanley's poetry, since the copy now before me, is the only one that has met my observation; and was purchased by its present owner from the curious library of Major Pearson. That thirty years afterward the poetaster became ashamed of his own metrical performances, is to be inferred from a short article of John Taylor, in his Lives of the English Poets, where he says that "one" bestowed the following *Epitaph* upon the Water-poet, which *one* proves to be himself, as the lines occur at p. 21 of the Muses' Cabinet.

"Here lies the Water-poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the streams of Helicon;
Where, having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heaven arriv'd at last."

These lines form a tolerable "picture in little," of the talent and accomplishments of Mr. Winstanley. The following tribute becomes interesting only from its allusion.

"On Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

"When I that learned work of his peruse,
And read the lines indited by his Muse:
It makes me think, so sweet of love he sings,
His pens were quills pluckt off from Cupid's wings."

* Epistle to the reader.

One

One more specimen addressed to a contemporary verse-man may suffice.

"To Mr. Sheppard, on his most excellent Epigrams.*

" Sheppard, thou hast
Martial o'repast,
Ausonius conquered;
Thou Harrington
Hast overcome
And Owen stricken dead.

These, in their time,
For wits the prime,
Of poets counted were:
But if to thee
Compar'd they be,
We see they nothing are.

Then sit thee down,
Whilest we do crown
Thy head with wreaths of bays: †
The Muses nine
Do all combine
To warble forth thy praise."

T. P.

ART. VI. *Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica. Additions and alterations to "Poets of the Sixteenth Century."*

JOHN ALDAY has five pieces of poetry in "Theatrum Mundi: the Theatre or Rule of the World, wherein may be sene the running race and course of every

* The Epigrams of Sheppard remain to be noticed. They were published with his other poesies in 1651.

† This alludes to a frontispiece before Sheppard's poems, in which Mercury (who may be Winstanley mythologized) seems about to make a sorry bargain, by proffering a wreath of bays in exchange for the poet's printed book.

man's life, as touching miserie and felicity; wherein is contained wonderfull examples, learned devises, to the over throwe of vice and exalting of virtue: whereunto is added a learned and marvellous worke, of the excellencie of mankinde, written in the French and Latin tongues by Peter Boaystuau, and translated into English by John Alday. Imprinted at London by H. D. for Thomas Hacket, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Church Yarde, at the signe of the Key." Very small 8vo. not paged nor dated, bl. l.

"In prayse of the booke." 36 lines, back of the title.

"Tymon's Epitaph." 4 lines, fo. 3.

"Tiberius' drunken Nurse, from Euripides." 6 lines, fo. 30.

"Complaint of Job." 10 lines, second side, fo. 30.

"A complaint of the pore Husbandman, in meeter, made upon Da pacem Domine in diebus nostris, &c." 12 stanzas, of four lines, each having a Latin word of the sentence preceding it, except the first stanza.

Another edition was printed by Henry Bynneman, 1574.

JOHN BALE—"A mysterye of Iniquyte, contayned within the heretycall genealogye of Ponce Pantolabus, is here both dysclosed and confuted by Johan Bayle. An. M. D. xlii. &c. Emprynted at Geneva by Mychael Woode, 1545," small 8vo. b. l. This volume contains 38 divisions, or "Mysteries," in prose, each having a head or introduction of four or six lines of doggrel poetry.

"NICHOLAS BOWYER, in commendation of this booke;" prefixed to three stanzas of six lines each, before Whetstone's Rock of Regard, 1576.*

* See CENSURA, page 2 of this volume.

JOHN

JOHN BYSHOP has twenty four lines, "The Authour unto his booke, borrowed and translated out of Martial, his Epigrammes," prefixed to "Beautifull Blossomes gathered by John Byshop from the best trees of all kyndes, divine, philosophicall, astronomicall, cosmographical, historical, and humane, that are growing in Greece, Latium, and Arabia; and some also in vulgar orchards; as well fro" those in auncient time were grafted, as also from them which have with skilful head and hand beene of late yeares, yea and in our dayes, planted; to the unspeakeable both pleasure and profite of all such as wil vouchsafe to use them. The first tome. Imprynted at London for Henrie Cockyn, dwelling in Flete Streate, at the signe of the Elephant, a little above the Conduit. Anno 1577." 4to. 154 folios, without table, &c.

"R. C. in praise of Whetstons and his Rocke of Regard," prefixed to four six-line stanzas among the induction poems of that volume; and in "the Orchard of Repentance," fourth part of the Rock of Regard, is "R. C. answere to G. W. opinion of trade;" consisting of thirteen eight-line stanzas; also "an Epitaphe uppon the death of Henrie Cantrell of Lincolne's Inne, Gent. by his friend R. C." Four six-line stanzas.

HENOCH CLAPHAM.—"A Briefe of the Bible, drawne first into English poesy, and then illustrated by apte annotations; together with some other necessary appendices by Henoch Clapham. Printed for Robert Waldegrave, Printer to the King's Maiesties. Cum Privilegio Regio." 12mo. At the end of the volume is "A Soule's Lamentation," thirteen six-line stanzas, and "A Soule's Solace," five twelve-line stanzas.

(See CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 258, for an account of a later edition.)

WILLIAM CLOWES has twelve lines in "The Epistle to the Reader," prefixed to his "A proved Practise for all young Chirurgians, concerning burnings with gunpowder, and wounds made with gun shot, sword, halbard, pyke, lance, or such other." 4to. 1588.

SAMUEL DANIEL—"The First Fowre Bookes of the Civill Warres betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, by Samuel Daniel. Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. Printed at London by P. Short, for Simon Waterson, 1595," 4to. There is another title of the same date, varying in the printer's ornaments, and the following transposition, "at London printed." It may be necessary to notice, that in Brand's Catalogue (p. 101) a copy is entered as printed in 1594; but it was a mistake for the following year.

RICHARD EDEN translated Peter Martyr's "Decades of the Newe Worlde, or West India. London, Imprinted by G. Powel, 1555," 4to. b. l. At the end of the volume are a few lines of poetry.

ABRAHAM FLEMING "upon G. Whetston's worke," consisting of four six-line stanzas, may be found at the beginning of the Rock of Regard.

WILLIAM FULWOOD—"The Enimie of Idlenesse. Teaching the maner and stile how to endite, compose, and write all sorts of Epistles and Letters, as well by answer as otherwise. Devided into foure bokes, no lesse plesaunt than profitable; set forth in English by William Fulwood, marchant, &c. The contents hereof appere in the table at the latter ende of the booke.

'An

'An enimie to idlenesse,
A friend to exercise,
My practise of the prudent pen
Loe here before thine eyes.'

Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, for Leonard Maylard, Anno 1568," 8vo. b. l. Induction "To the Right Worshipfull the Maister, Wardens, and Company of the Marchant Tayllors of London, W. F. wishett increase of worship, with prosperous successe and eternall felicitie," prefixed to 128 lines, rhyming alternately, signed "your Worships W. F." At the end are six pieces of poetry, each having a couplet for a title, viz.

"A constant lover doth expresse
His griping griefes, which still encrease."
64 lines in alternate rhyme.

"A lover pearst with Cupide's bowe,
Thinks long till he be rid from woe."
44 lines, same measure.

"A secrete lover writes his will
By story of Pigmalion's ill."
10 stanzas of six lines each.

"A lover hath his ladie's hart,
And writes to hir as is his part."
72 lines, rhyming alternately.

"A lover sick for very love,
To pity doeth his lady move."
72 lines, same.

"A faithfull lover feeling smart,
Doethe nippe his ladie false of heart."
80 lines, same.

"FINIS, quod W. F."

ROBERT GREENE, in the title page of "The Spanish Masquerado, 4to. 1589, has the "Twelve articles of the State of Spaine," in verse.

DAVID GWYN—"Certaine English verses penned by David Gwyn, who for the space of eleuen yeares and ten moneths was in most grieuous servitude in the gallies, vnder the King of Spaine; and nowe lately (by the wonderfull prouidence of God) deliuered from captiuitie, to the overthrow of many of the Spaniards, and the great rejoycing of all true hearted English men. Presented to the Queene's most Excellent Maiestie, in the Parke, at Saint James, on Sunday the xviii of August, 1588, by David Gwyn, as foloweth.—Imprinted at London by Richard Hudson, dwelling in Hosier Lane, at the signe of the Wool-sacke," 8vo. b. l. eleven pages. There are three poems in this volume entitled as follows:

"Certain English verses presented to the Queene's most Excellent Maiestie, in the Parke, at Saint James, on Sunday, the xviii of August, 1588." 92 lines, rhyming alternately.

"Another, at the same time delivered to her Maiestie, by David Gwyn." 60 lines, same.

"An other, presented to her Maiestie, by David Gwyn, in commendation of Sir Francis Drake." 80 lines, same.

Conduit street. J. H

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

Art. VII. *A Treatise concerning the Nauie of England, &c.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 37.]

"The Addicione to the former Treatise." Then

"To the gentle Reader.

"Ulisses, chiefe of all the Greekes,
which saughte and conquered Troye;
By noble navie wanne the same,
to all his countries joye.
Tomyris, queene of Scithia,
throughe wisdome, grace, and store,
Slewe mightie Cirus, and with him
two hundred thowsande more:
And multitudes of lyke effects,
of causes lyke have growne;
As auncient stories doe recorde,
and wee have lately knowne.
King Phillipp, thirsting England's crowne,
did ymitate the Greeke;
But England's God, her Queene and force,
repulste him, Tomyre lyke:
And as the Grecians did retourne
with high victorius fame;
So fled the fearefull Spaniards hence,
with mightie losse and shame.
To God be yeelded all the praise!
yet greate good will to those,
Which study, travaille, wright, or fight,
for to anoye our foes;
For foresight is a tower of strengthe,
and weapon bodeth peace;
Provision daunteth enemyes,
and causeth warrs to cease.

And

And as greate mountaines, woods, and fenns,
doe strengthen well the shore;
So shipps and shippings for the seas,
doe dread the enemye more.
As some examples of them all
this litle booke will showe;
Yf gratefully thou take the same,
and reading wilt bestowe.

BER. GAR."*

These verses might ground an opinion of the first part having been published anterior to the "Addicione" being written, and the whole a transcript of a printed work; the copy however wants the usual second title or head, and the author abruptly proceeds.

"After the wryting and finishing of the Treatise gonne before, I considered with my selfe that it was not good altogether to trust to myne owne witt, but to heare allso the mindes of others therin, wheruppon I requested my freindes, the fowre principall masters of her Majestie's navie, that then were, (whome I knewe to be men of experte judgement) to lett me have their opinions theirin; who, after the perusing therof, requested me to exhibit the same to some noble man of the parlament then being, who for his authoritie might preferre the cause of so good meaning. But I denyde their requeste, for that my meaning was not to write to others, but to delight my selfe therin; neither was the matter it selfe, for wante of abilitie and skill in me, penned in such foorme and order woorthy the presenting to any noble personadge: notwithstanding, they so much urging me, by reason of a bill by them at that

* Bernard, or Barnard Garter, see Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica.

present

present exhibited into the Parlament-howse conserning fyshing, which tended to the increase of maryners and mainetainaunce of the navie, as my saide treatise did, so that I coulde not any longer withholde me from graunting their desyre; the effecte of which bill so concurred with the matter of my saide treatise, as yf they had bothe binne written by one consent; theirs very breefe, but myne more at large, by reason wherof and their ymportunacie, a coppy therof, fayre written, was by me presented to the Earle of Lecestre, and one other to the L. Clinton and Saye, then L. Admyrall, bothe Lordes of the Parlament at that present, whose wisdomes waying more the true meaning of the matter, then looking after curious style, accepted all in good parte, which coppy so presented, was the yeere of our helthe 1570, and the 13 yeere of her Majesties raigne. Sithence which tyme there hathe happened many thinges to dyvers regions and nations unlooked for, to Persia, Sypres, Musco, Pollonia, Portugall, Navarre, the lowe countries of Flaunders, also of England, by meane of the pope and his confederates, and more had lyke to have felte, had not God binne on our syde. For they thought to have put in practyse thexecution of their devilishe leage againste us, which they termed the holy-leage. And for the saide purpose had laide a mischevous plot to have taken us in, what betweene the King of Spaine and the Prince of Parma in Flaunders, with other their complices, whoe veryly did thinke to have rooted us out of this our auncient enheritaunce and naturall soyle of England, as it well apeared by their huge and mightie navie of shipps that they broughte, which so farre surmounted our expectation as wee never supposed that they coulde

ever

ever have founde, gathered, and joyned, so greate a force of puissante shipps together, and so well apointed with the cannon, culverin, and other greate peces of brasse ordinaunce, with so many men, so many musketts, and all other furniture, according both for sea and land; that it appeared they spared not for any coste to bring their wicked purpose to passe; for never was ther any such navie that came againste England before this tyme."

The all-saving power of the Almighty who "with his mightie whyrle windes and stormes from the heavens brake their shipps uppon the rockes, drowned them, and saved us," with scriptural allusions, follow.

"But now to come to ourselves, as we are but men, and calling to memorye the evill intent of the Spaniards, with the huge strengthe of their navie, that so cruellye came againste us; I saye, calling them to minde and printing them in our remembrance geveth us cause to make the better provision for our defence, as allwaye to have in reddines a navie of suche force and puissaunce, as maye be able to encounter with the mightiest enemye that shall ryse against us, towarde the furtheraunce wherof I have heere according to my simple skill sett downe a proporcion of shippe such as for nomber and bourden, I (under correcktion) wishe her Majestie's own proper shipps to be.

The proporcion a [s] followeth.

4 of 1100 tonne the peece
4 of 0900
4 of 0800
4 of 0700
4 of 0600
2 of 0600 Galliasses

4 of

4 of 0500 tonne the peece
4 of 0400
2 of 0350
Propocion 2 of 0300
3 of 0250
3 of 0200
1 of 0160
1 of 0150
2 of 0060
2 of 0050 } Pinnasses
2 of 0040
2 of 0030
50 in all greate and smalle.

Of which nomber of shipps and pinnasses as heere mentioned, her Majestie hath part in her navie all redy, and for such as bee wanting shee maye comaunde to be built at her pleasure; and concerning the building of such greate shipps, or shipps royall as wee use to terme them, wherin yf I (under correction) maye speake my minde; then, in myne opinion, as it is not good for them to be hye builded for gathering of much winde, no more is it seemely nor sightly to builde them to lowe for disgracing. For such royall shipps in my judgement woulde [should] ever be builded in such foorme and order, as might allwaies carry such geare and countenaunce as the very sight of them might be a terror to the enemye."

Conduit street. J. H.

[*To be continued.*]

ART.

Art. VIII. *Poesis Rediviva, or Poesie reviv'd by John Collop, M. D. Odi prophanum vulgus & arceo. London: Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Church Yard.* 1656. *Small* 8vo. *pp.* 110.

With such a magic title it might seem a record of envy to thrust the author into a barren Bibliographical Catalogue, which was at first intended; yet whether he was entitled to a higher distinction the following specimens will be sufficient to decide.

The Epistle Dedicatory is "To the Right Honorable Henry Marquis of Dorchester, Earl of Kingstone, Viscount Newark, the Lord Pierrepoint. *Si fuerint Mæcenates, non defuerint Marones.* Poetry revives, quickened by the beams of such a sun, whom all the Muses acknowledge their Apollo; and sun-like you may gild even the lowest and most humble valleys, yet neither impair your height or lustre; glance a more auspicious beam on this birth, which, eaglet-like, approaches the sun for legitimation, the most piercing ray of your judgment. I shall not after the mode of dedications, cry out of jejunenes and sterility, and intreat a patronage to my weakness; as not content to commit errour without a patron, or recommitting it in an apologie: to gild a dunghill would but exhale a stench; though the odours of virtues charioted in sun-beams, may communicate their influences, and perfume the world. Nor wants poetry her virtues;—stones, trees, and wilde beasts, accompany an Orpheus, while he mollifies the most obdurate, and stone-assimilating

lating tempers; teaches the most irregular pieces by his measures, to be squared by the rule of proportion, and serve to the edifice of virtue; produces harmony out of Nature's discords, while the most savage natures by his harmony, are reduced to consort. Civility dead, poesie revives; and though some object as the lyrick to Maro, *Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo, auditam moderere arboribus fidem, non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini*; virtue now being onely a vain and bloodless image."

"Nor is poesie unworthy of your patronage, which a Sir Philip Sidney hath praised, our seraphick Donne used, the learned Scaliger, and he who makes all praises modest, the excellent Hugo Grotius laboured in. Nay, even the prophets were poets, and Pagan poets are cited by the Apostles. And though poesie be *vinum dæmonum*, as the father calls it, when it inebriates men's mindes with folly; yet it is *flagellum dæmonum* when it lashes them out of their vanity, tormenting them in their members. The inriching of the people of God with the ornaments of Egypt, S. Austin applies to arts and sciences invented by heathens, but taken from them as the spoil of Egypt and converted to God's service. It may be said of poesie, as of S. Cyprian, Lactantius, Victorinus, Hilarius, *Quanto auro & argento & veste exiit ex Ægypto?* Converted from Paganism to Christianity. Let an atheist, like Porphyrius, scoff at it, as borrowed from gentilism; and an apostate, resembling Julian prohibite humane literature in Christians; which none have disrespected, beside those whose ignorance rendered incapable of it, or blacker impieties court oblivion. This could make an Octavius descend to the

Lyricks

Lyricks friendship; and a Lord Brook, as the most permanent epitaph, desire to be writ Sir Philip Sidney's friend. Friends to poesie cannot want a memory, while time can keep a register."

"To you, (who have passed through the temple of Virtue to that of Honour, whose Honour is a temple to enshrine Virtue, monopolizing more then these want, whose glorious outsides, like Egyptian temples, by introspection afford nothing above an ape,) as a tribute due to honour, I present these besprinklings of a retirement, while Democritus-like I laugh at the shittlecock world, and exquire the causes of the spleen in the beast, the rabble; which will invite some who *Abderitanæ pectora plebis habent*, the mad rabble and those plebeian heads, who are a degree above them in their clothes, not in their intelligences, is to accuse me of phrensie: yet an Hippocrates (the more refined spirit) will pass intainted with the aire of popular displicencies, since the temples of virtue and honour want not their sacrifices. Your Honour's most humble servitor, and most affectionate admirer,

J. Collop."

There are 127 pieces of poetry on various subjects, political, amatory, complimentary, and religious. The first poem consists of ninety lines, from which accept a specimen: it is entitled

"The Poet.

"What art? thought below wise men, yet 'bove ages;
Can'st make sev'n lines, speak more then the sev'n sages?
A name for *Falkland* or th' *Lord Digby* fit?
Or the elixir of *Hugh Grotius*' wit?

Pacing

Pacing in rithme no poets makes; words fit,
High sense, soul quickning each part of it.
Phancies effluxions, which with light do stream,
Each sentence gilding like a solar beam:
No day can pass to write lends him no ray,
Nay makes ev'n night vie splendor with the day,
To feed on trash hath no green-sickness Muse,
Through Wit's obstruction a cachexy shews:
No cup-froth'd fancy, sparkled wit from wine;
Sobriety waters vertues in each line.
None are born poets,* naturally some pace,
Shuffle in rithme, horse-like, without a grace.
His Helicon must flow from sweat of 's brain;
And musing thoughts lend his poetick vein;
Richer then those veins spring from heart of earth,]
While gold without an ore he giveth birth.
Th' philosopher's elixir in each line,
Doth in epitome all that's rich confine,
Above the salts of Ciceronian wit,
Whose name can lend no grain to season it.
Nor adages, nor apophthegms new pick'd,
Bear-like nor form'd, nor handsom 'cause their lick'd,
Vents onely what mistaken sages coyn'd,
With the disguise of verse on what's purloin'd:
Unhappy fate of poets to be poor,
All beg'd, or borrowed from another's store.
He must have ravell'd times, and kingdoms through,
And when the world ore view'd can make a new.†
A Plato's commonwealth who can outdo?
A More's Utopia, and Atlantis too." &c.

* *Per contra*—Poeta nascitur non fit!

† "Each change of many-colour'd life he drew
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new."
JOHNSON'S PROLOGUE.

" On a Retir'd Lady.

" Spring of beauty, mine of pleasure,
Why so like a miser treasure?
Or a richer jewel set,
In a viler cabinet?
Virtue and vice
Know but one price,
Seem both ally'd:
Nere distinguish'd if ne're try'd.

The sun's as fair as bright as you,
And yet expos'd to publick view:
Whom if envious grown, or proud,
Masks his beauty in a cloud:
The wind and rain,
Him back again,
In sighs and tears
Woo, till smiling he appears.

Love's wing'd, and hasts away;
Time is wing'd, and hasts to prey;
Love deluded may fly hence;
Retirement 'gainst time's no fence:
He'l wanton there,
Dig caves for care,
Make graves for love,
Where the blind boy nere durst rove.

Ceruse nor stibium can prevail,
No art repairs, where age make makes fail:
Then, Euphormia, be not still
A prisoner to a fonder will.
Nor let's in vain,
Thus nature blame,
'Cause she confines
To barren grounds the richer mines."

" To

" To a degenerate thing falsely called a Noble.
(A piece of 42 lines.)

" Fie! fie! can nothing noble speak, 'bove oathes,
Or the apish varnish of some modish clothes?
Or to learn jockey phrase, dialect of th' hound?
Whose virtue, like your own, is all in sound.
Or can distinguish Lanner, Lanneret,
Falcon, Jarfalcon, Gosshawk, and cry Ret;
Hares start, deer rowse, that partridge sprung is knows,
What woodcocks be by's nose that's cup-flush'd shows;
Or to unkennel fox can wisely tell;
Rare gentleman, highly bred, though scarce can spell,
And writes his name in text, with such a paw
You'd swear 'twas catechiz'd with the devil's claw.
Or th' country air's too dull, he must to the burse
Of blasphemy, irreligion's nurse;
Where's not a look but baited for to cheat,
And not a tongue but oyled for deceit.
Of's families blood carousing cups here fill,
And bids it die, while he his die throws ill.—
These are the comets rear'd from th' fat of earth,
Presage kings ruine, and the people death."

" The Poetaster.

" All are not poets, who can pace in rime,
And to an odde tune, can in ding dong chime;
Castalian nymphs and god Apollo name;
Dan Cupid's fire, and a sea-froth'd Dame;
While they glean straw in Egypt for to raise
Unto themselves strange pyramids of praise.
Though like to tulips they enamel'd be,
Yet the fool's coat is their best liverie.
On Pagan gods and goddesses who call,
Sure their religion is poetical.

Nor should they the vintage judge of Pagan wit,
Who what they have but gleanings are from it;
Nor learn'd 'bove fooleries; rich above romance,
Fit th' price of vanity only to inhance;
A fountain tavern thus may Helicon be,
Nine wenches muses lending poetrie;
While idol priests, who poets do approve,
Themselves some idol make, a wench they love;
Their wit like to their Venus, born of froth,
Is fit for fire, a Vulcan to betroth."

Conduit street. J. H.*

ART. IX. *Original Poems and Translations. By James Beattie, A. M. London.* 1760.

In Vol. IV. p. 246 of CENSURA, the contents were stated and some extracts given from this *first edition* of Dr. Beattie's Poems, on account of its scarceness. For the same reason I now proceed to offer a specimen of his translation of Virgil's pastorals, and I prefer the first eclogue only on account of its being more popularly known. The translator's motto is taken from Lucretius, lib. iii.

"Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod *te imitari* aveo."

"Melibœus, Tityrus.

Mel. "Where the broad beech an ample shade displays,
Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,
O happy Tityrus! while we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands to distant climes are born,

* I was not aware, till this article was written, of the author having obtained a place in Mr. Ellis's Specimens, who has given three stanzas of the poem "On a Retired Lady."

Stretch'd

Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.

Tit. This peace to a propitious god I owe;
None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow.
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
By him, these feeding herds in safety stray;
By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

Mel. I envy not, but wonder at your fate,
That no alarms invade this blest retreat;
While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
And desolation rages all around.
Worn with fatigue I slowly onward bend,
And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
Whose young new-yean'd (ah, once an hopeful pair!)
Amid the tangling hazles as they lay,
On the sharp flint were left to pine away.
These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
To all portents and prodigies was blind.
Oft have the blasted oaks foretold my woe;
And often has the inauspicious crow,
Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fearful cries
Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
This blissful life of undisturb'd repose?

Tit. Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
I vainly liken'd to our country-town,
Our little Mantua, at which is sold
The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
And as the kid its mother's semblance bears,
Thus greater things my inexperienc'd mind
Rated by others of inferior kind;

But she, midst other cities, rears her head
High, as the cypress overtops the reed.

Mel. And why to visit Rome was you inclin'd?

Tit. 'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find.
And there my liberty I found at last,
Though long with listless indolence oppress;
Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
And I had told a tedious length of years;
Nor till the gentle Amaryllis charm'd,
And Galatea's love no longer warm'd.
For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
While Galatea captive held my soul,
Languid and lifeless all I dragg'd the chain,
Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,
For this I ne'er perceiv'd my wealth increase;
I lavish'd all her haughty heart to please.

Mel. Why Amaryllis pin'd, and pass'd away
In lonely shades the melancholy day;
Why to the gods she breath'd incessant vows;
For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs
So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
And she (ah luckless maid!) was left alone.
Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

Tit. What could I do? To break th' enslaving chain
All other efforts had (alas!) been vain;
Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
The gods so condescending and so kind.
'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born youth* beheld.
To whom our altars monthly incense yield:

* Augustus Cæsar.

My

My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
'Manure your antient farm, and feed your former flock.'

Mel. Happy old man! then shall your lands remain,
Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain!
Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies,
Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
And never feel the dire effects of change.
No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain!
You, by known streams and sacred fountains laid,
Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.
Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,
And balmy slumbers steal into your breast;
While warbled from this rock the pruner's lay
In deep repose dissolves your soul away,
High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your lov'd ringdoves breathe a hoarser moan.

Tit. The nimble harts shall gaze in empty air,
And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,
The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian, banish'd by invading foes,
Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breast
Ere his majestic image be effac'd.

Mel. But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands;
Some wander where remote Oäxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves;
In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
From all the world remov'd, are doom'd to mourn.
When long long years have tedious roll'd away,
Ah! shall I yet at last, at last survey

My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod!
These lands, these harvests must the soldier share
For rude barbarians lavish we our care!
How are our fields become the spoil of wars!
How are we ruin'd by intestine jars!
Now, Melibœus, now ingraff the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear:—
Go then, my goats!—go, once an happy store!
Once happy!—happy now (alas!) no more!
No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
In rural quiet indolently laid,
Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,
And from the shrubby precipice depend;
No more to music wake my melting flute,
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's wholesome shoot.

Tit. This night at least with me you may repose
On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
And slowly roll along the evening-skies;
And see projected from the mountain's brow
A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below."

As a testimonial of the critical minuteness with which Dr. Beattie revised those productions that were by him designated for posterity, I subjoin the early printed copy of his Ode entitled "Retirement," accompanied by the variations which took place in the second edition, six years afterward. Those who compare both with the modern copies, will find it has since undergone numerous emendations.

RETIREMENT.

RETIREMENT.

" Shook from the *evening's fragrant* * *wings*
When dews impearl the grove,
And *round* † *the listening valley rings*
The languid voice of love;
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek-eyed youth of serious mein
Indulg'd this solemn theme:

Ye cliffs, in savage grandeur pil'd
High o'er the *darkening* ‡ dale!
Ye groves, along whose windings wild
Soft *steals* § *the murmuring gale*;
Where oft lone Melancholy strays,
By wilder'd Fancy *led*, ||
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Stream through the chequer'd shade.

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd *the*** tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me *at* †† *last recline*,
Where Solitude, *meek* ‡‡ modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy *envy'd* §§ smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills each storm within!

* purple wings of even. *2d edition.*
† from the darkening verge of Heaven
Beams the sweet star of love.
‡ Glimmering. § Sighs the saddening gale. || Sway'd.
** a. †† My woes resign. ‡‡ mild. §§ Heavenly.

O wil

O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing!"

[Three new stanzas here inserted in the 2d. edition.]

"*There* * *while to thee glad Nature pours*
Her gently-warbling song,
And *zephyr* † from the waste of flowers
Wafts ‡ *sweet perfumes* along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on *thy* § startled eye."

[One new stanza here introduced.]

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb *life's* || *panting* heights,
By guileful Hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To *Joy's* ** *enlivening lays*—
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,
Soon each gay form decays."

T. P.

* O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly, &c.

† Fragrant. ‡ The zephyr breathes. § The. || Those toilsome.

** To Mirth's enlivening strain,
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

ART. X. *A most excellent Treatise of the begynnyng of Heresyes in oure tyme, compyled by the Reuerend Father in God, Stanislavs Hosivs, Byshop of Wormes in Prussia. To the moste renomed Prynce, Lorde Sigismund, myghtie Kyng of Poole, greate Duke of Luten and Russia, Lorde and Heyre of all Prussia, Masovia, Samogitia, &c. Translated out of Laten in to Englyshe by Richard Shacklock, M. of Arte and Student of the Ciuil Lawes, and intituled by hym, "The Hatchet of Heresies."*

"Hæreses ad suam originem revocasse, est refutasse;
Of heresies to shewe the spryng
Is them vnto an end to bryng."

Imprinted at Antwerp by Æg. Diest, Anno 1565, *the* 10 *of August. Cum privilegio. Small* 8*vo.* 95 *folios, without Epistles Dedicatory, Table, &c. b. l.* [See Ames, 532; Herbert, 1612.]

At the back of the title eighteen lines, "The Translatoure upon the figure following," which describe Sathan, "wery of whipping Luther and Calvine," peeps out of the infernal regions, and sees big trees sprung from his seed, but fixing his eye on Prussian ground, observes Hosius making his book:

"——— which boke so sone as he spyde,
An hachet, an hachet, oh me! he cryde:
An hachet I see in Hosius hand,
Which felleth my trees, which ells myght have stand:
Then having so sayde, byting his lypp,
He ran agayne, Luther and Calvine to whypp."

Then follows a wood cut, size of the page, on the left in a body of flames "Sathan," on the right "Hosius"

"Hosius" in his episcopal robes, having in his right hand an hatchet, in his left a book, "De Origine Heresium:" in the centre a tree having been twice cut by the bishop, the root "rayling," the body "rebellion," branches "bloodshed," leaves "lyes," and apples "atheisme," other trees in the distance; two shields in the corners; the one with our Saviour on the cross, "insigne veritatis;" the other, an ape and a cock "in signe falsitatis." On the following page, more ingeniously explained, by

"The Translatoure upon the figure before going.

"Who planted this tree, which there is set oute?
Sathan, the sower of syn, withoute doute.
The rote is rayling: but can you tell why?
Take away rayling and heretykes dy.
The body is rebellion: wherefore can you tell?*
For a cap they be redy their Prince to expell.
The braunces is blodshed: knowe you the cause?
Thei wold kil (if thei could) al without lawes.
But why with lyes arre so loden the leaves?
Ah, heresie with lyes all the worlde deceaves.
The apples be atheisme; what doth that meane?
Heresie removeth religion cleane.
Wherefore dothe Sathan so sowrely loke?
Oh, he is angry at Hosius' boke.
What meaneth the crosse, which here you do carve?
The badge of truth, which never doth swarve.
What meaneth the cock which here I do fynde?
The badge of heretykes, which wave with the wynde.
But what doth the ape under the cock?
Signifieth heretykes, which holy thinges mock."

The Epistle Dedicatory of the translator is "To the moste excellent and gratious Pryncesse Elyzabeth by

* "Samson, Humfrey, Cole, with others."

the

the grace of God, Quene of England, Fraunce, and Irelande, defendoure of the faythe: your moste humble and obedient subject, Richard Schacklock, hartily wysheth all grace and peace from God, with long reigne, honour, helth, and prosperitie."

The translator commences his dedication with assigning the reason for performing the task.—"Althoughe my faythefull and obedient hart towarde your Royal Maiesty (most sovereigne and gracyouse Lady) be so well knowen to God and all good men, that it may seme neadeles to declare any outwarde testimoniall of it, yet because (as St. Chrysostome sayth) God wolde never have made the mouthe, if it had bene inough in hart to thynck well, I could not at thys tyme content my conscience, onles I dyd gyve an open and evident signification of my secret fidelitie, loyaltie, and humble obedience toward your most excellent Maiesty.

"The which, because I was not able to wytnesse unto the world, ether by famouse feates of armes, for lacke of experience; ether in brynging golden gyftes, for lack of abilitie; either in writyng workes of nue invention, for fault peradventure of learnyng and knowledge; I thought, I myght declare no small token of a true subjectes harte towarde your gracyouse hyghenes, in travaylyng to translate some godly worke of some worthy wryter; and when I had translated it, to dedicate it to youre excellent Maiestie: * specyally seing your Hyghnes even from your tender age, hath bene trayned up in the treasure howse of learnyng, not so muche bewtyfyed with byllementes and precyouse

* "The education of our noble Quene."

pearles,

pearles, as garnyshed with marvaylouse gyftes of grace and godlynes, and even with the increase of yeares, hathe had an increasyng desyre of true science and knowledge: in so much, that I here it reported credibly, and beleve it verily, that every nyght callyng your selfe to an accompt, according to Pythagoras councell, howe you have spent the day, if by reason of consulting and caryng for youre common wealth, any day scape withoute learnyng of one lesson oute of some godly authour, you be wont to saye unto them, which be aboute your noble grace, 'Frendes, this day have I loste, for I have learned never a lesson.'* O sentence worthy to be pronounced of so excellent a Prynce! O saying worthie to be translated in to all languages and to be written in letters of golde!"

The translator afterwards assigns the cause of translating and presenting his work, "Not that I dyd thynk any such lack of Latten to be in your grace, that your grace could not understand it in the tongue in the which the fyrst author dyd wryte it, for God hathe made youre grace as it were hys treasure howse of tounges; youre fame floryssheth for the Frenche, your renome spreadeth farre for the Italian, your glory glystreth for the Greke, and many other laudable languages;" but that men when told matter of importance had rather have the same in their mother tongue: and who is more worthy to have bokes dedicated to them of veritie, which is lykened to syncere and pure virginitie, then youre grace, a most cleare, bryght, and unspotted virgin? who is more mete to receave that precyouse juel which was presented to the wyse, ver-

* "A golden sentence of our excellent Quene." But was not this golden sentence borrowed from the Emperor Vespasian? *Editor.*

tuouse

tuouse and catholyke Kyng of Poole, then you, one of the best learned, graciouse, victoriouse, mercyfull, Prynces under the Pole," &c. This dedication occupies ten pages, Roman type, and concludes—"I desyre God to be youre grace's buckler in hattayle, youre pillar in peace, youre leader in all the slyppery wayes of this lyff, and your crowner in the blessed kyngdome which is to come Amen. Your grace's faythfull and obedient subject,

RICHARD SHACKLOCK."

Then follow three stanzas of seven lines each, "The Translatoure upon the holy writer Hosius."

The author's Epistle Dedicatory is "To the moste redoubted and moste Christian Prince, his renomed Lorde, Lorde Sigismund, by the grace of God, Kyng of Poole, great Duke of Luten, Lorde and Heyre of Russia, Prussia, Masovia, Samogitia, &c. his gratiouse Lorde; Stanislaus Hosius, Byshop of Wormes, profereth his lowly service." By which the work appears an answer to "a certayne booke compyled by Ihon Brentius, whiche Petrus Paulus Vergeri feared not to dedicate unto youre grace." This was called the golden book, but of more harm than the gold of Tolosa; "a proverbe which had this begynnyng—when Quintus Cepio toke bi assaulte the citie of Tolosa in Italy, there was founde in the temples greate plentie of golde, which being taken away, all that had any parte thereof, dyed myserably; whereof happened this proverbe, when anye man fynished his lyfe miserablie, men wolde say that he had gold of Tolosa." Subscribed "oute of my Castell of Heilsbergh, in the Ides of Octobre, M. D. LVII." 15 pages in Italic characters.

"Michael

" Michael Scrius Dantis canos Prussiæ, Lectori.

" Volve Stanislai, Lector studiose, libellum,
Nobilis eloquio Præsulis atque fide.
Detegit hic primos errores temporis hujus,
Et tua ab hæreticis pectora tuta facit."

" The Translatoure his paraphrase upon those verses.

" With markyng minde peruse this booke
Of holy Hosius here,
To whome, thoughe very farre thou looke,
Thou scant shalt fynde a pere:
In learnyng and in lyfe
For golden wordes to sounde,
In heaven the lyke perchaunse be ryffe,
But few in yearthe be founde.
Of heresies he doth detect
The rootes here and the sprynges:
To hartes with heresies infect,
A sovereigne salve he brynges. R. S."

After this introductory matter comes " A Treatise of the beginnyng of Heresies in oure tyme." For running title " The Hatchet of Heresies," 95 folios of black letter. Then, " Oratio R. Shacklocki pro Regina, Regno, et toto Christianismo," 29 lines, the table faults escaped, and concludes with

" An Admonition to the fault-fynder.

" If mo faultes in this boke thou fynde,
Yet think not the correctoure blynde;
If Argos here hym selfe had bene,
He sholde perchaunce not all have sene:
Al wordes awry mend without stryffe,
And, wordes amended, redresse thy lyfe.
RYCHARD SHACKLOCK."

Ritson

Ritson has mentioned another work by the translator, of the same date, and also inscribed to Queen Elizabeth, to which there are introductory verses.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XI. *Britain's Remembrancer, containing a narration of the Plague lately past; a declaration of the mischiefs present; and a prediction of judgments to come (if repentance prevent not.) By Geo. Wither.* 1628.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 22.]

Wither thus proceeds to paint, in dread array, the chariot of Death.

" My fancy did present to me that houre
A glimpse of Death, ev'n in his greatest power.
Methought I saw him in a charret ride
With all his grim companions by his side,
Such as Oblivion and Corruption be.
Not half a step before him—rode these three
(On monsters back'd) Paine, Horror, and Despaire:—
Next to *Death*, came *Judgment*;—after whom
Hell, with devouring jaws did gaping come—
Death's carr, with many chaines, and ropes, and strings,
And by a multitude of severall things,
As *Pleasures, Passions, Cares*, and such as they,
Was drawne along upon a beaten way,
New gravell'd with old bones: and *Sin* did seeme
To be the foremost beast of all the teeme:
And *Sicknesse* to be that which haled next
The charret wheele: for none I saw betwixt.
Time led the way: and *Justice* did appeere
To sit before, and play the charioteer.—

There was no trumpet and no drums the sound;
But a loud cries and roarings it was drown'd.
And organ and songs in consortium
Were lowder far, but never so tuneable;
Vials, violins, sweets, and cornets, played were
above the clouds. Cherubic powers were there,
And vocalists the angelic epistle
Death's victory, and Christ's triumphe.'

Some days were spent in despair the poetry of Waller, much to justice to the spirit and many noble sentiments in this description. The great monarch rises in a terrible majesty worthy of the pen of Dante. But, as in the Inferno, the rude, his judgment was not equal to his heart. He has gone on and his with the lesson and, till it was to the mind. He has not been content with describing a countless multitude who resembled the shades of those who had died in the preceding year, but he tells us he could even distinguish a score of them from the far greater number of "beasts and birds, and fishes." which can only serve to exhibit the opposite of the various mind. However, such as he could distinguish, he proceeds to enumerate; foremost among whom is King James, then the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Lenox, Marquis of Hamilton, &c. &c.

The following description will need no apology for its insertion, notwithstanding its [illegible] verse it would be thought too humbly accurate.

"As it and me I walked that I might
On every remark object in my sight,
There came [illegible] I saw mine eye,
Where all the common people buried lye.

[illegible]

The turned did I say? I should have said,
Whose carcasses in our graves were laid.
Lord! what a sight via there! and what strong smells
Awakened from among dead bones and shells!
For some would make a little mistake yet
In all those places, but we should part a head
An arm, a shoulder, or a leg over
Of one or other, who there buried lay.
One grave had often many score inclose
Of men and women; and it may be those
That could not in two parishes agree,
Now in one house remain as quiet as
Two, nay a dozen of husband, brother lovers
Here, laid so near that a carpet spreaders
Close by, you might have seen a brace of 'em
That had kick'd all the while with wandering heads.
A little further, saw we not some
Virgins not three years in their mother's womb.
A sack of wonders; here a dead man's face
Uncover'd; and a ghastly sight it was.
Oh! here, here, view! I what the glories be
Of pamper'd flesh.——
————————and all they that give
Credence from such objects, where the grave"

The poem is altogether, though of no merit, a piece of great curiosity; since it details, at considerable length, many of the opinions and modes of thinking prevalent in the age in which it was written. It also enumerates the various spirits which prevailed respecting the origin of the plague, and the methods made use of to stop its progress. But perhaps no part of it is more curious than the account given by the author of the appearance of the several athletes and

streets, theatres, and other public places of resort, during the period when the city was almost deserted. Many descriptions of churches, and public buildings occur incidentally, and many customs are mentioned in the same way; accounts of which are now, perhaps, no where else to be found. The author gives us a kind of tour through the city; beginning at the inns of court, and proceeding to the Exchange, Old St. Paul's, the Theatres, &c. all of which he contrasts, in their state of silence and desertion, with the appearance they had made a few weeks before. But as this article has already been extended, perhaps beyond its due bounds, it is necessary to bring it here to a conclusion.

Beccles. W. T. SPURDENS.

ART. XII. *The Flower of Fame. Containing the bright Renowne, and moste fortunate raigne of King Henry the VIII. Wherein is mentioned of matters, by the rest of our Chonographers overpassed. Compyled by Ulpian Fulwell, &c. &c.* 1575. *4to.*

This mélange of history, compiled partly by Ulpian Fulwell, a Somersetshire man by birth, and in 1570 rector of Naunton in Gloucestershire; and in part by "Master Edmunde Harman," is dedicated (after many qualms of conscience) to "Sir William Cecill, Baron of Burghleygh, &c. &c." whose arms (impaling those of Beaufoy) are engraved on the back of the title page. Lest we should object to his "crabbed metre," Mr. Ulpianus Fulwell confesses in the outset that he has not the gifte of flowing eloquence, neyther can

can he enterlace his phrase with Italian termes, nor powder his style wythe Frenche, Englyshe, or inkhorne rhetoricke, nor cowche his matter under a cloake of curious inventions, to feede the daintie eares of delicate yonkers." "The flower of fame," whose praise is recorded in this tract, is the capricious and sanguinary tyrant Henry the Eighth;* and the poet, aware of the reigning power, loses no opportunity of lauding Henry's fiend-like daughter Elizabeth. It would not have been prudent for any historian to have intimated aught hostile to the Tudors during the reign of Elizabeth; and in consequence we find all the chroniclers speaking invariably in praise of a race of usurpers, than which a more rapacious and sanguinary catalogue† (ab limine usque ad finem) never polluted a sceptre; but Fulwell is rather an eulogist than an historian, and what he has written in their praise seems written *con amore:* as he was therefore a "laureat volunteer," he probably anticipated a price for his poetry.

To a metrical address to his book, succeeds "in Ulpiani Fulwelli operis laudem Richardi Coppoci carmen," which is followed by "A manifest description of King Henryes noble vertues," in six lined stanzas; but instead of descending to detail, Mr. Ulpianus finds it more convenient to compare the slaughterer of the gentle Lord Surrey to Cæsar and Alexander, to Solon,

* It has been very justly observed of him, that "he spared neither man in his wrath, nor woman in his lust."—"Pour votre Henri VIII." says Voltaire, "il n'etoit qu'un coupeur de bourse."

† Mr. G. will forgive the Editor for entering his strong dissent from this sweeping opinion. Mr. G. has forgot Edw. VI.—and the Editor cannot admit the censure to include Q. Elizabeth. *Editor.*

to Solomon, and to Sampson; and prays that God will preserve Elizabeth

" in regale seat
Til Nestor's yeres be full complete."

The early events of Henry's reign are continued, partly in rhyme and partly in prose, from Hall's Chronicle. After relating the events at " Floddon's blood-stained field," and justifying the indignities offered to the royal corse of James, Fulwell " takes upon him to introduce King James unto us *in forme of the Mirror for Magestrates*, to utter his complaynt, and tell his own tale :" the first four lines will serve to prove, if proof were wanting, the popularity of those legends.

" Among the rest, whom rewfull fate hath reft,
Whose shrowding sheetes hath wrapt their woful lyves,
Why have not I a place among them left,
Whose fall eche tonge with daylye talke revyves."

The Legend of James the Fifth of Scotland follows. At the close of the account of " The acts of Henry and how he warred," is " An epitaph of the deathe of that moste valyant and renowned Prince."

What follows is a sort of appendix or second book, and contains Commemorations of Anne Bulleyne, Jane, and Katherine Parr: the first opens " as hereafter followeth."

" Ye noble imps of Parnas hill,
Ye muses all arowe,
Resound your plesant melodie,
Your warbling notes bestowe.

Take

Take wrest in hand to tune those stringes,
That render silver sound; *
And let the voice of Music's lore
Unto the skies rebounde.

Blo up with joye the chearfull blast
Of Englande's blissefull state,
In prayse of this most noble Queene,
Kinge Henrye's lawful mate."

The "Epitaph on the death of Queene Anne Bullayne," may be given as a specimen of his poetry.

"Yf wayling woes might win thy lyfe
To lodge in corpes agayne;
Thy bodie should, O noble Queene,
Not thus in grave remayne.

For if that death might life redeeme,
And life were bought with death,
Ten thousand to restore your lyfe
Would render vytall breath.

But sith that may in no wise bee,
For death woulde worke his spight,
With yernefull voyce and dolefull domps
We shall expell delight.

And shew our grefes with secret sighes,
And languor of the breste;
The flodds of teares shed for thy sake
Declares our hearts unrest.

* "Why music with her silver sound?
What say you, Simon Catling?
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound—
Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
I say *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver."
See *Romeo and Juliet*.

Steevens thought *silver sound* was first used by Spenser.

And were it not thy royale impe *
Did mittigate our payne,
The sorrow for thy fatall day
Wee uneth could sustayne.

Yet this somewhat recomfortes us,
For that we be moste sure,
Thy blessed soule is lodged with God,
For ever to endure.

Also thy noble splendent fame,
O noble Prince, Queen Anne,
Shall live on earth till wordes ende
Within the mouth of man.

And eke thy lyfe shall be a lore,
For ladies all to learne,
Wherein they may, as in a glasse,
Dame vertues path desearne."

This may serve as an example of Ulpian Fulwell's poetry. The most curious part of the volume is "The History of the Winning of Hadington in Scotlande, An. 2 Reg. Edwardi VI." which is given from the information of several who were witnesses of the siege, and which, if the present article were not extended to the usual limits, I would have willingly transcribed.

O. G.

Art. XIII. *A Declaration of the Demeanor and Cariage of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knighte, as well in his Voyage, as in and sithence, his returne; and of the true motives and inducements which occasioned*

* Elizabeth.

his

his Majestie to proceed in doing justice upon him as hath been done. London: Printed by Bonham Norton and John Bill, Printers to the King's most Excellent Majestie. 1618. *4to. pp.* 68.

Art. XIV. *Newes of Sir Walter Rauleigh, with the true Description of Guiana: as also a relation of the excellent government, and much hope of the prosperity of the Voyage. Sent from a Gentleman of his Fleet, to a most especiall friend of his in London. From the River of Caliana, on the Coast of Guiana, Novemb.* 17, 1617. *London: Printed for H. G. and are to be sold by J. Wright, at the signe of the Bible, without New-gate.* 1618. *With Portrait. pp.* 45.

The following extracts I have taken from the latter work (both of which are very uncommon, but the latter especially,) intituled

"Orders to bee observed by the Commanders of the Fleete, and Land Companies, under the Charge and Conduct of Sir Walter Rauleigh, Knight, bound for the South Parts of America or elsewhere. Given at Plimouth in Devon, the third of May, 1617.

"First, because no action or enterprise can prosper (be it by sea or land) without the favour and assistance of Almighty God, the Lord and Strength of Hoasts and Armies, you shall not fayle to cause divine service to be read in your shippe, morning and evening, in the morning before dinner, and at night before supper, or at least (if there be interruption by foule weather) once the day, praysing God every night with singing of a psalme at the setting of the watch.

Secondly,

Secondly, you shall take especiall care that God be not blasphemed in your ship; but that after admonition given, if the offenders doe not refraine themselves, you shall cause them of the better sort to be fined out of their adventures, by which course, if no amendment bee found, you shall acquaint me withall: for if it be threatened in the scriptures, that the curse shall not depart from the house of the swearer, much lesse from the ship of the swearer.

"No man shall play at cards or dice, either for his apparill or armes, upon paine of being disarmed and made a swabber; and whosoever shall shew himselfe a coward upon any landing or otherwise, hee shall bee disarmed, and made a labourer and carrier of victualls for the rest.

"No man shall land any men in any forraigne parts, without order from the generall, the serjeant-mayor or other chiefe officer, upon paine of death; and wheresoever wee shall have cause to land, no man shall force any woman, bee shee Christian or Heathen upon paine of death; and you shall take especiall care when God shall suffer us to land in the Indies, not to eat any fruits unknowne; such fruits as you doe not find eaten by birds on the tree, or beasts under the tree, you shall avoyd.

"You shall not sleepe on the ground, nor eat any new flesh till it bee salted two or three houres, which otherwise will breed a most dangerous fluxe; so will the eating of over fat hoggs or turkies: you shall also have a great care, that you swim not in any rivers but where you see the Indians swim, because most of the rivers are full of allegators: you shall not take any thing

thing from any Indian by force, for from thenceforth we shall never be releeved; but you must use them with all courtesie."

Ardwick, Lancashire, May 19, 1807. J. H. M.

ART. XV. *The Image of bothe Churches Hierusalem and Babel—Unitie and Confusion—Obedience and Sedition—by P. D. M. Printed at Tornay by Adrian Quinque.* 1623. *With licence.* 12*mo. pp.* 461, *exclusive of Dedication, Preface, &c.*

J. Boucher, Doct. Theol. Canon and Archdeacon of Tornay, has subjoined his sentiments of approbation to the above work, and upon the concluding page appears the following singular postscript:

"Blame not my will but my wants, that the Latin is not translated into English: I had not paper, nor means, being stinted."

I shall feel happy to be favoured with the remarks of any of the Correspondents of the CENSURA LITERARIA upon the above curious work, and also as to its author.

Ardwick, Lancashire, May 19, 1807. J. H. M.

ART. XVI. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

After having given one example in regard to Caucasus, Gog, and Magog, of the little recommendation, which

which Mr. Wilford's meditations, deduced from Sanscrit books, are likely to afford to the *excursions* subjoined to the new edition of *Wells's Geography of the Old Testament,* I just mentioned, that in like manner those antiquarian meditations of the Editor himself seem to be nothing better supported, either from the facts or arguments adduced in their favour. Let us, however, now examine, in some few instances, the evidence contained in them, and what assistance they are able to afford to a student of the Jewish scriptures toward the illustration of any parts of them, that we may judge whether the imaginations there presented to the public be fit *companions to the Bible,* containing many serious truths.

Now the Editor supposes, agreeably to some eastern traditions, that the ark of Noah rested on Mount Ararat, and that this was some part or other of the long range of mountains called Caucasus or Taurus; so that mankind issued from that district both east and west to occupy other more distant settlements; and also that the several devices and symbols, which various cities afterwards impressed on their coins, were intended as memorials of their descent from the neighbourhood of those mountains; particularly, that where a *bull* is found on a coin, it was commemorative of the colony having been brought from the neighbourhood of Mount *Taurus* in Cilicia, as is thus expressed in his own words: "From the annexed plates, the reader will have observed, that our drift is, to prove that the western cities and countries were peopled from the eastern parts of Caucasus; that they preserved memorials of their origin by emblems, and that these emblems, *which have hitherto been contemned as mere*

caprices,

caprices, are, when properly understood, of great use in the study of ancient geography, by which only they can be satisfactorily explained. As we conceive, that the scripture expressly affirms the same migrations of mankind from Caucasus, we consider our discoveries as corroborating the geographical accounts of scripture; but these *memoranda* were *afterwards* perverted from their true intention to idolatrous commemorations. We therefore, for the present, content ourselves with establishing our general principle." *Excursions, p.* 22. "The plate 4 shews principally that portion of Caucasus, which is distinguished as Mount Taurus," *p.* 20.

Here the writer has not done justice to former antiquaries in saying, that the devices and symbols found on coins *have been hitherto contemned as mere caprices*; for they have always been considered as significative symbols of the cities, where the coins were struck; but why such symbols were adopted in such cities, and to what facts or circumstances in the history of those cities they referred, this, indeed, in many cases it has been not possible to discover, although it has, however, been done in several with success: it will therefore be well, if this writer can let in farther light on those symbols, which I am afraid he will not do, by referring those exhibiting a *Bull* as being commemorative of the descent of the inhabitants from Mount Taurus. The subject is at least harmless, and this is perhaps the most which can be said in its favour; whether his principle be true or not we do not inquire, but only whether the writer has adduced such facts and arguments as will tend to render it probable and plausible. Let us see then what he says.

"The

"The figure 18 represents the sun rising behind the back of a bull, Taurus, which bull is of the breed common in India, having a lump between the shoulders: it is taken from Hyde's *Relig. Pers.* In another plate may be seen the sun rising behind a lion, but in this behind a bull; the import of this emblem clearly implies the *western* situation of those who, when they made this observation, intended it as the prime point of their compass, having no better method to ascertain their *bearing*," *p.* 22. But if we turn to Hyde's own account, we shall find, that *this emblem does not so clearly imply* what is here affirmed, nor, indeed, that it has the least relation whatever to it, for it is a representation of the sun in the celestial constellation of Taurus, and not of any terrestrial mountain called Taurus, or the situation of any city either to the eastward or westward of it. Take Hyde's own words, "Cum Sol est in Tauro omnia florent—ut Virgilius, *Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum Taurus*; tunc scilicet (ut monet Macrobius) *Tauro gestante Solem:* sic nempe pinguntur Signa, adeo ut in hoc iconismo exhibeatur *Sol in signo Tauri* Persarum more designatus. Sic etiam in nummis *Magni Mogul* Indiæ imperat; exhibetur *Corpus Solare* super dorso *Tauri* aut *Leonis*, qui illud eodem modo gestat," *p.* 115. What could induce the writer to omit this explication of Hyde, and to substitute his own erroneous one in its place? And, again, instead of the sun, when represented in connection with a *Lion*, having any reference to "Mount Lion, or Mount Taurus, as parts of Caucasus," as he asserts at p. 19, N°. 3, we see that Hyde more rationally explains such representations as expressing the sun in the constellation *Leo*. To the same

same object, doubtless, the coin of Berytus refers at p. 19, N°. 13, and, again, in plate 3, N°. 14, and possibly in other examples, which we have no foundation for considering as *mere caprices*, although we are not able to comprehend the meaning of all the symbols represented on different ancient coins.

Hitherto we have found no confirmation of the writer's proposed principle, but only a distortion of celestial objects to a pretended representation of terrestrial ones; in the following example we shall find a similar distortion of one terrestrial object to another. In plate 4, N°. 5, at p. 20, the writer sees in the impression of a seal published by Niebuhr *a bull's body and legs*, which to those who employ such spectacles as do not distort objects, will appear to be more like a lion, a bear, or an elephant, than a bull; yet in reality, not intended to represent any one of them, but an imaginary animal with which the Persians were as well acquainted as Europeans with the fanciful representation of an *unicorn*. Certainly Niebuhr did not think it represented a bull, for he calls it a *fabulous animal*, as the view of it in his *Tab.* 20, proves it to be. His account of it is thus—"In the ruins of Persipolis, on two parallel walls, is seen on each in relief the fabulous animal B of my tab. 20, being 17 feet from head to tail—I obtained also an agate stone, the impression on which, represents, as there is no doubt, the very same animal as the above-mentioned larger one, only the work of the engraver of the stone is not so good as that of the sculptor." *Tom.* 2. *p.* 102. Now what can candid readers think of an author, who could transform this anomalous animal into a bull? A view of it may be seen at the page and plate referred to above, as taken

taken from the plate of Niebuhr, in which same plate Niebuhr gives us also the larger and more perfect representation of it from the walls of Persipolis, having the face of a man with a beard of feathers, and a cap like a bushel on its head, with feathers upon its shoulders, rising up high over the back as if they were wings, the body and long tail like a dog, the feet with hoofs as in a horse, but not cloven like a bull; and yet the author could find in this heterogeneous animal *a bull's body and legs*, which, even in his own plate, appear more like the body and legs of an elephant. What will not the love of imaginary system make us believe? This figure, found represented in Persia, the author nevertheless considers as *a varied emblem* of Mount Caucasus in Asia Minor, as his own words thus testify. "N°. 5. As we have seen Caucasus alluded to under three distinctions [*a lion, a bull, and an eagle,*] we shall not be surprised to find such allusion varied into other emblems. This number and figure shews *the bull's body and legs*, the eagle's wings and human head compounded into one emblem; on one side of it is the sun, on the other side the moon. It is the impression of an ancient agate seal brought from Persia by Niebuhr." *Excur. p.* 20. It is true that the impression on the seal, yet not the larger figure on the walls, has a sun on one side and the moon on the other; but by what secret marks the author can discover any connexion between this compound figure and a mountain I cannot comprehend. Jupiter, with his thunder and lightning, was conceived by the ancients to have been particularly attached to mountains, as the *Deus loci*; but that the sun and moon were

were ever supposed to take up their residence there I never apprehended before I read the above explication of the seal; and certainly the whole contains such faithful quotations and such accuracy in finding out resemblances, as cannot fail to be instructive to students of sacred geography, who wish to discover the mountain on which Noah's ark rested.

However the author judged right in accumulating more proofs to the same purport. Thus at the same p. 20, in some medals of *Perinthus*, a city of Greece, he finds a bull with a lump on its back, a common breed in India, "to typify Mount Taurus in Asia Minor, on which the ark rested;" and he adds very gravely and truly, "that the bull cannot be the person in the ark [Noah] neither can it be the ark itself." *Plate* 4. *No.* 1 *and* 2. These are such ingenious discoveries, that I will endeavour to collect some more of them in order to gratify such readers as might otherwise doubt, whether new books in Roman characters excel the old black-letter authors.

S.

ART. XVII. *Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Mansfield from Andrew Stuart, Esq. London: Printed in the month of January*, 1773, 4*to*.

However extraordinary it may appear to those who are aware of the active part I for many years took in a late long-contested cause before the House of Lords, I have to lament that I never but once saw, and never had an opportunity of reading, the very able and interesting Letters, of which I am now about to give some

account, till Sunday the 31st of May, 1807, though I had often made fruitless attempts to obtain them. It seems they were never published,* though every body has heard of them. The copy I use was bought from Sir John Sebright's Duplicates,† but not sent down to me, till the date I have mentioned. I feel the most poignant regret at not having seen them at an earlier period, when they would have been of important use to me. They shew, alas! that there is indeed *nothing new under the sun*; and that at all times the same passions and prejudices will resort to similar means, to bring about the decrees, on which their hearts are set.

My head and my heart are so full of this topic, and the various facts and remarks which, to me, peculiarly situated as I have been, connect themselves with it, that, in the multiplicity which overwhelms me, I know not where to begin, nor which to select. It would occupy at least a bulky volume to detail all the interesting and important matter, which this subject suggests to me, affecting both the laws of inheritance, and, what is not less dear to a man of honour, the rights of reputation.‡

My readers scarcely need be told that these Letters

* See Boswell's Life of Johnson, II. 88.

† Sold at Leigh and Sotheby's in April 1807.

‡ "Good name in man or woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed." OTHELLO.

were

were an attack upon Lord Mansfield for his conduct in the Douglas cause. Andrew Stuart, the author, who was of the family of Castlemilk, in Scotland, died in Lower Grosvenor Street, May 18, 1801, being then M. P. for Weymouth, which he represented from 1790; as he had the County of Lanark in 1774, and 1780. In 1798 he published *The Genealogical History of the Stewarts*; *with a Supplement*, 1799, the principal object of which was to ascertain what branch of that family was now the chief heir male. He had been one of the guardians of the late Duke of Hamilton; and in the execution of that trust, during the Duke's minority, it fell to his lot to take the most active part in disputing the filiation or descent of Mr. Douglas, who claimed the large estates of the Duke of Douglas,* who died, in 1761, as son of the Duke's sister, Lady Jane, by Sir John Stewart.

This cause having been determined in favour of the Duke of Hamilton, in the courts of Scotland, came by appeal to the House of Lords, and was there finally determined, 1769, in favour of Mr. Douglas, who by that decree was confirmed in possession of the Douglas property, and in 1790 was made a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Douglas.

* Archibald, third Marquis of Douglas, born 1694, succeeded his father; James, second Marquis, 1700, who succeeded his grandfather, William, first Marquis, in 1660. This Archibald, third Marquis, was created Duke of Douglas, April 18, 1703, when he was only nine years old. At his death, 1761, his next heir male was the Duke of Hamilton, whose ancestor was younger son of the first Marquis, and was created Earl of Selkirk, 1646, and Duke of Hamilton, 1661. Lady Jane Douglas married, in 1746, Sir John Stewart of Grantully in Scotland, Bart. and died Aug. 1753. Sir John Stewart died June 1764.

Violent animosities, and great differences of opinion are well known to have existed on this dispute. It engaged in an uncommon degree the curiosity and interest of the whole empire, and the memory and agitation of it has scarcely yet subsided. The largeness of the property, the rank of the parties, the very name of the great house of Douglas, and the most extraordinary circumstances attending the story of Mr. Douglas's birth, all tended to excite the most eager notice, and inflamed judgments. Engaged as I myself have been, at the distance of twenty years, in a cause, which, from the length of time it continued, and the numerous cruel circumstances attending the opposition to it, called forth an attention, if fainter, yet in some degree similar, I had a peculiar opportunity of observing how deeply the impression of it had been engraven on the public mind.

Let me not therefore be accused of reviving heats, which have long since subsided, or repeating stories which have been buried in a just oblivion, if I exert my humble endeavours that some of the very striking features of this case should be distinctly preserved. They have not died: they cannot die, as long as *Andrew Stuart's Letters* remain; though those Letters have been hitherto less circulated, and are less known, than they deserved: nay, they ought not to die. I have no wish to hurt the feelings of Lord Douglas, or his friends, but private feelings must give way to public benefit. There is a paramount duty, which he, who has an opportunity of executing it, ought not to neglect. Indeed it is no more than Lord Douglas has always been taught to expect: and no one, that I have heard, ever called in question the right of Mr. Stuart to investigate

investigate the conduct of Lord Mansfield in this affair, while living; or opposed the justice of his assertion, when he said, "*the extreme celebrity of this cause, and its still more celebrated issue, will, notwithstanding the weakness of my pen, be sure to engage the attention of the world, after both of us are laid in our graves.*" Or when he added, "*You ought to have foreseen, that the judgment you gave, would be rejudged, even in this world, by the great tribunal of the public.*"

Far be it from me to have entertained any prejudices against Lord Mansfield, or to rejoice at thus recording a stigma on his character. I remember the faint relics of his gentle and insinuating eloquence. I remember him, when

> ——————"his 'way of life'
> Was 'fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;"

when I looked upon his age with veneration, as one who had been "beloved by every Muse." * But I did not then know, that he had done that, which might have justified him in going on with the quotation from Shakspeare,

> "——————that which should accompany old age;
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have: but in their stead
> Curses not loud, but deep; mouth-honour, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."†

In truth I was strangely blinded by the splendour, rather than the soundness of his character. And this

* I remembered that Pope had said
"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost."

† Othello.

was too much confirmed by the contrast with his successor; who, though he probably possessed infinitely more integrity of heart, and more depth as well as acuteness of legal knowledge, yet uneducated, uncouth, passionate, pedantic, and full of scraps of trite Latin, almost as inapplicable and ridiculous as those of a quack doctor on a mountebank stage, disguised by a disgusting manner the sterling ore of his matter. He too is gone, and we have seen a successor in natural talents, acquirements, and disposition, very different from either; though too like the first on one point, on which, perhaps, I may have sufficient cause for addressing him in terms at least as pointed as those which Andrew Stuart used towards Lord Mansfield. I choose, however, to proceed more gradually and cautiously.

Let Mr. Stuart explain in his own words, the motives for his Letters; and in these motives let my readers find my reasons for reviving them; and not in the slightest malice to the memory of Lord Mansfield.

Extract from Stuart's first Letter.

"The peculiarity of my situation in this affair, which in future letters will be more fully explained; the nature and fate of the contest, in which I have been engaged; and the hardships and injuries sustained by myself, and the other guardians of the Duke of Hamilton, have been such as to render an address of this nature unavoidable. Some men of contracted views, or timid dispositions may, perhaps, object to the propriety of this measure; they will tell your Lordship that it is contrary to public utility to doubt

of

of the wisdom and integrity of your decisions; the false complaisance of some may go even so far as to maintain, that it is better many individuals should suffer injustice, than that the veneration attached to your Lordship's situation and office should in any degree be diminished by too nice an examination of your conduct. I shall not attempt any answer to that part of mankind, with whom such language is the result of servile or flattering dispositions; but if there are any who, in sincerity of heart, and from public considerations, are disposed to adopt the above principle, they deserve an answer; and to them I beg leave to submit a few considerations.

"While a cause is in dependence, I admit that all publications, and all the little arts of popularity tending to raise the prejudices or to inflame the passions, are highly improper, and ought not to be permitted. But after the decision of a cause, the freedom of inquiry into the conduct and opinions of the judges is one of the noblest and best securities that human invention can contrive for the faithful administration of justice. It is for this very purpose that it has been established in this country, that judges shall give their opinions and decisions publickly. An admirable institution, which does honour to Britain, and gives it the superiority in this respect over most of the other countries in Europe.

"Laws may recommend and enforce the due administration of justice; but these laws are of little avail, when compared with the superior efficacy of the restraint which arises from the judgment of the public, exercised upon the conduct and opinions of the judges. It would be extremely fatal to the liberties of this

nation, and to that inestimable blessing, the faithful distribution of justice, if this restraint upon judges were removed, or improperly checked. The public has a right, and ought to be satisfied, with regard to the conduct, ability, and integrity of their judges. It is from these sources alone, that genuine respect and authority, can be derived; and an endeavour to make these the appendages of office, independent of the personal character and conduct, is an attempt, which, in this free and enlightened country, most probably never will succeed.

"This freedom of inquiry is not only essential to the interests of the community, but every judge conscious of intending and acting honourably, ought to promote and rejoice in the exercise of it. It is a poor spirit, indeed, that can rest satisfied with authority and external regard derived from office alone. The judge who is possessed of proper elevation of mind, will, both for his own sake and that of his country rejoice that his fellow-citizens have an opportunity of satisfying themselves with regard to his conduct, and of distinguishing judges who deserve well of the public from those who are unworthy. He will adopt the sentiment of the old Roman, who, conscious of no thoughts or actions unfit for public view, expressed a wish for windows in his breast, that all mankind might perceive what was passing there." *

Having made these preliminary observations I will endeavour to give a short statement of the Douglas

* Letter I. p. 31, 32, 33.

cause,

cause, and of the conduct which Mr. Stuart charges Lord Mansfield with having pursued in its determination, accompanied with such remarks as I have room for, and perhaps illustrated or contrasted by what has since occurred in subsequent cases. This may afford the opportunity of eliciting from the collision of an extraordinary contest some important rules of evidence; or at least of discussing the due application of them.

Lady Jane Douglas in her 49th year, (1746) married Sir John Stewart. She was then presumptive heir to the great estates of her brother, the Duke, and it was highly desirable both for herself and her husband, that she should produce a son. They lived at this time abroad; and accordingly having come, in July 1748, from Rheims to Paris, she actually, in the course of that month, by their joint testimony, as well as that of their confidante Mrs Hewit, was brought to bed not merely of a son, but of male twins, in her 51st year! All Scotland heard this wonderful story with suspicion; and when in the fulness of time the benefits of this unusual birth were to be reaped by a succession to the property of the Duke of Douglas, the guardians of the young Duke of Hamilton, who was next in the remainder, could not suffer quiet possession to be taken by this fortunate heir without a proper scrutiny into the proofs of so singular and suspected a fact. If true, it was necessarily supposed that the parties interested would be prepared with ample and decisive testimony of it; inasmuch as it was an event of such a nature as, if investigated in due time was capable of decisive proof; and there was every motive for collecting the evidence while it was easy to be had, because

cause it was known to them from the first that suspicions, which would materially affect the future inheritance, had made a wide and deep impression.

Processes were accordingly commenced; and proofs, being called for, were produced. But these proofs, instead of being satisfactory, appeared to the friends of the Duke of Hamilton so lamentably suspicious and deficient, as to strike them with a conviction that the whole story of this extraordinary birth was false. Lady Jane was dead; but Sir John Stewart brought forward letters, purporting to be those of the accoucheur, who attended his wife. As these discovered many grounds of doubt and inquiry, and no collateral evidence from impartial witnesses was exhibited either of this man's having been employed on such an occasion, or even of his existence, the opponents of Mr. Douglas resolved to sift the story to the bottom on the very spot where it was related to have occurred. This disagreeable and anxious task fell to the lot of Andrew Stuart himself, who went to Paris on the affair in 1762. The only clues he had were the names of *Pierre La Marr*, the accoucheur, and *Madame Le Brun*, at whose house the delivery was said to have taken place.

Some months were spent in fruitless search after these people; while the agents of Mr. Douglas were at work upon the same scent. At length a *Pierre Menager*, surgeon, was found, who in his *final* evidence deposed, that he knew a *Louis Pierre Delamarre*, who died in 1753, an accoucheur, who had spoken to him of having delivered some foreign lady of twins about the time, but did not know in what house, though he *at this last examination* deposed to his knowledge

knowledge of a connection between *De La Marre*, and a *Madame Le Brun*, and her daughter.

As no other evidence could be produced of the existence of *Madame Le Brun** than that of Mesnager, and as this man's evidence was well known to the Duke of Hamilton's agents to have been contradictory, and little worthy of credit, they rationally considered that this proof was very insufficient to establish the truth of Mr Douglas's birth. Sir John Stewart might have directed his son's lawyers to testimonies regarding Pierre De La Marre's attendance; the existence of Madame Le Brun, and the house where she resided, if these facts had really occurred, which would leave the matter beyond the possibility of cavil.

Thus far therefore every sober investigator must have withheld his belief. But this is far from being all: not only are these proofs *in favour* of the birth weak; but the proofs *against* it are strong. That this Pierre De La Marre was *not* the person who delivered Lady Jane is proved by other parts of Mr. Douglas's own evidence. For Sir John Stewart himself had deposed, that *Pier La Marr* who was the man-midwife on this occasion, was one, with whom he had become acquainted in 1721 at Liege, and who had then been surgeon to a Walloon regiment; that in 1748, he was in Sir John's apprehension towards sixty, of a thin make and dark complexion, but not so tall as himself; that Sir John did not know any person he was acquainted with at Paris, but imagines he was

* Mr. Stuart says that Mesnager in his first conferences with *him*, had positively said, he had no knowledge of any *Madame* Le Brun in connection with De La Marre; and that the delivery he had heard of, had happened *seventeen or eighteen years before* 1762.

well

well known at Liege,* whence he supposes him to have come, when he accidentally met him in the former city. When this witness was asked, what were the last accounts he had of Pier La Marr; or if he knew or suspected, where he was? He replied that "he thinks, though he is not positive, that the last account he had was by a letter from himself at Naples, delivered by Mons. Du Bois to the witness, then in London, in 1751 or 1752; nor does he know, or suspect where he now is; only he thinks it probable he may be at Liege, where he first saw him." In conformity with this, in the Letters, originally produced as those of *La Marr*, the accoucheur, the writer states that since Sir John Stewart's departure from Paris in 1749, he had made the tour of *Italy*, and a stay of ten months at NAPLES. Now what is the decisive and unimpeached evidence regarding the *Louis* Pier *De* La Marre of *Mesnager?* Why, that he was a native of Montreuil in France, born 1711; therefore only ten years old in 1721, when Sir John Stewart contracted an intimate acquaintance at *Liege* with Pier *La* Marr the accoucheur; that he came to Paris in 1730; was afterwards apprenticed to James Duguenel, barber; whence in 1734 he became apprentice to John Mengon surgeon at Paris; from which time his constant residence was at Paris till his death in 1753; had some practice as a surgeon among the lower classes, but was never an accoucheur by profession. He was only 37 years old, when Sir John Stewart describes the man he employed to be nearly 60, and Mengon, his master,

* Sir John had said, that he met La Mar on an *accidental* visit to Paris, and that renewing his acquaintance, he took the opportunity to desire him during his stay to attend Lady Jane.

deposed

deposed "*That though he saw, and knew the Sieur De La Marre till his death, and that he related to him enough of his affairs, he never heard him say that he had delivered any woman of distinction, nor even that he had made any delivery.*" If these statements be accurate, it is an utter impossibility that Sir John Stewart's Pier La Marr, and Mesnager's Louis Pierre De La Marre can be identified: or that Mesnager's acquaintance could have been the person who delivered Lady Jane; for, though the letters produced as those of Pier La Marr, were afterwards admitted to have been fabricated by Sir John Stewart himself, yet this fabrication must be taken as a conviction either that a person answering to the description in those letters was the real accoucheur, or that none existed; because no man, whose object was to forge proofs in favour of a cause, would forge them, either while real proofs were to be had; or inconsistent with those proofs, in case they could be found, upon points, with which it was impossible for him to be unacquainted. The accoucheur must then have been Sir John Stewart's Pier La Marr, or nobody—and if Sir John Stewart's, it could not have been Mesnager's friend—whence it follows that Mesnager's testimony, on which Lord Mansfield laid the principal stress, is totally inapplicable.

But in addition to this, which appears to me a complete overturn of the case, the following among other strong proofs were urged, against the birth. Lady Jane came from Rheims to Paris, (as was admitted) July 4, 1748, and remained there till the end of that month. It is acknowledged, that she and her husband

husband on their first arrival lodged at the Hotel de Chalons, kept by Mr. Godefroi, where, it is confessed, they staid some days. Now, on the part of Mr. Douglas it is asserted, that Lady Jane left Mr. Godefroi's house two or three days before the 10th of July; that she went to the house of Madame Le Brun, Fauxbourg, St. Germaine; and there on July 10, was delivered of male twins, whence in nine or ten days more she removed to Michelle's in another quarter of the town. *In strong contradiction to this*, it was maintained by the evidence of Godefroi, and his wife, as well as by the contents of Godefroi's books, that not only on the 10th of July, but several days afterwards did Lady Jane reside at his house, not only without a delivery, but without any appearance of a recent or approaching delivery. And further, Michelle and his wife, to whose house Lady Jane came, (from Madame Le Brun's, as is pretended, in nine or ten days after this birth) never heard or saw any thing of this Pier La Mar, or Madame Le Brun. Now, if Lady Jane was at Godefroi's several days after the 10th, it being admitted she arrived at Michelle's before the 20th, it would require a most pliant belief to be satisfied of the possibility of her being delivered of twins in her 51st year at Madame Le Brun's in the interval, more especially as she exhibited no appearance, nor was accompanied by any rumour of what had happened—and what is stronger, when the affair not only required *no* concealment, but would have been one of the highest joy and triumph!!! About this very time the children of Mignon and Sanry were kidnapped by a foreign gentleman and lady, and circumstances very strongly applied this theft to Sir John and Lady Jane.

Besides

Besides these counter-proofs, the Hamilton partizans considered the admitted forgery of letters by Sir John Stewart, under the pretended signature of La Marr, (which has been hitherto mentioned as an excuse urged by the Douglases for the variation of their contents with Mesnager's De La Marre) to taint any little strength, which the rest of the proofs on that side might otherwise have claimed. And on this they relied, from what they conceived to be an admitted rule of evidence.

Such, if I have collected them rightly from Mr. Stuart's Letters, are the principal features of the case, in the determination of which he has so severely arraigned Lord Mansfield's conduct. I am fearful that both from want of space, and want of ability, I may not do that justice to the force of his arguments, which they appear to me to deserve.

Mr. Stuart accuses this great judge not only of a gross departure from impartiality, but of abandoning a colour of consistency with himself, even in this very cause alone; besides a gross deviation from the rules he laid down in another famous dispute, which occurred not long afterwards.

In Letter I. p. 5, he says "In the times of Lord Hardwicke, and of other eminent judges, whose names deserve ever to be respected in Britain, it was not a difficult matter for men of knowledge and experience to foretel what decision would be given on particular cases; because they knew that these judges, revering the laws of their country, endeavoured to make jurisprudence a science founded on solid and fixed principles:

ciples: they studied uniformity in their decisions, preferring it to the vain admiration, attending the appearances of superior genius, or the applause of individuals, who might profit by the deviation from established principles. Of late years the case has been much otherways: the best and ablest men, I am assured, can scarcely ever foretel upon what grounds any important cause will be taken up, and decided by your Lordship; and from what has fallen under my own observation in some remarkable instances, I cannot refuse my assent to this prevailing opinion."

Again, he says, at p 27. "If you can be gratified by a compliment, strictly confined to your abilities, you are entitled to the satisfaction of knowing how generally it is allowed that no judge ever understood half so well as your Lordship, the science of what may be called *the management of causes.* It is a praise, which that perfect model of a judge, the great and good Lord Hardwicke, would have disdained. Ever attentive to the interests of justice and truth, and ignorant of parties in questions of civil right, he made it his study not only to search to the bottom, and satisfy his own mind on which side the truth lay; but in delivering his sentiments to state in all their extent, and with all the force that was due to them, the facts and arguments of both parties.

"This rule he more particularly observed in a certain Great Assembly where causes receive their final decision. Judges, in the situation, which he then enjoyed, or in that which now falls to your Lordship's share, always have been, and probably ever will be allowed, to have in that assembly great weight in forming the decisions relative to property, or private rights;

it

it therefore appeared to him the more indispensibly his duty to avoid any thing that could misl a l others. The ingenuity and address permitted to counsel in selecting the facts and arguments of one side, and even the arts of eloquence, appeared to him improper and misplaced, if not contemptible, when employed by a judge, whose business it was to resume the arguments on both sides, and dispassionately to inform the noble Lords of the genuine state of facts without colouring, partiality, or vain display of superior talents.

"It is an event deeply to be regretted, that this great judge lived not to the period of the Douglas cause; his mind was formed to embrace the whole extent of matter in that cause, and to perceive the tendency of all the various branches of evidence. These he would have stated to the House with perspicuity and candour; and an opinion given by him would have afforded satisfaction to the public in general, even to the parties themselves, sensible as they must have been, that nothing had escaped his observation, that nothing was exaggerated or extenuated, and that, in a judicial capacity, he was neither liable to be misled, nor capable of misleading others."

No one will deny that the line of conduct here attributed to Lord Hardwick is what a judge ought to pursue. It will therefore be a simple test, by which to try the behaviour of Lord Mansfield in the present cause. If that behaviour be accurately stated by Mr. S. (and this I presume cannot be doubted) we have then obtained a guide to enable us easily to decide this point, even without his powerful arguments, and illustrations.

And here I will close for the present, leaving an opportunity for these statements to sink into the minds of my readers free from the aggravation of my remarks.

June 6, 1807.

[*To be continued.*]

Art. XVIII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

N°. V.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

Few have enjoyed a more deeply rooted, or widely extended reputation than the late Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.* Her early fame for profound learning, her talents for poetry, her masterly skill in the science of ethics, her long acquaintance with those most distinguished for the union of genius and rank; her incomparable private virtues, and her protracted life, furnished a combination of claims to celebrity, which had their full effect. Mrs. Carter was born at Deal in Kent, Dec. 16, 1717; and died Feb. 19, 1806, two months after she had completed her 88th year.

The materials, from which I shall draw my results in this sketch, are of the most authentic kind. They are to be found in the Memoirs, just published in a quarto volume, *by her nephew*† *and executor*, the Rev. Montagu Pennington, A.M. *of Northbourne, near Deal*; a man of the most amiable dispo-

* See a short memoir of her, in Vol. II. p. 354 of this work.

† Son of her sister Margaret, married to the late Rev. Dr. Pennington.

sition,

sition, and enlarged mind, well worthy of such an aunt, and whose great talents, and various acquirements, (hitherto a little obscured by the veil of indolence) have been known to his intimate acquaintance from his boyhood; but who, considering humility as a moral duty, will not lightly forgive me for what I have thus presumed to say.

It is not my intention to copy or extract from these Memoirs,* which they, who wish to satisfy their curiosity, will of course peruse. They will find in them much curious matter, some interesting anecdotes, and, what is still more valuable, a collection of opinions and remarks on many of the most important points in morals and religious faith, which call for our decision, expressed in language elegant, clear, nervous, and sublime. With riches of this sort almost every page abounds; and it is utterly impossible for an abstract to give any idea of the original. Facts may be epitomized; but what depends on the colour of the language, as well as on the force of the thought, can neither be abridged, nor transmuted into other words. These Memoirs are formed principally from Mrs. Carter's own letters, which upon all occasions were well considered, and full of weighty ore.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was the eldest daughter of Dr. Nicholas Carter, who, with other preferment, had the cure of the chapel of the town of Deal † in Kent. A maritime town, situated as Deal is, principally employed in supplying the ships lying in the Downs, does not seem particularly propitious to the nutriment

* See a few extracts at p. 92 of this Volume.

† The mother church is at what is called Upper Deal, a mile from the town.

of literature. But her father, notwithstanding his heavy professional labours, continued to cultivate his acquisitions as a profound scholar, and to impart his learning to his children. It is a circumstance not a little singular, that his daughter Elizabeth, discovered such a slowness of faculties at the outset, as to make him despair of her progress in intellectual attainments, even with the aid of the greatest industry, and the most ardent desire, which characterized her efforts. She herself, however, though mortified and sorrowful at her own difficulties, resolved to persevere; and her perseverance was crowned with unexampled success. The clouds, that were long in breaking, gradually dispersed before the rays of her mind; and then, all at once sailing away, left a prospect before her of unmingled splendour.

She early became mistress of Latin, Greek, French, German; and afterwards understood Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Hebrew; and last of all, acquired something of Arabic. Nor was she merely learned; before she had completed her seventeenth year, she exhibited her talent for composition: nay, many of her poetical attempts were at this period published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1734, * by Cave, who was a friend of her father. They have her signature of Eliza. This extraordinary display of genius, and acquirements, procured her immediate celebrity; and the learned flocked about her with admiration. In 1738, at her age of twenty, Cave published a *quarto pamphlet* of her *Poems*, now little known. They have not her name; but many of them had been already

* See Cens. Lit. Vol. II. p. 356.

printed

printed in Cave's periodical work. When, twenty-four years afterwards, Mrs. Carter published the small collection of her poetry, with her name, only two of the first publication, the Lines on her Birthday, and the Ode of Anacreon, were admitted.

In 1739 she translated *The Critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man*, and in the same year gave a translation of *Algarotti's Explanation of Newton's Philosophy for the Use of the Ladies*. It is not surprising that the variety of these attainments should make her generally courted. The Countess of Hertford now solicited her correspondence; Dr. Johnson pursued her with unusual respect and praise; Walter Harte sought her society; and Savage addressed her with awkward adulation. At the same time she received the warmest thanks, from Mrs. Rowe's surviving relation, for her elegant lines on the death of that celebrated female writer. Nor was her fame confined to her own country: it spread over the Continent of Europe; and drew forth the incense of lavish admiration from the pen of that prodigy of premature literature, Baratier.

In 1741 she commenced an acquaintance with Miss Katherine Talbot; a woman of the most exquisite qualities both of the head and heart, who was three years younger than herself.* This was an important

* Miss Talbot was niece to Lord Chancellor Talbot. Her father, the Rev. Edward Talbot, died in 1720, before her birth. She herself died in Jan. 1770, æt. 50. After her death, Mrs. Carter selected from her papers, her "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," which she published; and afterwards her "Essays in Prose and Verse," which also found a wide circulation. The last edition of both in one, was in 12mo. 1795. Her mother survived to the age of ninety-two.

event of her life on many accounts. The intimacy of their friendship, the importance of their correspondence, and the exalted piety of both, made it the main ingredient of their mutual happiness; and in addition to this, it produced a friendship with Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom Miss Talbot resided, which extended her knowledge of the world, cherished her profound learning, and exercised the deep piety of her thoughts. To this event is to be traced her undertaking, and completing, the work, by which her fame has been most known abroad, and will longest be remembered by scholars at home,--her *Translation of Epictetus*.

It was not, however, till the beginning of 1749, that this translation was commenced. It was then sent up in sheets, as finished, to Miss Talbot, who earnestly pressed its continuance, which was further urged by Bishop Secker, to whom her friend shewed it. Her biographer has given a minute account of its progress till its conclusion in Dec. 1752. She then, by the Bishop's desire added notes and an introduction, both admirably executed; and the work was sent to press in June 1757, and finished in April 1758. At the entreaty of her friends she permitted it to be published by subscription; and by their liberality, it produced her a clear 1000l.

Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Montagu had been acquainted from their earliest years. The latter, though not born in Kent, had an early connection with it, by her father's succession to the estate and seat at Horton near Hythe, where she passed many of her juvenile years. From 1754 their correspondence was regular

and

and uninterrupted; and Mrs. Carter's visits to Mrs. Montagu at her house in London, where she met an union of talent and rank, were constant, and at her seat at Sandleford in the summer, or autumn, not unfrequent. The epistolary communication between these two celebrated women would probably, in alternate depth and vivacity, in soundness of thinking, brilliancy of fancy, and elegance of language, exceed any thing of the kind which this kingdom can at present boast, if it could be jointly laid before the public. Mr. Pennington has scruples as to his part of the materials; but Mr. Montagu, who is in possession of all *his* aunt's letters to Mrs. Carter, as well as to others, will, we hope, be at last excited to take the trouble (surely no very heavy task!) of giving them to the world; for *he*, I presume, never heard any expressions drop from Mrs. Montagu, which could make him doubt whether it would not be displeasing to her departed spirit. *

In 1756, Sir George Lyttelton (afterwards Lord Lyttelton) visited her at Deal; and from thence a gradual intimacy grew up between them, which only ended with his life.

Not later than this period commenced her acquaintance, and friendship with the celebrated statesman and wit, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath; who delighted

* Mrs. Carter's intimate friend Mrs. Vesey, wrote on a paper enclosed in the box containing Mrs. Carter's letters, which she directed to be returned to her correspondent after her own death: "I leave you the inestimable treasure of your own letters, wishing much you would give them for the improvement of future minds. You will still be doing that good you loved upon earth, when you are removed to those happy regions, where I wish I could deserve to meet you."

in her society, and regarded her intellectual powers and acquisitions with unfeigned admiration. By his persuasion she published her *Poems in a thin 8vo. volume in* 1762, and dedicated them to him. They are introduced by an highly panegyrical, but not extravagant, and undeserved, copy of verses by her friend Lord Lyttelton.

In 1763 Mrs. Carter accompanied Lord Bath, and Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, with Dr. Douglas, then Lord Bath's chaplain, to Spa. They landed at Calais the fourth of June; and after visiting Spa, made a short tour in Germany; and then proceeded down the Rhine into Holland; whence through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, they came again to Calais; and returned to Dover on the 19th of September. Mr. Pennington has given a series of Mrs. Carter's letters to her friends during this tour, which are very entertaining. Lord Bath's health seemed improved by this tour; but appearances were fallacious; for he died in the summer of 1764. His death gave Mrs. Carter deep concern. "He left the world," said she, "in possession of every comfort it had to bestow. With faculties unimpaired, and a temper unruffled, and after a long enjoyment of the repose and dignity of age, unaccompanied by the pains and weaknesses, which often render the close of life so burdensome to the owners, so tedious to their attendants, and so pitiable to their friends."

In August, 1763, Mrs. Carter lost her revered patron and friend, Archbishop Secker. After much general praise, Mrs. Carter says of him, "I have seen a catalogue of his MSS. which are to be deposited in the library at Lambeth; and well as I was acquainted with

with his unwearied application, it surprised me to find such monuments of solitary studiousness in one who had been so much engaged in the active duties of his station, which he executed with an exactness and a diligence, beyond any person I ever knew."

But a still more dreadful deprivation awaited her. A secret malady began to prey on the frame of her bosom-friend, Mrs. Talbot: in Oct. 1769, she took to her bed, and on Jan 9, 1770, expired. "With the deepest feeling," says Mrs. C. "of my own unspeakable loss of one of the dearest, and most invaluable blessings of my life, I am to the highest degree thankful to the Divine goodness for removing her from the multiplied and aggravated sufferings, which in a longer struggle with such a distemper must probably have been unavoidable. The calm and peaceful sorrow of tenderness and affection, sweetly alleviated by the joyful assurance of her happiness, is a delightful sentiment compared with what I have endured for the last two or three months. ***** Never surely was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew."

It was not more than fourteen months before, that death had taken from Mrs. Carter, her friend Miss Sutton, sister to the late Sir Richard Sutton, the lady to whom she addressed those beautiful lines, beginning "*Heir of immortal being.*" On this occasion she wrote a beautiful elegy to be found among the later editions of her poems.

Mrs.

Mrs. Carter was now arrived at a time of life when every year was stealing from her some intimate friend, or dear relation. In 1774, she lost her father; not before his age was ripe, for he was in his 87th year;* to which late period he had preserved all his faculties unimpaired, except that his hearing was a little difficult. She had passed the greater part of her life with him. The house in which they latterly resided was bought by her; and their affection had been uninterrupted. Half the year she was in the habit of passing in London; the other half was spent together in this house.

It is at this period of the biographer's work, that I confess myself least pleased with the sentiments of Mrs. Carter, which he has had occasion to register. There is something in her critical opinions regarding several cotemporary authors, against which I must enter my protest. I would not willingly accuse Mrs. Carter of narrowness, or prejudice; but I fear that on this occasion she exhibits something too much like it. To be blinded to the genius of Charlotte Smith, or Robert Burns, by an unfavourable conception (and I trust a prejudiced and unfounded one) of their principles was unbecoming her calm, strong, and philosophical mind. To exalt into the rank of genius dull writers, merely because she thought them good, was a more pardonable error. Another trait, which I cannot commend, is attributed to her. "At no period of her

* No fact seems better ascertained than that longevity is hereditary: Mrs. Carter was 88 at her death—her eldest brother is now 84, and as hale and active in all respects, as men of 60. Mrs. Montagu was 80, her brother, Lord Rokeby, was on the verge of 88; their father was 84.

life

life was she particularly anxious to be known to literary persons;"—"she rather declined, than sought their acquaintance." Lord Orford affected this; but Lord Orford, with all his merits, was a coxcomb; and must not be put in the same class with Mrs. Carter. I could enter into a long disquisition on this subject; but this is not the place for it. Indeed her candid and liberal biographer admits, that on these points, "she was not wholly free from prejudice."

In 1782 an event occurred, which once more disturbed the uniformity of Mrs. Carter's life. She had been under great obligations to Sir William Pulteney, who very liberally settled on her an annuity of 150l. a year, which it had been expected by her friends that Lord Bath would have done. She therefore complied with his wishes to accompany his daughter to Paris, though she was now in her sixty fifth year. She was only absent sixteen days, of which one week was spent at Paris. Mrs. Carter was not insensible to the fatigues and inconveniences of this journey; but her sense of them yielded to her friendship.

Though distant travels were now irksome to her, she enjoyed summer tours in her native country. For two or three successive summers she took journies of this kind through different parts of England with Miss Sharpe.* In this way she visited both the west, and the north.

In 1791 Mrs. Carter had the honour, by the Queen's express desire, of being introduced to her Majesty, at

* Afterwards married to Osmund Beauvoir, D. D. and then to Andrew Douglas, M. D. who had formerly married Mrs. Carter's half-sister. She died 1807.

Lord

Lord Cremorne's house at Chelsea. Afterwards when the Princess of Wales occupied Lord Keith's house in the Isle of Thanet, she called on Mrs. Carter at her house at Deal; and the Duke of Cumberland, when attending his regiment, the 15th Dragoons, at Deal, also paid her a visit. These attentions do honour to all parties.

About nine years before her death, she experienced an alarming illness, of which she never recovered the effects in bodily strength. The faculties of her mind remained unimpaired; and her heart was as warm as ever. In the summer of 1805 her weakness evidently increased As the winter approached, and the time of her annual journey to London, which she never omitted, drew near, her strength and spirits appeared to revive. On the 2d of December she left Deal for the last time, having six days before completed her 88th year, and on the 24th arrived at her old lodgings in Clarges Street. For some days she seemed better, and visited some of her old friends, particularly her very intimate friend, Lady Cremorne. On the fourth of January she exhibited symptoms of alarming weakness; after which all her strength gradually ebbed away, till about three o'clock of the morning of the 19th of February, 1806, when she expired without a struggle or groan.

Perhaps in the whole range of English biography, few, if any, characters of more admirable qualities of mind, or more perfect goodness can be found. Many more brilliant characters may undoubtedly be pointed out; many to whom the highest traits of genius may be more strictly ascribed. At the same time, they, who deny a high degree of genius to Mrs. Carter, appear to me to have a narrow conception of that term.

There

There was a combination of generally inconsistent features in her mind, which seems to deserve particular observation. Her faculties were slow; and slowness is almost always connected with dulness. Let any one of good taste, read the prose or poetry of Mrs. Carter, and say, if it be dull. There is a strength and spirit pervading it, which scarcely fails in a single instance. It seems as if the avenues to her perception were difficult of access; but that there were the embers of a fire within, capable of blazing into a powerful flame.

It would be idle to deny, that there are characters, a thousand degrees less perfect than Mrs. Carter, with whose wild weaknesses we may involuntarily be seduced into more idolatrous love. We look up to her considerate and highly regulated mind with awe; we know that she is to be led astray by no passion; seduced by no eloquence; deceived by no airy castles; and blinded by no splendour of fancy. To all the amiable frailties, which too often connect themselves with genius, her rigid morality applies the wand of truth, and, shewing them in their real colours, strips them of their delusions. Not that her bosom was stern, or her judgment severe; she pitied and forgave, though she never lost her discrimination.

If there be any, who suppose her opinions were those of a recluse, and that she formed her ideas of the world at too great a distance from the scenes of actual observation, they know little of her life and habits. For half of every year she not only mixed with society, but with society most qualified, from station and talents, to form sound practical opinions, and to penetrate into what was passing behind the curtain of this deceitful

theatre.

theatre. Was her thoughtful and investigating mind idle at the confidential tables of Archbishop Secker, Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Montagu? She knew the world well; but her candour and the structure of her mind made her slow in judging, and reserved in imparting her thoughts.

The leading principle of her long life was her religion. It was the result not merely of an early impression, but of calm, deep, and constant investigation. She was no enthusiast; her reason was unalterably convinced, as well as her heart inalienably attached. Humility, charity, content, submission, gratitude to the Creator, and admiration of his works were unceasingly predominant in her bosom, and her actions. She was happy because she was good: no worldly passions ruffled her feelings; all was serene and gentle, as the sea when the moon-beam sleeps upon it. One subject alone raised her into a fervid temperament; it was the exalted emotion of piety.

As to her learning, it would be difficult to name any scholar, whose acquirements were equally profound, various, and digested. She seems never to have been content with employing merely her memory; her reason was always exercised; and every thing passed through the ordeal of her best powers. It is probable she read little for mere amusement; she lost no time in an idle play of the fancy; she never lounged over books with unseized, or unarranged, half-formed, ideas. By method therefore, and equal, calm, and duly portioned industry, never exhausting itself, and thus never ceasing, every week during the greater portion of her long life added to her strength; light broke in upon her from a thousand quarters; and her mind became

became a temple, in which every part was full of order, symmetry, and beauty; and the whole irradiated, as it were, by a sacred sunshine.

I now come to Mrs. Carter's poetry. I have more than once remarked, that this divine art is of a nature so subtle and aërial as to elude the grasp of any definition, that has yet come within my knowledge. I feel confident that any definition, which would exclude the compositions of Mrs. Carter, must be very erroneous. We may appeal to a certain glow of the heart, and elevation of thought, which they produce, as tests superior to all the rules, which can be laid down. I hate pedantic criticism, and trite remarks, on imagery, and invention, and I know not what other commonplace requisites, of which the praise is often bestowed on the most vapid and mechanical productions, as lifeless as the simpering wooden-head on which are exhibited the gaudy ornaments of a milliner's shop. It is the pervading soul, which bespeaks the effusion of real genius. The early poems of Mrs. Carter are chaste, just, and elegant; the latter are sublime. In all, the efforts of the head are regulated, and tinged by the movements of a virtuous heart. The vigour of her mind continued to strengthen in a wonderful degree till her thirty-sixth year. At that period, 1753, she attained a style of poetical composition, which, as long as she continued to write verses, she never lost; but, perhaps, never exceeded. It is characterized by sublimity of sentiment (which surely is as much of the essence of poetry as the most splendid imagery) expressed with astonishing purity and strength of language, and harmony of versification. Let me justify

my

my assertions by copying the poem of 1753, to which I have alluded.

"To Emilia, 1753.

"Say, dear Emilia, what untry'd delight,
Has Earth, or Air, or Ocean, to bestow,
That checks thy active spirit's nobler flight,
And bounds its narrow view to scenes below?

Is life thy passion? Let it not depend
On fluttering pulses, and a fleeting breath:
In sad despair the fruitless wish must end,
That seeks it in the gloomy range of death.

This world, deceitful idol of thy soul,
Is all devoted to his tyrant power:
To form his prey the genial planets roll;
To speed his conquests flies the rapid hour.

This verdant earth, these fair surrounding skies,
Are all the triumphs of his wasteful reign:
'Tis but to set, the brightest suns arise;
'Tis but to wither, blooms the flowery plain.

'Tis but to die, Mortality was born;
Nor struggling Folly breaks the dread decree:
Then cease the common destiny to mourn,
Nor wish thy Nature's laws revers'd for thee.

The sun that sets, again shall gild the skies;
The faded plain reviving flowers shall grace:
But hopeless fall, no more on earth to rise,
The transitory forms of human race.

No

No more on earth: but see, beyond the gloom,
Where the short reign of time and death expires,
Victorious o'er the ravage of the tomb,
Smiles the fair object of thy fond desires.

The seed of life, below, imperfect lies,
To Virtue's hand its cultivation given:
Form'd by her care, the beauteous plant shall rise,
And flourish with unfading bloom in heaven." *

June 12, 1807.

ART. XIX. *Memoir of Major Mercer, by the late Sir William Forbes, Bart. From the Appendix to his Life of Dr. Beattie.*

"Major Mercer was the son of a private gentleman in Aberdeenshire, who, having joined the Highland army in the year 1745, retired to France, after the battle of Culloden, where he resided till his death. His son received his education at the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and afterwards went to reside with his father at Paris. There he spent his time in elegant society, and devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of letters. Thus he acquired those polished manners, and that taste for study, by which he was ever after so highly distinguished. He possessed, too, a very high degree of elegant and chastised wit and humour, which made

* In addition to this series of Memoirs of Modern Poets, viz. T. Warton, Vol. IV. 85, 274; Charlotte Smith, *ib.* 69, 284; Sir William Jones, *ib.* 161, 289; Dr. Goldsmith, Vol. V. 34; and Mrs. Carter, the reader is reminded that he will find a sketch of Cowper, in Vol. I. p. 205; of Burns, Vol. II. p. 42; of Beattie, Vol. III. p. 113; of Jos. Warton, Vol. III. p. 184.

his company to be universally sought after by those, who had the happiness of his friendship or acquaintance.

"On the death of his father, he returned to Scotland, and soon afterwards entered into the army at the commencement of the seven-years war; during the greatest part of which he served in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and was in one of the six British regiments of infantry, that gained such reputation for their gallantry at the memorable battle of Minden.

"The regiment in which he afterwards served, being reduced at the peace of Paris, he returned to Aberdeen, where he married Miss Katherine Douglas, sister to Lord Glenbervie, a beautiful and accomplished woman, with whom he lived many years in much happiness.

"In order to fill up the vacant hours of his then unemployed situation, he devoted his time chiefly to books, and, in particular, recommenced the study of the Greek language, (of which he had acquired the rudiments under the learned Dr. Blackwell at Marischal College) with such assiduity, that Dr. Beattie in another letter, says, he doubted whether there were in Scotland at that time six gentlemen who knew Greek so well as Major Mercer. Then it was, that by attention to the purest models of antiquity, he corrected that partiality for French literature, which he had strongly imbibed by his early habits of study at Paris.

"Not long after he again entered into the army, in which he continued to serve, till about the year 1772, when he had arrived at the rank of Major. But he then quitted the profession, and only resumed a military character, when he held a commission in a regiment of

of fencibles during the American war. On the return of peace, he retired with his family to Aberdeen, where he continued chiefly to reside during the rest of his life.

"An acquaintance had first taken place between him and Dr. Beattie, on his return to Aberdeen after the seven years war; and as their taste in books, and their favourite studies, were in some respects entirely similar, a lasting friendship ensued, which proved to both a source of the highest enjoyment.

"Major Mercer's acquaintance with books, especially of poetry and Belles Lettres, both ancient and modern, was not only uncommonly extensive, but he himself possessed a rich and genuine poetical vein, that led him, for his own amusement solely, to the composition of some highly-finished lyric pieces. These he carefully concealed, however, from the knowledge of even almost all his most intimate friends; and it was with much difficulty that his brother-in-law, Lord Glenbervie, at length could prevail on him to permit a small collection to be printed, first anonymously, afterwards with his name. In perusing these beautiful poems, the reader, I think, will find they possess much original genius, and display a taste formed on the best classic models of Greece and Rome, whose spirit their author had completely imbibed, especially of Horace, who seems to have been the model whom he had proposed to himself for his imitation.

"A few years ago Major Mercer had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a long course of severe indisposition, during which he had attended her with the most anxious assiduity. Of that misfortune, indeed, he may be said never to have got the better, and he survived her little more than two years. This circum-

stance gave occasion to the following elegant lines, which Mr. Hayley addressed to Lord Glenbervie, soon after Major Mercer's death

"Epitaph for Major Mercer.

"Around this grave, ye types of merit spread!
Here Mercer shares the sabbath of the dead:
Ye laurels, here, with double lustre, bloom,
To deck a soldier's and a poet's tomb!
Gracefully pleasing in each manly part!
His verses, like his virtues, win the heart.
Grateful for wedded bliss, (for years his pride)
He lost it, and by fond affliction, died.
Here, Sculpture! fix thy emblematic dove,
To grace the martyr of connubial love.
Hail, ye just pair! in blest reunion rise!
Rever'd on earth! rewarded in the skies!

"Major Mercer had long been in a very valetudinary, nervous state, till at last his constitution entirely failed; and he expired without a struggle or a pang, in the 71st year of his age.

"Besides possessing no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men, (for in the course of his military life, especially as he had lived much in society of various sorts,) and being one of the pleasantest companions I ever knew, Major Mercer was a man of much piety, strict in the observance of all the ordinances of religion, and of high honour in every transaction of life.

"Major Mercer was born Feb. 27, 1734, and died Nov. 8, 1804."

To this account by Sir William Forbes, I shall only add, by way of reminding the reader of Major Mercer s

ser's style of poetry, three stanzas from his simple and very interesting

"Ode to Novelty.

"For thee in infancy we sigh,
And hourly cast an anxious eye
Beyond the prison-house of home;
Till, from domestic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world, in search of thee,
Fair Novelty! we roam.

Full on thy track by dawn of day,
The stripling starts, and scours away,
While Hope her active wing supplies,
And softly whispers in the gale,
At every turning of the vale,
'Enjoyment onward lies.'

Nor far remote—athwart the trees,
The landscape opens by degrees,
And yields sweet glimpses of delight:
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the scenes of fairy-land
Come swelling on the sight." &c.

ART. XX. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XI.

Hints for the Ruminator, and remarks on his style, and gravity and candour of manner and sentiment.

I have had some doubt whether it would be prudent to print the following paper of my new correspondent, Mr. Random, who seems to have some knowledge of

my personal history. But as my impartiality is to depend on the test of its insertion, I have at last determined to publish it; since allusions seem harmless; but if there should be any thing in it at all pointed, no one has so much reason to complain as myself. The post mark is *Bath*; but this circumstance gives no clue to guess at the author from that place of migratory inhabitants. One reason which has accelerated my decision to give it insertion, I must not conceal. It saves me from writing a paper myself at a moment of much hurry, and many other engagements.

June 12, 1807.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

Here, Sir, have I been *ruminating* for these three mornings to produce a paper for you, and not one sentence up to this very moment have I advanced. As thinking, I find, does no good, I will see how I can get on without thinking; and thus, Sir, will I have at you. A random shot, perhaps, may kill the most game. And game enough, no doubt, there is in the field of literature. I am sure the Edinburgh Reviewers find enough; and kill enough too! But they are excellent shot, and nobody will accuse them of not taking aim. Why, Sir, they never miss; and when they do not kill, they are sure to mangle! There is another Review too, which they say, has tried to catch their knack; yet, at present, it is reported, it is but a bungler; but there is little doubt it will soon earn it; for the art is not half so difficult as some folks think it.

Let

Let us see! What must come next? Why, as I do not possess *All The Talents*, (though I hope I am a little better off than the man who celebrates them,) I am in a little bit of a *quandary*; but as stopping to think does harm, I must rush on again, and I dare say I shall drop upon something. Ah! it just comes into my head to ask you, why you suppose a book, that was good for nothing two hundred years ago, becomes good for a great deal now; for what every body will allow a great deal—a great deal of money! You seem, Sir, not a little infected with this mania yourself. I do not know whether you give great prices, but I am certain you give a great many pages to extracts, which were very base ore at the time they were written; and I defy the power of time to transmute them into genuine metal. Somebody, however, whispers me, that they shew the progress of language, and the state of manners; and I do not know how to answer that: indeed, I am not bound to stay to answer any body. If I stop for one moment, I shall be fixed, and never move again.

To come then, Sir, to your lives, and essays—I confess, I wish they had a little more fun in them! Cannot you write *currente calamo*, as I do; and then I think you would now and then catch a jest by the bye. It would even fix itself in spite of you; and you would not have time to strike it off with your pen. For my own part, I always thought the world was a jest, and that jesting therefore was the best mode of treating every thing that belongs to it. But you have told us, that *you* hate jests; and, therefore, I am determined to try your impartiality by sending you this. I know that your enemies (and you have many) will

triumph, and enjoy the laugh. But never mind; it will prove that you can keep your temper, and are not to be put aside from your purpose by a joke.

But your lives, Sir, are too panegyrical. Your heroes and heroines are inspired with nothing but genius and virtue—you are the very milk of human kindness; and your heart seems to glow with continued admiration. Why, Sir, I had heard a very different character of you; that you was bitter and censorious; difficultly pleased; ingenious in finding fault; and fertile in the language of satire. I had heard that you had written a novel full of severity and sarcasm, that had made a Lord Mayor take the Attorney General's opinion whether he might challenge you; a Lady Mayoress fret herself sick; and a country Baronet never speak for a month! What is become of all this gall? I wish you would put a little of it into your modern biography. What! be all benevolence and respect to a poor devil of a poet, and hate a Lord Mayor, and his fashionable wife, regardless of all *the sprigs of fashion* belonging to her; and expose to cruel ridicule a man of fortune and title! For shame, Mr. Ruminator! I must request you to turn the tables upon these people.

And now for your essays! They are to be sure as grave as a sermon.—But I am not quite so much surprised about them; for I once heard that celebrated nomenclator, Mr. Tyson, speak of your Spanish gravity; and it seems he was right with a vengeance. Is it not possible for you to strike out a casual spark of vivacity? You are even more solemn than *The Rambler*, of which old Will. Duncombe, that runner to the wits, used to complain so much, when it was first published; but I hope, if you hereafter make an

attempt

attempt to gambol a little, you will not be as awkward in your gambols as the Doctor was. Perhaps, however, I am very mischievous in urging you to that, in which you will probably fail. I doubt if you can be merry; and I am sure you cannot be witty: bitter I know you can be; a little spice of it would give a zest to your future *ruminations*.

Do you not think a few caustic touches on some of your cotemporaries would be as interesting as the nauseating sweets of perpetual praise? Some variety I know you are capable of.—Grave as is your present morality, I remember, not more than fifteen years ago, you could produce a love-tale, over which young girls and love-sick swains have ever since hung enamoured! Try another chord of your many-stringed harp; and prove, whether you cannot sound the notes of censure and shame!

Has every writer of verses merit? And are literati always wise and good? Savage, and Boyse, and Dermody, and perhaps Chatterton, will exhibit a different story. If Johnson could cover over with the thin disguise of apologies the profligate habits, and boisterous temper of Savage, you must not! But I am growing serious like yourself. Let me proceed upon my rambles.

Cannot you cut up poor Beattie like some of your brother critics, and prove that he was a very vapid and mediocre poet, and a very weak philosopher? That he was stained with the crime of corresponding with learned bishops, and learned ladies, and still more with the audacious guilt of despising the metaphysics of David Hume? Cannot you convict him of flattering

a Duchess,

a Duchess, and from the recluse habits of an academic life and a shy temper, of being not a little dazzled with her rank? Cannot you shew Roscoe to be a book-making drudge, and Hayley a man incapable of elegant and instructive composition? Mrs. Carter vastly learned, but vastly dull; and Tom Warton a diligent antiquary, but totally incapable of making a luminous use of his materials?

You may hence, if you will, turn to politics, and shew Pitt to have been a rash, ignorant, and despicable statesman; and Lord Henry Petty the greatest of financiers. But be sure you do not abuse his worthy successor Spencer Perceval, who has learned so perfectly how to calculate for our pockets by his adroitness in crown-prosecutions; and can terrify his adversaries into instant silence by a threat of the secrets he acquired in his late office of Attorney General. And do not reproach Canning for his apostacy from the Muses, or for his disrespect to those qualities, on which his own claims to notice were founded: make some allowances for the frailties of poor human nature, and yield something to the fumes of sudden elevation! Be respectful to birth and rank; touch not the foibles of a worn-out nobility; tear not off the ancient mantle, that covers a Howard; and let the bright ermine of a new Peer continue to hide his history and his origin!

Proceed, good Sir; fly along the surface, as I do, scratching some, wounding others; and you will be infinitely more entertaining to many, as well as to your humble servant, and constant reader,

HARRY RANDOM.

June 4, 1807.

ART.

ART. XXI. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 110.]

1791. Jan. —. Sir James Foulis, a Scotch Baronet, of Collington, near Edinburgh. He had been formerly a Governor in the East Indies, and was a literary man, and an author; but of what, the present Editor cannot learn.

—— Feb. 7. At his apartments, St. James's Palace, Richard Dalton, Esq. Keeper of the Pictures to the King's Library; and brother to Dr. Dalton, formerly Rector of St. Mary Hill, London. He was author of "*Remarks on Prints, intended to be published, relative to the manners, customs, &c. of the Inhabitants of Egypt, from drawings on the spot*, 1749," 8*vo.* 1781, &c. &c.

—— Feb. 21. Samuel Morton Savage, D. D. at his house in Hoxton Square, aged 70. He was a dissenting minister of eminence, and uthor of six sermons. He considered himself the lineal descendant of John Savage, the first Earl Rivers.

—— Of a decline, aged 37, in the Strand, John Frederick Bryant, a pipe-maker, whose poetical talents were patronized by Chief Baron Macdonald.

—— Mar. 2. John Wesley, the celebrated Methodist.

—— May 22. At Gottingen, John Andrew Murray, M. D. Superintendant of the Botanical Garden

den at Gottingen. He was author of a variety of medical works.

1791. June 14. At Knayton, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, æt. 75, Charles Bisset, M. D. a physician of considerable eminence in that neighbourhood. He was born at Glenulbert near Dunkeld, in Perthshire, in 1717; the son of a lawyer there. After a course of medical studies at Edinburgh, he was, in 1740, appointed Second Surgeon to the Military Hospital at Jamaica: in 1746 he purchased an Ensigncy in the 4-d Regt. and thence addicted himself to the study of fortification. The next year he attended the campaign in Dutch Flanders; and being distinguished for his skill in the new object of his pursuits, obtained a Warrant as Engineer Extraordinary in the Brigade of Engineers to serve in the Low Countries during the war, with the rank of Lieutenant. When the war ended, he was put on half pay; and in 1751 published his book "*On the Theory of Fortifications*," 8*vo*. He now settled as a physician in Yorkshire, and in 1755 printed, 2. "*Treatise on the Scurvy with Remarks on the Cure of Scorbutic Ulcers*," 8*vo. pp* 162.—3. "*Essay on the Medical Constitution of Great Britain*," 8*vo. pp*. 344.—4. "*Medical Essays and Observations*," 8*vo. pp*. 304. He took his degree of M. D. at St. Andrews, 1765.*

—— July 1. At his seat at Balenegare, Co. of Roscommon, Ireland, æt. 82, Charles O'Connor,

* Gent. Mag. Vol. LXI. p. 588—965.

Esq.

Esq. a Member of the Royal Irish Academy, a respected antiquary, and author of many different works. He published, "*An Account of the Nature and Conditions of a Charter to be granted for the working and manufacturing Mines and Minerals in Ireland,*" 1754—"*Dissertations on the History of Ireland,*" 1766. In the "Collectanea Hibernica," are his "*Reflections on the History of Ireland.*" Dr. Campbell, in Gough's Camden, III. 482,* calls him "the fond advocate for the Pagan antiquities of Ireland."

1791. July 30. Sir William Fitzherbert, of Tissington, in Derbyshire, Bart. æt. 43, a very amiable man, who was author of "*A Book of Maxims,*" &c. which are said to bear record of his knowledge of the human mind. He had been a Gentleman Usher at St. James's, and was elder brother to the present Lord St. Helens.

—— July —. John Seymour, author of a "*Collection of Poems,*" consisting of Spring, &c. dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire. He likewise translated "*The Correspondence of Two Lovers, inhabitants of Lyons.*" He was well known among the booksellers of the metropolis; who often relieved his necessities, which are said to have been as severe as those of Otway, Savage, and Chatterton. He dropped down dead, as he was coming from Highgate to Kentish Town.

—— Nov. 13. At Shaftesbury, æt. 26. Samuel Marsh Oram,

Oram, Attorney at Law, a young man of promising talents both in poetry and topography.

1791. Nov. 27. At Liverpool, Robert Norris, Esq. author of "*The Memoirs of the King of Dahomey*," and brother to a late Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries.

—— Dec. 25. At his house at St. Giles's, Norwich, æt. 37, the Rev. Henry Harington, Prebendary of Bath and Wells, Rector of North Cove with Willingham in Suffolk, and of Haynford in Norfolk, and Assistant Minister of St. Peter's, Mancroft, in Norwich. He was admitted of Queen's College, Oxford, where he proceeded M. A. 1777. He was son of Dr. Harington of Bath, and was the original editor of the NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ, from the papers of his ancestor, Sir John Harington of Kelston, the poet. He married Lucy, sister of the present Lord Fortescue.

1792. April 6. At Bath, the Rev. A C. Schomberg, A. M. æt. 36.

———— At Keynsham, near Bristol, C. Jones, called "*The Crediton Poet*," who published a little volume of "*Poems*," by subscription.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

1806. July . In the East Indies, aged 23, Lieut. William Rowland Wake, of the 7th Regt. of Native Infantry. He was son of the late William Wake, Esq. of Worksop Manor, Notts. His classical attainments,

ments, and literary talents, are said to have been very considerable. He published a juvenile volume of poems at London in 18 0; and was author of many poetical effusions, and essays in prose, in the *Gleaner*, a periodical paper, published at Bombay, under the signatures of "Juvenis;" "Vigilax;" "Antibargainist;" "Rowland Ramble;" and "W. R. W."

1807. March 18. In London, aged 54, Sir Edward Harington, Kt. only surviving son of Dr. Harington, of Bath, and direct male descendant of Sir John Harrington, of Kelston, the poet. He was one of Peg Nicholson's Knights. He was author of several publications; particularly *Travels through parts of France*; *A Skezzio on the genius of Man*; and a small volume of *ludicrous* compositions. He was twice married, and has left issue by his first wife.

March 28. In the Charterhouse, London, aged 75, Nathaniel Hulme, M. D. F. R. and A. S. S. author of an inaugural dissertation, *De Scorbuto*, Edinb. 1765, 8vo. of *A Treatise on the Puerperal Fever*. London, 1772, 8vo. &c. He was a native of Yorkshire.

April 21. The Rev. George Walker, F. R.S. aged 73, a native of Newcastle upon Tyne; and formerly Mathematical Tutor to the Academy at Warrington. He was very eminent for his mathematical genius, and printed at Warrington a Treatise on *The Doctrine of the Sphere*, 1775, 4to. and afterwards the first part of *A Treatise on Conic Sections*. He also printed two volumes of *Sermons*, 1790; and *An Appeal to the people of England*, on the subject of the Test Laws. From Warrington he removed

moved to Nottingham, where he resided twenty-four years; and thence became Theological Tutor and Superintendant of the Dissenting Academy at Manchester. During his residence here, he was an active member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of the place, of which he was, upon the decease of Dr. Perceval, chosen President. At length he resigned his office at the Academy, and retired to the village of Wavertree, near Liverpool. Here he employed himself in revising his various compositions, printed and manuscript, for publication. For this purpose he visited London in the Spring of the present year; and there died after a short illness.

Lately, in Switzerland, John Lewis De Lolme, LL. D. born at Geneva, and brought up an Advocate. He resided many years in England; and published here in 1772 *A Parallel between the English Constitution and the former Government of Sweden*; and in 1775, *A Treatise on the Constitution of England*, a work which established his literary reputation. It was originally published in French. In 1787, he was author of *An Essay* containing *a few strictures on the Union of Scotland and England*, designed as an Introduction to De Foe's History of the Union. He also wrote *The History of the Flagellants*; and several temporary pamphlets; of which one, if I recollect, was on the subject of Thelusson's Will. He was a man of many eccentricities; and his pride, which would not suffer him to bend to the world, often exposed him to the hardships and oppressions of poverty.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XIX.

[Being Number VII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *A new Survey of the West-Indias: or the English American his Travail by sea and land: containing a Journal of three thousand and three hundred miles within the main land of America. Wherein is set forth his Voyage from Spain to St. John de Ulhua; and from thence to Xalappa, to Tlaxcalla, the city of Angels, and forward to Mexico; with the description of that great city, as it was in former times, and also at this present. Likewise, his Journey from Mexico, through the Provinces of Guaxala, Chiapa, Guatemala, Vera Paz, Truxillo, Comayagua; with his abode twelve years about Guatemala, and especially in the Indian Towns of Mixco, Pinola, Petapa, Amatitlan. As also his strange and wonderful conversion and calling from those remote parts, to his native countrey. With his return through the Province of Necaragua, and Costa Rica, to Nicoya, Panama, Portobelo, Cartagena, and Havana, with divers occurrents and dangers, that did befal in the said Journey. Also a new and exact Discovery of the Spanish Navigation to those parts. And of*

their dominions, government, religion, forts, castles, ports, havens, commodities, fashions, behaviour of Spaniards, Priests, and Friers, Blackmores, Mulattos, Mestisos, Indians; and of their feasts and solemnities. With a Grammar, or some few rudiments of the Indian tongue, called Poconelic, or Pocoman. The Second Edition, enlarged by the Author, and beautified with Maps. By the true and painful endevours of Thomas Gage, Preacher of the Word of God at Deal, in the County of Kent. London: Printed by E. Cotes, and sold by John Sweeting at the Angel in Pope's Head Alley, 1655. Fol. pp. 220, besides Epistle Dedicatory, Commendatory Verses, and Contents.

This book has been already imperfectly noticed, in Vol. IV. p. 263, but the Editor having since met with the work itself, now gives a more full account of it. In the copy, here used, is the following notice.

"Westwell, May 9, 1756.

"I have been at the expense of rebinding this book in the best manner, because I look upon the author to have been a truly honest man, and that he put it together with a very pious design: and for these reasons, I am desirous that, with the name of the faithful and well-meaning Thomas Gage, may live united that of

SAYER RUDD."*

This author was descended from Robert Gage of Haling in Surry, third son of Sir John Gage of Firle

* He was vicar of Westwell, Kent, and died 1757—a man of character, and literature.

in

in Sussex, who died 1557. John Gage of Haling in Surry, younger son of Edward, was his father. Lord Clarendon has recorded the memory of his elder brother Sir Henry, Governor of Oxford, who was slain at Culham Bridge, Jan. 11, 1644, æt. 47.

The work is dedicated to Thos. Lord Fairfax, and followed by commendatory verses, by Thomas Chaloner, which have some merit.

The next article will explain more.

ART. II. *Nouvelle Relation contenant les Voyages de Thomas Gage dans la nouvelle Espagne, ses diverses avantures; & son retour par la Province de Nicaragua, jusques a la Havane. Avec la description de la Ville de Mexique, telle qu'elle etoit autrefois, & comme elle est á present. Ensemble une description exacte des Terres & Provinces que possedent les Espagnols en toute l'Amerique, de la forme de leur Gouvernement Ecclesiastique & Politique, de leur Commerce, de leurs Mœurs, & de celles des Criolles, des Metifs, des Mulatres, des Indiens, & des Negres. A Amsterdam, chez Paul Marret,* 1695. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

In this edition there are a great number of very curious engravings, both of events relating to the narrative and of places, and several maps. It is dedicated to Monseigneur de Witsen, formerly embassador from the States General to their Britannic Majesties. The translation was made, by the command of the French Minister Colbert, by Monsieur de Beaulieu Hues O' Neil. He altered the title and the division of the

chapters, and omitted some of Gage's digressions. There is, probably, a mistake in the date of one of the volumes, for the second volume is dated 1694, and the first 1695.

Gage was younger brother of the Governor of Oxford in 1645. He studied in Spain, and became a Dominican monk. From thence he departed with a design to go to the Philippine Islands as a missionary in 1625; but, on his arrival at Mexico, he heard so bad an account of those islands, and was so much delighted with New Spain, that he abandoned his original design, and contented himself with a less dangerous mission.

At length being tired of this mode of life, he earnestly sought leave to return to England to preach the gospel among his countrymen; but this he could not obtain; and therefore resolved to take his first opportunity and come away unknown. With this design, he says, "I lived above a twelvemonth in Petapa, with great ease, pleasure, and content, for all things outward; but within I had still a worm of conscience, gnawing this gourd, that shadowed, and delighted me with worldly contentment. Here I grew more and more troubled concerning some points of religion, daily wishing with David, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly from that place of daily idolatry into England, and be at rest." This he at length effected.

He only remained ten days at St. Lucar, where he landed, and then, having purchased a secular English dress, returned on board an English ship to Dover, and thence to London, after an absence of nearly twenty-

twenty-four years, in which he had quite lost the use of his native language. This was in 1637.

On his return to his native country, he found himself unnoticed in his father's will, forgotten by some of his relations, and with difficulty acknowledged by others. After a little time, not being able to satisfy his religious doubts, and disgusted with the great power of the Papists, he resolved to take another journey to Italy, to "try what better satisfaction he could find for his conscience at Rome in that religion." At Loretto his conversion from popery was fixed by proving the fallacy of the miracles attributed to the picture of our Lady there: on which he immediately returned home once more; and preached his recantation sermon at St. Paul's, by order of the Bishop of London. He continued above a year in London, spending his own means, till "at last," says he, "I was fully satisfied, and much troubled to see that the Papists, and most of my kindred, were entertained at Oxford; and in other places in the King's dominions; whereupon I resolved upon a choice for the Parliament's cause, which now in their lowest estate and condition I am not ashamed to acknowledge. From their hands, and by their order, I received a benefice, in which I have continued almost four years, preaching constantly for a thorough reformation intended by them, which I am ready to witness with the best drops of blood in my veins, to whom I desire this my history may be a better witness of my sincerity, and that by it I may perform what our Saviour Christ spake to Peter, saying, "*And thou, being converted, strengthen thy brethren.*"

He was probably rector of Deal, in Kent, where he

lived: for in the register of that parish, there is the following entry:

"*Mary, the daughter of Mr. Thos. Gage, parson of Deale, and Mary his wife, buried March* 21, 1652."

When he says of himself, that he was determined to lead a different life from that which he had hitherto done, and to bid adieu to Spain, and to all Spanish manners; this must probably relate particularly to religion,* for he appears to have been a very good and pious man, and to have led a very regular life in the midst of great temptation. At Chiapa, a city between Mexico and Guatimala, a lady made love to him, and upon his receiving her overtures with coldness endeavoured to send him after the bishop of that place, who had been poisoned just before. His observation on leaving that city is not without point; an enormity of which it must be confessed the good missionary was not often guilty. He says that it merits no other praise but that of being peopled with idiots, and with women who are only skilful in making poisoned chocolate.

Gage seems to be a very accurate and faithful relater; but was also extremely credulous and superstitious. He gives some curious accounts of the power of the devil in sorceries and witchcrafts, in some of the Indian villages, which are not unlike what is recorded of the New England mania in the seventeenth century;

* While he was in New Spain he laments his being able to convert so few Indians, and attributes it to his not being able to preach the truth of the gospel for fear of the inquisition; upon which the translator remarks in a note, very justly, that "this reflection makes it doubtful whether the author was a true Catholic."

and,

and, I am sorry to add, of old England also in every century but the present, though not often attended with equally fatal consequences.

M. P.

ART. III. *Ovid's Metamorphoses Englished, mythologized, and represented in figures. An Essay to the Translation of Virgil's Æneis. By G. S. (George Sandys.) London: Printed by J. L. for Andrew Hebb, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bell in St. Paul's Church Yard, MDCXL. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum hanc Ovidii Translationem.*

This work is dedicated to Charles I. and concludes with saying, "Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and glory of your people: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall diadem for an immortall." A panegryic to the King, in verse, follows, consisting of upwards of sixty lines; and after that an address, also in verse, from "Urania to the Queene," of about the same length. There is also a short life of Ovid and a defence of him. The translation is in folio, and accompanied with copious notes, collected from various authors, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, and displaying a great deal of knowledge and good sense. The engravings are the originals, from which those were reduced, which are prefixed to each book of the later translation of the Metamorphoses by Creech, &c. printed in 12mo. in 1717; but in the edition of 1751, the prints are different and much better. As a short specimen of his translation of a

celebrated passage, I insert a few lines from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe in the fourth book.

" Now she who could not yet her feare remove,
Returnes, for feare to disappoint her love.
Her eager spirit seekes him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her escap't surprize.
The place and figure of the tree she knew;
Yet doubts, the berryes having chang'd their hew.
Uncertaine; she his panting lims descry'd,
That struck the stained earth, and starts aside.
Box was not paler than her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath'd-on sea she shooke.
But when she knew 'twas he, (now dispossest
Of her amaze) she shreeks, beats her swolne brest,
Puls off her haire; imbraces; softly reares
His hanging head, and fills his wound with teares;
Then, kissing his cold lips: woe's me (she said)
What cursed fate hath this division made!
O speake, my Pyramus! O looke on me!
Thy deare, thy desperate Thisbe calls to thee!
At Thisbe's name he opens his dim eyes;
And having seen her, shuts them up, and dyes."

In his translation of the First Book of the Æneis, the parting of Venus from her son is thus described.

" ——————————— This said
In turning she her rosie neck display'd;
Her tresses with ambrosia dewd expire
A heavenly odor; her inlarg'd attire
Trailes on the ground: her gate a goddesse shows.
The pleased Queen to Paphos then retires,
Where stood her temple: there a hundred fires,
(Whose flagrant* flames Sabean gums devoures)
Blaze on as many altars crown'd with flowers."

* Q. *fragrant?* " Sabæo—Ture calent aræ," &c.

From

From these specimens it will be seen, that Sandys's translation is more close and literal than poetical; and if compared with Dryden's, published only fifty-seven years after, there will be found a greater difference than could be expected in so short a time.

George Sandys was seventh and youngest son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, in whose palace of Bishopthorp he was born in 1577, and died at his nephew, Sir Francis Wyat's house, of Boxley Abbey, in Kent, in 1643.* He was younger brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, of Northbourn, in Kent, who wrote the "Europæ Speculum." George Sandys is better known as a traveller than as a poet. For an account of his Travels see CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. IV. p. 147.

M. P.

ART. IV. *A Choice of Emblemes, and other Devises, for the moste parte gathered out of sundrie writers, Englished and moralized. And divers newly devised by Geffrey Whitney, &c. &c. Imprinted at Leyden in the house of Christopher Plantyn, by Francis Raphelengius,*† 1586. *4to. pp.* 230, *exclusive of Dedication, &c.*

* Biog. Dict. In the account of him in this work, he is said to have died at *Bexley* instead of *Boxley*. His translation of Ovid is also said there to have been published at Oxford in 1632.‡ My edition was published in London in 1640, and no notice is taken in it of any former edition; and the dedication to the King alludes to troubles which did not exist in 1632.

† In a dedication of one of the plates Whitney addresses himself, "Ad doctiss. V. D. Franciscum Raphelengium in obsidione Antwerpiana periclitantem."

‡ The first edition seems to have been of the *First Five Books*, in 1627, and again 1632. *Wood's Ath.* II. 47. *Editor.*

I have

I have every reason to suppose, that this most curious work is of the *greatest rarity*, which may be accounted for, in some degree, by its having been printed abroad, and it is very rarely (from what cause I am unable to conjecture) that a perfect copy is to be met with in this country. I refer the reader to Herbert's Ames' "General History of Printing," page 1695, for some account of it; in addition to which I beg to observe, that many of the wood cuts, with which each page is adorned, display considerable ingenuity in design, and great excellence in point of execution. It appears that Whitney was a native of Cheshire (which I do not find noticed elsewhere) from one of the plates representing a phenix at page 177, being dedicated "to my countrimen of the Namptwiche in Cheshire."* In the lines underneath he observes,

"Althoughe I knowe that aucthors witnes true,
What here I write, bothe of the oulde, and newe;
Which when I wayed, the newe, and eke the oulde,
I thought uppon your towne destroyed with fire:
And did in minde, the newe Namptwiche behoulde,†
A spectacle for anie man's desire:

Whose buildings brave, where cinders weare but late,
Did represente (me thought) the Phœnix fate.
And as the oulde, was manie hundreth yeares,
A towne of fame, before it felt that crosse:

* The principal part of the plates are dedicated to Cheshire and Lancashire gentlemen.

† There are two instances upon record of this town suffering by fire, the first in the year 1438, and the second (to which no doubt the poet alludes) in 1583, when it was nearly consumed; but, from a collection made by Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, and increased by Queen Elizabeth, it was rebuilt, considerably improved, and beautified.

Even

Even so, (I hope) this Wiche, that nowe appeares,
A Phœnix age shall laste, and knowe no losse."

As specimens of the author's style and versification, I subjoin the two following "Emblemes."

"Mihi pondera, luxus.

"When Autumne ripes the frutefull fieldes of graine,
And Ceres doth in all her pompe appeare,
The heavie eare doth breake the stalke in twaine,
Wherebie we see this by experience cleare:
Hir owne excesse, did cause her proper spoile,
And made her corne, to rotte uppon the soile.

Soe worldlie wealthe, and great aboundance, marres
The sharpenes of our sences, and our wittes,
And, oftentimes, our understanding barres,
And dulles the same, with manie carefull fittes:
Then since excesse procures our spoile and paine,
The meane preferre, before immoderate gaine." p. 23.

"Latet anguis in herbâ.

"Of flattringe speeche, with sugred wordes beware,
Suspect the harte, whose face doth fawne and smile;
With trusting theise, the worlde is clog'd with care,
And fewe there bee can scape theise vipers vile:
With pleasinge speeche they promise, and protest,
When hatefull hartes lie hidd within their brest.

The faithfull wight, dothe neede no collours brave;
But those that truste, in time his truthe shall trie,
Where fawning mates can not their credit save,
Without a cloake, to flatter, faine, and lye:
No foe so fell, nor yet soe harde to scape,
As is the foe, that fawnes with freindlie shape." p. 24.

J. H. M.

ART.

ART. V. *The Court of the most illustrious and most magnificent James the First, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, &c. With divers rules, most pure precepts, and selected definitions lively delineated.*

" Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.
To please the best, best praise I doe it judge;
Let Grill be Grill; I passe not Envie's grudge."

London: Printed by Edw. Griffin, in Eliot's Court in the Little Old Baily, neere the King's Head. 1620. *Small 4to. pp.* 168, *exclusive of Dedication, Preface, &c.**

This excellent little treatise, although addressed to the courtiers of James the First, is well worthy the perusal of those belonging to George III. It is inscribed to " George Marquisse Buckingham, Vicount Villiers, &c. &c." the well known favourite of James I. And the dedication is signed with the initials A. D. B.

The principal object of the author appears to have been to warn the courtier " to bee most wary and heedfull that out of himselfe hee draw a rule to rectifie and governe his owne life, that hee be content to taste the sower with the sweete, and in court to expect as well burthen-some blame and injurie as beautiful fame and dignity," and " to let him knowe, and knowe assuredly, that he which enters into the court enters into

* In addition to the works heretofore brought forward, relative to the Life and Reign of James the First, the present very rare article, which has a connection with the same era, will I trust be deemed an interesting communication.

such

such a kind of life as comprehends much more labour and care than ease and quietnesse."

The chief part of the work, consists of a code of useful admonitions, with some good advice, to those engaged both in the domestic and foreign services of their princes, whom the author compares to "soldiers," and their line of action to a "warre-fare." After advising the courtier "to get wisdome as his best guide," he observes, "let him not by any meanes omit or neglect the studie of law, languages, and eloquence; and let him especially, bend his best endevours, to attaine unto the prompt, perfect, and most commendable knowledge of histories, and antiquities, to which, indeed I cannot sufficiently move and admonish him: for, this knowledge is the testis of the times, the light of truth, the life of memorie, the mistresse of life, and the messenger of antiquitie. Yea, this same historicall knowledge (if wee may beleeve Polybius) is a most sound and sure direction, instruction, and preparative, to all well managing of politique affayres, and is, indeed, a singular tutrixe, and faithfull informer, how to abide and suffer patiently the inconstancies, and mutabilities, of brittle and fickle fortune. If therefore (friendly courtier) thou wouldst not continually shew thyselfe a childe, an non-proficient, in the court of thy prince, be not (I say) rude, but well read, and a skilfull antiquary in histories and chronicles." Page 22.

Furthermore the author adds, "I must truly tell thee (kind courtier) this one thing, namely, that the court makes not a man better, but men rather may make the court itselfe better, whereby I would intimate thus much, that tis not enough to live in court, to goe to bed at midnight, to rise the next morning at ten

ten a clocke, and then what with apparelling himselfe, with frizling and curling his haire with his curling pin, with poudring and turning up the same this way and that way, about his eares, continuing thus in his bed-chamber, even till noone at least, and then to spend the rest of the day in feasting, jesting, and many such like toyes and triviall exercises and practises; assuredly I say (and let every courtier beleeve me) that he which is onely occupied and busied in cropping these roses, shall undoubtedly finde then but pricking thornes; on these trees, shall finde nothing but fruitlesse leaves; shall find these vines both wilde and barren; in these garners shall find nothing but chaffe; and finally, in these treasuries, shall be possest of nothing but meere counterfeit mettle. The courtier (I say) which adheres, cleaves, and is inclined to these things above mentioned, cannot rightly undertake, excogitate, doe, or begin to doe any thing, much lesse perfectly finish or effect the same; he also which cleares not himselfe of these things, shall finde many defects in himselfe, and such, as that, if hee mend not his manners, will give him just cause to weepe and lament." Page 161.

The author concludes his work with some pious and wholesome exhortations which he desires the courtier "to keepe alwayes in perpetuall remembrance, and alwayes beare about him."

I. H. M.

ART. VI. *Ancient Scottish Poems. Published from the MS. of George Bannatyne.* 1568. *Edinburgh,* 1770. 8*vo.*

The antecedent volumes of the CENSURA LITERARIA

RARIA* have described some of the modest and useful labours of Sir David Dalrymple, and the contents of the present are not, at least to those interested in the history of Scotch poetry, of inferior importance. As in his other publications, the unassuming modesty of the editor concealed his name in this.

The eulogium which he has bestowed on Ruddiman, may with equal justice be transferred to this learned and intelligent editor. His modesty was still more remarkable than his learning; for he suffered his works to go forth to the world without the name of their author.

" ——————— Sine pondere terram
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,"

is the *classical* wish of one who has profited by the labours of this studious, intelligent, and modest man.

The singular scarcity of this volume is one reason for its introduction here; but it has higher claims. Many are the causes contributing to the rarity of a book:—if antiquity is one, it must in the present case be referred to the contents of the volume rather than the date of its title-page. The poems are selected from a voluminous miscellany compiled by one Ballantyne in 1568, and which at the time of this publication belonged to Lord Hyndford. Many of them had been before printed by Allan Ramsay, who had long before consulted the MS. but Ramsay had made so free with the Scotch orthography and the ancient language, with which he was very imperfectly acquainted, as to reduce the text nearly to the standard of modern English. Ramsay had the taste, feeling,

* See Vol. II. p. 193. See Life of Lord Kames, I. 182.

and

and genius of a poet,* but he wanted learning and judgment as an editor.

At the head of this volume, as of the great bead-roll of ancient Scotch poets, stands the name of William Dunbar, and ninety-seven pages are assigned to his productions, in front of which stands "the Thistle and the Rose,"† and "the Golden Terge."

When much has been performed, it savours of ingratitude to complain that no more, or that something different has not been done. "So far so good"—but we could have wished that Mr. Chalmers had bestowed the same mark of his regard on William Dunbar as he has shewn to Sir David Lyndsay; we should not then have to lament that the greatest genius, that Scotland has produced, (with one exception) is to be traced only in fragments, in manuscripts, and in miscellaneous collections. In brilliancy of colouring, in minuteness of description, in knowledge of life and of human nature, he is little inferior to Chaucer: in moral feeling perhaps superior. So universal was his genius, so numerous and diversified are the effusions of his muse, that no general character, much less such an one as the pen of the present correspondent could delineate, could do justice to his various merits. In his allegorical and serious poems, vigorous, dignified, and even sublime, he occasionally descends to the familiar and even the

* *Mister* Pinkerton will not, of course, allow this, after comparing the Gentle Shepherd with the Pastor Fido, of Guarini, as a dunghill to a flower-garden: but *de gustibus*—"the proverb is somewhat musty."

> With submission I speak to your reverence's tail
> But mine has no tast for a tenpeny nail!

† Every reader will remember Langhorne's encomium:

> Time still spares the *Thistle and the Rose.*

ludicrous

ludicrous without any impeachment of his rank—assuming by turns the dictatorial bench of a moralist, and again sitting at ease in the chair of an ingratiating and garrulous companion. His religious poems are, it must be owned, the poems of Dunbar, but they were composed when his "way of life had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;" and in them the brightness of his genius is alloyed with the querulous complainings of old age. No service could be performed more acceptable to Scotch literature than a perfect edition of the works of the great poet Dunbar.

Making due allowance for the advantages of distant and more refined ages, I fancy I perceive some points of contact between Burns and Dunbar: but in the paths that lead to the heart, in delicacy of feeling, in tenderness and ardour of expression, the former is superior to Dunbar, and indeed to all others.

"Il faut que le cœur seul parle dans l'elégie."

How cold and inexpressive are the complaints of the classic poet of Hawthornden to the impassioned appeals of the Ayrshire bard! Indeed it is to be feared that what was at first passion in Drummond became habit by indulgence; a poet, and a very respectable poet he doubtless was, but we need not the aid of Boileau to teach us that

"——— bien exprimer ces caprices heureux
C'est peu d'être poëte, il faut être amoureux."

That portion of Dunbar's poems, which this volume contains, is sufficient to exemplify the leading features of his poetry, and as this work is intended rather to excite than to gratify curiosity, to trace the general

outline than to perfect the resemblance, I shall content myself with exhibiting some characteristic specimens of his various talents. His powers for allegory are among his most shining qualifications, and a more favourable example could not, perhaps, be produced, than the following stanzas of

"*The Daunce.*

1.

" Of Februar the fyftene nycht,
Richt lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay intill a trance;
And than I saw baith hevin and hell;
Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane daunce,
Of shrewis that wer never schrevin,
Against the feast of Fasternis evin,
To mak thair observance;
He bad gallands ga graith agyis,
And cast up gamountis in the skyis,
The last came out of France.

2.

Lat se, quoth he, now quha beginis:
With that the fowll seven deidly sinis
Begowth to leip at anis.
And first of all in dance wes *Pryd*,
Wyth hair wyld bak, bonet on syd,
Lyk to mak vaistie wanis;
And round about him as a quheill,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heile,
His kethat for the nanis.
Mony proud troumpour with him trippit,
Throw skaldan fyre, ay as they skippit,
They girnd with hyddous granis.

3. Heillie

3.

Heillie Harlottis in hawtane wyis
Come in with mony sindrie gyis,
Bot yet luche nevir Mahoun,
Quhill preistis cum with bare schevin nekks,
Then all the feynds lewche, and maid gekks,
Black-belly and *Bawsy-brown.*

4.

Than *Yre* came in with sturt and stryfe;
His hand wes aye upon his knyfe,
He brandeist lyke a beir:
Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him passit into pairis,
All bodin in feir of weir.
In jakkis, stryppis, and bonnettis of steill,
Their leggis wer cheyniet to the heill,
Frawout wes thair affeir;
Sum upoun uder with brands beft,
Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
With knyvis that scherp coud scheir."

The other personages of "the Daunce" (whether

"Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, or reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.")

are *Envy*, *Coveteousness*, *Sweiring*, *Lichery*, *Idleness* and *Gluttony*. The tenth stanza reminds one of the sooty minstrel that astonished Tam O'Shanter at Alloway Kirk.

"Na menstralls playit to thame but dowt,
For gle'-men thair wer haldin out
Be day, and eke by nycht;
Except a menstrall that slew a man,
Sa till his heretage he wan,
And entirt be breif of rycht."

It is not only on account of having cited the Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedy in a former volume, but as exhibiting a specimen of his talent for the ludicrous, that I transcribe three stanzas of this singular performance.

1.

" I, Master Andro Kannedy,
A matre quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with some incuby,
Or with sum freir *infatuatus*;
In faith I cannot tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

2.

Cum nihil sit certius morte,
We man all de' quhen we haif done,
Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,
Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw nicht I mycht not sleip a wink,
Licet æger in corpore,
Yet wald my mouth be watt with drynk.

3.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,
I leif my saule for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
Into my lordis wyne-cellar;
Semper ili ad remanendum
Till domesday cum without dissiver,
Bonum vinum ad libendum
With swcit Cuthbert that luvit me nevir."

The religious poems of Dunbar, I have before observed, are of inferior merit; I therefore pass to the further

further contents of this volume. To the poems of Dunbar succeed several by Robert Henrysone, of which the pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne is the most interesting. Several poems follow by Stewart, Patrick Johnstone, Kennedy, and others, which I pass over to come at the ballads of Alexander Scott, who has been termed by Pinkerton, without extravagant praise, the Anacreon of ancient Scotch poetry. His pieces, which are chiefly amatory, are singularly elegant and correct: of this those who are unacquainted with his productions will be convinced by the following examples.

"*To his Heart.*

1.

" Returne thee hamewrt, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be,
Thou art ane fule to suffer pane,
For luve of hir that luves not the'.
My hairt, lat be sic fantasie,
Luve nane bot as they mak the cause,
And let her seik ane hairt for the';
For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

2.

To quhat effect sould thou be thrall?
But thank sen thou hes thy free will,
My hairt be nocht sa bestiall
Bot knaw wha dois the' gude or ill.
Remane with me, and tarry still,
And se' quha playis best thair pawis,
And lat fillock ga fling her fill,
For feind a crum of the' she fawis.

3.

Thocht sche be fair, I will not feynie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma;
For quhy? Thair is a fellone menyie
That semis good, and ar not sa.
My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Marjory, or yit Mawis,
Bot be thou glad, and lat hir ga;
For feind a crum of the' scho fawis.

4.

Becaus I fynd sche tuk in ill,
At her depairting thow mak na care;
Bot all begyld, go quhair scho will,
A schrew the hairt that mane maks mair.
My hairt be merry lait and air,
This is the final end and clause,
And let her fallow ane silly fair,
For feind a crum of the' sche fawis."

" Lament quhen his Wyffe left him.

1.

" To luve unluvit it is ane pane;
For scho that is my soverane,
Sum wanton man so he' hes set hir,
That I can get no luve agane,
Bot breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

2.

Quhen that I went with that sweit May
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
And oft tymes in my eirmis plet hir;
I now do murne both nycht and day,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

3. Quhair

3.

Quhair I wes wont to see hir go,
Rycht trymly passand to and fro,
With cumly smylis when that I met hir;
And now I live in pane and wo,
And breke my hairt, and nocht the better.

4.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,
To slay myself with melancoly,
Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir?
Or quhat suld be the caus, and quhy,
To breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

5.

My hairt, sen thow may nocht her pleis,
Adew; as gude luve cumis as gais,
Go chuse anither, and forget hir:
God gif him dolour and disease,
That brekes his hairt, and nocht the bettir."

I now reluctantly quit a volume which has many substantial claims to notice in the CENSURA LITERARIA, besides its rare occurrence, a circumstance which the booksellers, in their present liberal practice of republishing whatever is curious, would do well to obviate.

I cannot conclude this article, which has already extended to an unwarrantable length, without expressing my regret that so much of the early Scotch poetry is difficult of attainment, and that the works have hitherto been uncollected of some of the elder and higher bards of the north. The poets more particularly referred to

are Dunbar, Drummond, James the First, (for Mr. Tytler's text is exceedingly incorrect,) Gawin Douglas, Alexander Scott, and a long et cætera of poetæ minores. Our neighbours have never been wanting in attachment to the productions of their native soil, and at a time when literature is cultivated with such striking success as it is in Edinburgh at present, added to the local advantages which they possess for such undertakings, it is to be hoped they will not long be suffered to remain in partial oblivion and undeserved obscurity: whoever contributes to the promotion of these desiderata will deserve highly of Scotland and of literature in general.

> "Et meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
> Vocis accedet bona pars."

O. G.

Art. VII. *Here begynneth a lytel treatyse of the lyrth and prophecye of Marlyn.* (Beneath this labelled title is a neat wood cut of Marlyn, Uter, and Pendragon.) The Colophon runs—*Here endeth a lytell treatyse of Marlyn, whiche prophesyed of many fortunes or happes here in Englande. Enprynted in London in Flete strete, at the sygne of of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde: the yere of our Lorde, a MCCCCC and X.* (44 leaves, 4to. about 32 lines in a page.)

This printed edition of the romance of Merlin was unknown to Herbert; neither is it adverted to by Dr. Percy in his Essay on our metrical romances, nor by Mr. Ellis in his abstract of the romance itself, both of whom only speak of manuscript copies. From those copies

copies this tale appears to differ in many respects, particularly in its curtailment of some incidents and enlargement of others. The diction of the poem (as was commonly the case, even in coëval transcripts) varies also considerably, from the MSS. that have been preserved; as will be shewn by citing a few passages which run parallel to those Specimens exhibited by Mr. Ellis.

The first leaf of the printed relique I quote from is a little mutilated, which has rendered four of the lines imperfect; but notwithstanding this defect I am led to introduce the exordium, because it presents a diversity of metre from the rest of the work, which is in short couplets; and also because it differs so widely from those introductory lines which have been printed by Dr. Percy and Mr. Walter Scott,* from the Percy and Auchinleck MSS.

" Cryste on crosse his blode y^{t} ble[
And lyfe for lyfe he layd to w[
As it was his wyll;
Graunt them grace of myrthes r[
Joye and blysse in all theyr l[
That me herkeneth tyll.

I shall you tell solace and game,
Frendes, felawes, sythe all in same,
And herken of grete nobly;
Sounde and sauffe than mote ye be;
And all that herkeneth unto me,
What I shall you say.

I shall you tell here afore
How Merlyn was goten and bore;
And of his dedes also,
And of other mervaylles many mo."

* See Reliques of English Poetry, III. xxxix. and Introduction to Sir Tristram, p. cxix.

The

The following passage is cited, for the opportunity it gives of comparison with Mr. Ellis's extract, in his Metrical Romances, Vol. I. pp. 197-8. It displays the same mock-denial with which Richard the Third refused the crown, according to Shakspeare and Rapin.

"Tho * answered Syr Vortyger,
As a lorde of grete power,
'Why bidde ye me such a thinge?
I was never your kynge!
Ne never yet here beforne
Was I to you sworne
To helpe you at your nede:
And, therfore, so God me spede!
Go home to your kynge,
And pray hym, upon all thynge,
That he you help of your fone, †
For helpe of me gete ye none!'
Tho a bolde baron answerde—
'Syr our kynge is but a cowarde!
For whan he seeth swerdes drawe,
He weneth ‡ anone for to be slawe: ||
He dooth us no more good,
But fleeth away as he were wood. §
Haddest thou be amonge us all,
Than had us not that shame befall:
All that we lost in that saute, **
In hym was all the defaute,
And all the losse of our baner.'
'I trowe well, sayd Vortyger;
Certes, he sayd, it was grete dole
To make a kynge so grete a fole!
Had ye made a man your kynge,
He wolde you helpe in all thynge;

* Then. † foes. ‡ thinketh. || slain. § frantic. ** assault.

As

As certaynly syker* ye be,
Helpe gete ye none of me.
But and your kynge were dede, I plgyht
I wolde you helpe with all my myght."

Another passage differs thus remarkably from Mr. Ellis's text. See his Specimens, p. 201.

"Kynge Angys,† veramente,
Hadde a doughter fayre and gente,
That was a hethen Sarasyn,‡
And Vortyger, for love of hym,
Toke her anone to his wyfe,
And was *accorded* all his lyfe:
Soone he wedded her there,
And menged‖ theyr blode bothe in fere.§
So that the cure of Englonde
Was loste in the fendes honde."

The printed copy contains but a small portion of the *second part* of this romance, as conveyed in the elegant narrative of Mr. Ellis from a transcript of the Auchinleck MS. communicated by Mr. Scott; and what it does contain, deviates greatly from the written text, as will be seen by comparing the following extract with its counterpart in Vol. I. p. 234 of the Romance Specimens: where it is much compressed.

"So on a day the messengeres,
As they satte at theyr dyneres
In a towne of the west countre,
With mete and drynke grete plente,
An olde chorle** there came ynne
With long heres on his chynne:

* Sure. † i. e. Hengist. ‡ *alias* Saxon. ‖ mingled.
§ in fellowship. ** This was Merlin in masquerade.

A staffe

A staffe in his honde he had,
And shone * on his fete full bad.
He began to coughe and grone thore, †
And sayd—'he was an hongred sore,
And bad them on the bench above,
Gyve hym some mete, for Goddes love.'
They hym answered, without lesynge, ‡
He sholde neyther have mete ne other thynge.
They swore, by hym that Judas solde!
He was a stoute chorle, and a bolde, ||
And myght travayle for his mete,
Yf he with trouthe wolde it gete.
They called hym Fayter! § everychone,
And bad hym trusse ** faste, & [be] gone:
And swore 'by the trouthe that God hym gaffe,
He sholde have of his owne staffe
Thre stroses †† well i-set,
But ‡‡ he hyed hym oute the bet.'
Than answered the olde man,—
'Felowes, he sayd, no chorle I am:
I am an olde man of this worlde,
And many wonders I have herde;
And ye but wretches of yonge blood,
And knowe all but lytell good:
And yf ye coude, as ye ne can,
Ye wolde scorne none old man,
As ye go in your prynces nede;
For olde men myght you rede. |||
For to finde Marlyn the chylde
Your prynce was bothe good and wylde
To sende men that done outerage,
For to wende §§ on his message.

* Shoes. † qu. there? ‡ i. e. very frankly. || A sturdy and bold fellow.
§ Deceiver. ** pack up quickly. †† a misprint probably for strokes.
‡‡ Unless. ||| advise. §§ to go.

For

For Marlyn is of suche manere,
Though he stode before you here,
And spake to you as I do,
Ye sholde hym knowe never the mo.
Thryes * to-daye ye have hym met,
And yet ye knowe hym never the bet:
Therfore go home, by my rede,
To fynde hym shall ye not spede.
Bydde your prynce take barons fyve,
And go seche Marlyn blyve; †
And that Marlyn shall them abyde,
On hye by the forest syde."

Aurelius Ambrosius, or Aurilis Brosias, in the MS. romance, seems to be called Pendragon in the printed copy, and is made the elder brother of Uther. This Uther was a strong man, says the metrical record, and in the absence of his brother, being befriended by Merlin, had an affray with King Hengist, in which he

" Gave hym such a stroke,
That he flewe tayle over toppe,
And toke hym by the hede ‡ anone,
And smote it fro the necke bone."

After this achievement the army of Hengist fled, but in their flight 500 of the stoutest were slain: and three days afterwards the rest were suffered to depart for Denmark, upon taking an oath that they would never return to England more. The tidings of the death of Hengist, soon roused two of his nephews to revenge, Sir Gamoure and Metradoure, both 'grete lordes of londe'; the latter holding two, and the former three duchies. These lords collected together a mighty

* Thrice. † blithe. ‡ head.

host,

host, with whom they set sail for England, and landed at Bristol. Merlin by his skill in prescience, having announced the approach of these formidable foes to Uther and Pendragon, and predicted that one of these brothers would fall in the conflict, directed Pendragon to make the attack on land, and Uther to follow up the assault by sea. Desperate was the encounter and furious the resistance; but while Uther, the favourite of Merlin, escaped with life, the doughty Pendragon fell; after having had his horse killed under him, and after contending on foot with a hundred Saracens, or Saxons, who in murderous combination

> "Atte ones * began on hym to hewe,
> And brake bothe backe and arme,
> And slewe."

After this account of the catastrophe of Pendragon, the printed copy of the romance or "treatyse of Marlyn," thus concludes—

> "Whan Uther that understode
> That his broder was slayne, he was wode,
> And badde his folke faste fyght;
> And he bestyred hym as a knyght.
> Of xxx M. that were on lyve,
> There escaped away not fyve.
> Of Englysshe men there were slayne
> But thre hondred y^t ony man coude sayne. †
> Bytweene Bath and Brystowe tho
> Thre myle myght no man go,
> Neyther in dale, neyther in den, ‡
> But he trade on dede men.

* At once. † Say.

‡ Den is usually put for cave or dell, but here seems opposed to the latter, and may mean a woody acclivity.

Whan

Whan it was agaynst the nyght
Uther dyde discomfyte the fyght,
With many an erle and baroune,
And with knyghtes of grete renoune,
They wente home to theyr in *
On y^e morowe, by the counceyll of Marlyn.
Pendragon was out sought,
And in the erthe faire i-brought:
Beryed he was full mery
In the towne of Glastenbery.
Thus ended the doughty kynge:
God gyve his soule good endynge!
And after that Pendragon was dede,
Uther was crowned by comyn rede, †
And helde Englonde to ryght.
I praye to God, full of myght,
Graunte them heven blysse above!
Amen! for his moders love.
And gyve them all good endynge
That have herde this talkynge."

It will be seen from Mr. Ellis's prose continuation, that the second part of Merlin embraces a new series of events, from the union of Uther with the beautiful Igerna, which gave birth to heroic Arthur.

T. P.

ART. VIII. *Syr Degore.* (On a label, above a wooden cut of an equestrian Knight and his Esquire) Colophon: *Thus endeth the treatyse of Syr Degore. Emprinted at London in Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde.* (18 leaves in 8vo. of 4to. size.)

* Habitation. † public choice.

An

An abstract of the fable of this romance has been given by Mr. Warton, * and a more complete analysis by Mr. Ellis, † from a copy printed by Copland. The present edition by W. de Worde, which seems to vary in some particulars, is not mentioned by either of those accomplished scholars, nor is it noticed by the industrious Herbert. I have therefore cited both title and colophon, for the benefit of Herbert's reputed editor, and will add the titles to the chapters which constitute the divisions or fitts of this romantic legend.

The first division, which recounts the birth, parentage, and education of Sir Degore, has no prefix. The second sets forth "How Syr Degore fought with a dragon in a forest, and slewe hym." The third "How Syr Degore justed with the Kynge of Englonde, and smote hym downe." The fourth "How Syr Degore wedded his Moder, the Kynges doughter of Englonde, and howe shee knewe that he whas her Sone by the gloves." The fifth "How Syr Degore foughte for a Lady with a Gyaunt, and slewe hym." The sixth and last "How Syr Degore fought with his Fader, and how his Fader knewe hym by the broken swerde." A wood cut, illustrative of the ensuing subject, follows each of these titles of contents.

I extract a few lines from the commencement and he close of this romance.

"Lordynges, and ye wyll holde you styll,
A gentyll tale tell you I wyll
Of knyghtes of this countree,
That hath travayled beyonde the see

* History of English Poetry, I. 182.
† Specimens of Metrical Romances, III. 347.

To

To seke aventures, bothe nyght and daye,
And how they myght theyr strength assay.
* * * * *
Thus came the knyght out of his care:
God gyve us grace well to fare,
And that we all, upon domesday,
Come to the blysse that lasteth ay.
Amen."

T. P.

ART. IX. Εσοπτρον Βασιλικον: *or a Kenning-Glasse for a Christian King. Taken out of the* 19 *Chapter of the Gospell of Saint John, the* 5 *verse, in these words, "Behold the man!" and treated on by Will. Thorne, Deane of Chichester, and his Majesties Hebrew-reader in the Universitie of Oxford. Vehasenneh Bogner Baesh Vehasenneh. Veelleshemoth* 3. 2. *At London, Imprinted by R R. for John Harrison, dwelling in Paternoster-rowe, at the signe of the Anchor.* 1603. 12*mo.*

The learned author of this discourse was born at Semeley in Wilts, and (according to Wood)* had his grammatical education at Winchester, and his academical one in New Coll. Oxon. of which he became perpetual fellow in 1587. In 1598 he was constituted Hebrew-professor in that university, and was afterwards promoted to the deanery of Chichester; at which time (adds his biographer) he was reputed eminent, not only for his incomparable skill in the oriental sacred tongues, by Drusius and others, but unmatchable also for other learning. He died Feb. 13, 1629.

* Athen. Oxon. I. 545.

Wood thinks, from report, that he had written "other things;" but his "Rhetor,"* with the present publication were all he had seen, and to the latter he assigns an erroneous date. It would seem to have been penned soon after the accession of James to the English throne, and is inscribed to that *puissant* Prince, in a dedication, which being intermixed with salutary admonition, may furnish an extract more acceptable perhaps than the lecture itself.

"As thou art a Christian, so this is a common glasse to thee, O King, with all other Christians. As thou art a King, so doth it more properlie concerne thee: aswell, for that a King is to compute unto God for each Christian soule in his whole common-weale, as that the whole common-weale is naturally conformed unto the customes of her King: and therefore of choise I consecrate it unto thy Christian and kinglie calling. Accept then, in good part, most gracious King, this thy poore scholler's præsent. *Christus tibi liber exemplaris est.* I have given thee, saith Christ, an *example.* He is an everlasting example for thee: imitate him, and thy subjects will imitate thee. He is a most exemplar states-booke for thee: reade him, and thy subjects will reade thee. He is a *Mirrour of Magistrates* for thee, a *Kenning-Glasse for Kings:* assimilate thy selfe unto him, and thy subjects will assimilate themselves unto thee: and this is the office and use of this Glasse.

"James the minor, saith one,† was very like Christ in face: and for that cause especially, the said writer

* See Herbert's Ames M. 1405.

† Ludolph. de vita Jesu Christi. Pars ii. c. 59.

surmizeth,

surmizeth, he was called the *Lord's brother*. I dispute not of the one or the other, off or on. It seems he was well seen in this spirituall glasse: else, whence in his face are those rayes of virtues?—his Humilitie? for he was called *James the lesse:* his Justice? for he was called *James the just:* his all manner of virtues? for so I suppose when Christ said unto him—'Learne of me, for I am humble and meeke;' he learned him, with humilitie, all manner of virtues.

"Good King, will it please thee to consider, not sleightly, as did that man in Saint James his *naturall face*, but seriouslie, thy *spirituall face* in this *Glasse*, as Saint James did? Wilt thou compare and compose the cariage of thy whole life accordinglie? Thy greatnesse must vouchsafe to do then, as this James the minor, as this James the just did. Thou must, out of thy justice distributive, go on in God's name, as thou hast begun. Thou must as a *just* STEWARD,* divide æquallie, to thy selfe thine owne, to the common-weale her owne, to the church her owne, impartiallie, without acceptation of persons. Thou must scourge all monopoly-mongers, and such like monsters, out of thy common-weale, as Christ did those money-changers out of his church. Thou must suppresse all church-robbing, Christ-robbing Satans, suggesting thee—So sweete is the bread of Christ, and a daintie foode for Kings. To be a father unto the fatherlesse, an husband to the widowes, a foster-father unto the church of Christ, *hæ tibi erunt artes*—here is thy glorie, O King, *si justus imperas*, if thou fulfill the royall lawe." T. P.

* A biblical pun upon the monarch's surname.

Art. X. *A Treatise concerning the Nauie of England, &c.*

[concluded from p. 141.]

The MS. proceeds—" And having made mention, in the fore saide table, of proportion of two galliasses, there sett downe, among others, to sayle and rowe; of which sorte I coulde vouchsafe to have sett downe more, but for the rarenes of their building, which is very long and lowe wasted, and therefore might seeme doubtfull to some of their service, and brooking the seas in fowle wether. To which I answere first, they are made in foorme of a shipp to sayle as well as to rowe, having three masts as a shipp hathe; to weete, a maine maste, foremaste, and misen, with bowe sprete, topps and ells; allso, that they are not so lowe wasted as it is thoughte, but are of such reasonable haigthe as to such apertaines, which maye be of sufficient abilitie to brooke the seas in fowle wether as well as others; as experyence hathe taughte us to knowe the same, by the late coming hether of the Spanishe navie, wher among others came fowre great galliases, which by reporte were of seven and eight hundred tonne the peece, having twenty-eight oares on eache syde to rowe, being very well manned and apointed with brasse ordinaunce; as cannon, demy cannon, cannon pedro, culverin, demy culverin, porte peeces, sacar and minion, to the nomber of fortie and odd peeces, in eache one of them; whereof in the fore shipp, forecastle, and prowe, are xij peeces; to weete, two demy cannons cased and placed lowe and nere together, as on each syde the foremaste

foremaste and spieron of the galliasse one, and a berth off from them somewhat afterwarde on eache bowe a culverin, and next above over them a two culverins, all which six peeces shooteth dyrectly right forward on, as a gallie dothe. Then above them are six other peeces of smaller sorte, to shoote soundry wayes at their pleasure; allso along on each syde in one tiere twelve peeces or there aboute of dyvers sortes, to saye betweene every two oares a peece; allso in the starne four peeces; to weete, in the lower portes two culverins, and above them two demy culverins, and on each quarter a peece of lesser sorte shooting in a manner right aftward on, and of muskett and caliver sufficient: which galliasses with others, taking the seas, were by forceable stormes of reboystrous winds dispersed and driven backe againe, every one seeking where he might best finde porte for his safety; in which distresse, the sayde galliasses passed as well and as safely as any others, with out the losse of any of them, althoughe some other of their company, by reporte, passed harde ynoughe. After which storme seaced, they put their fleete in order and again tooke the seas, dyrecting their course towards England as before, with the saide galiasses amonge. Which fleete being come to the narrowe seas of England, and entring the same, were by her Majesties navie wellcomed with the vallure of woorthy men and geven fight, where then appeared; as I was credibly enformed by the reporte of dyvers Englishe men, serving in oure own navie, that the saide fowre galliasses made the moste answere, and offer of fight against us that was made, wherby they shewde them selves to be shipps of warrlyke force; for they having the vauntage by their oares, might

leave and take at their pleasure, and by reason therof did often tymes issue foorthe of their squadrons, as I maye terme it; as well to reskewe their fellowes sometymes distressed, as allso to geve charge uppon some of ours, and then at their pleasure retyred in againe. But, thankes be to God, both they and all the rest of them were mett withall in an other manner then they supposed, and had such rewarde geven them for their paines taking, in cominge hether, as they will remember it as long as they live. Thus contynewing fight divers dayes along the seas till they came to Black Neshe, beside Callis, up on the French syde, where they ankered, supposing to have joyned with the Prince of Parma his fleete, and the rest of their confederates; but wee, with a politique devyce of fyre woorke * sent among them in the nighte, put them from their grounde tackell, and so dispersed them asounder from their close order of keeping together; at which tyme they loste as it was supposed, 200 ankers, and 200 cables at the leaste; in which dismaye, the next daye her Majesties navie with the vallure and noble minde of the Lorde Admirall, the courage of hardy captaines, and redy good will of the maryners, soldiers, and gonners, gave them such a charge as put them all to flighte, and chased them from our coaste, to their greate losse, detryment, ruine, and spoyle; as some sounke, some dryven a shoare, some torne, some beaten, some battered, and some taken. Thus, to their shame and greate dishonor, they fled and passed northewarde from us towardes Scotland, to the oute isles of the same; and from thence to Ireland, uppon the northe parte therof; where meeting with tempestuous stormes of contrary

* Or *fire-ships*, first used to annoy the Spanish Armada.

windes,

windes, were driven uppon the rocks and drowned; saving some fewe which escaped in to the greate occean, among which also was two of the galliasses, taking their parte with the rest, where after long tossing and tombling, one of them broke and loste her roother, by which meanes shee was forced to put into the narrowe seas, where once before shee had binne, and keeping close along the coaste of Fraunce, recovered the porte of Newehavon for their safetie; and the other, after long travaile, safely recovered the coaste of Spaine. So heere it appeareth by all these reasons, that they are not only sufficient and able to brooke the seas, as well as others, but are of warrlike service; which considered, causeth me to wishe that her Majestie had a coople newe builte, althoughe nott so long, nor so greate, as the Spanishe galliasses were, as I doubte not, but the conning skill of her Majesties shipp wrightes, woulde frame them in a much more better order then they; and as I have wished, so I woulde wee had them; and the rather, for that they have dooble that another shipp hathe, for they having sayles and oares bothe, have a greate advauntadge over other, for with ther oares in tyme of calmes or calme wether, they can goe from their enemyes that chasse them, and following a chasse them selves, shalle the sooner obtayne their purpose. Allso, they maye rowe to windwarde of the enemye, wherby they shall not onely save themselves from harme in tyme of daunger, but gett the advauntadge of their enemye to anoye him; therfore to sayle and rowe bothe, with shipps of such boorden as is able to carry the cannon culverin and such lyke, in my judgement is an excellent good thinge As for exsample, when Sir Frauncis Drake was at the baye

of Cales in Spaine, wher finding dyvers shipps of the Kings of Spayne's, provyded for his warrs, he sett them on fyer; but the gallies which had oares rowed awaye from him, that he coulde neither take, nor burn any of them, and so escaped they that daunger. Thus have you heard thadvauntage by the oare, and conserning such as shoulde be apointed to rowe in the said galiasses: yf my minde might be allowed therin, then woulde I thinke that among the nomber of watermen, occupying the ryver of Thames, might be founde an apte and meete companye for the purpose, whoe, as I have often heard, be not so fewe as XX. C men, one with an other; to saye barge-men, tylte boate-men, wherrymen, ferry-men, skullers, fishermen and such lyke, as well eastewarde as westwarde of the saide ryver, who dayly frequenteth and occupyeth them selves in rowing with the oare, and so live by the same. Therfore, as before I have saide, from among them might well be taken 2 c, 4 c, or more, for the service of her Majestie, as often as occasion shoulde requyre. And as for gallie, galliotta, foyste, frygatt, or brigantyne, I heere speake not of, for that our long rowing pinnasses, in my judgement, for our service and seas are more convenyent."

"Arming of warrlyke shipps," is next very minutely described, and also "the perticuler arming of a galliase;" which rendering the account of that vessel complete is transcribed to the end.

"Heere by the waye it is to be remembred and considered, that betweene the arminge of a shipp and a galliasse, althoughe bothe shoulde be of one bourden, yet would ther be some difference; as for exsample, a shipp of 600 tonns, after the order prescrybed, having

to

to him assygned 400 men, of maryners, gonners, and soldiers: so yf I shoulde lyke wyse alowe to a galliasse of the same bourden, as many besyde them that shoulde rowe, the nomber wil be too greate for the galliasse; having twenty oares on a syde and five men at every oare, woulde demaunde 200 men more then a shipp of the saide bourden, and so wolde the nomber be 600 men, which woulde growe chargeable. I have therefore thought it good, as well for the avoyding of charges, as preserving the men in better helthe, to alowe to a galliasse of 600 tonns, but as a shipp of 450 tonns; that is to say 300 men; three parts of which, being 225, to be maryners, and gonners; and one fowrthe, being 75, to be soldiers; and the halfe of the whole companye, being 150, to bee shott, which being devyded after two musketts to every caliver, amounteth to 100 musketts and 50 calivers; apointing to every of the 75 soldiers his muskett, and to 75, to be taken out of the whole companye of the maryners, other 75 shott; that is to saye, for the saide maryners to occupye 25 musketts and 50 culivers, and thus an ordring of the 150 shott for a galliasse of 600 tonns as declared. Then, adding to them 200 men to rowe, the whole nomber will be 500 men; which 200 rowers, althoughe not assigned to any perticuler weapon, but onely to rowe, yet I knowe that they being right English men and good fellowes, cannot be ydle yf oportunitie serve them, when other men shal be occupyed in resisting or damnefying the enemye. Therfore, I would wishe the galliasses to be well provyded of browne bills, boxe speares, partysanes, pykes, halfe pykes, and good shorte arming swoordes, that every of them maye have

of

of those weapons redy at nede: and thus a conclusion for the arming of a galliasse of 600 tonns as declared.

"Allso having made mention, as before declared, of the nomber of maryners, gonners, and soldiers, for the service of each shipp, yet not perticularly of anye, save of the soldiers onely; for the maryners and gonners I joyned together, in consideracon that the one shoulde be an aide or an helpe to the other in tyme of nede, as the maryners to helpe the gonners, remeeving, terveering, heaving out, and halling in, of the greate ordinance, which the gonners alone in tyme of fight shoulde not be so well able to doo; and notwithstandinge the nomynating of them together, for the causes aforesaide, yet doe I not thinke it amisse, under correction, to make some perticuler computacon of gonners for the proper service of eache shipp by it selfe, which may be as followeth; that is to saye to a shipp of 1000 tonns (who having greate quantitie of brasse ordinaunce as cannons, cannon-pedroes, culverins, porte-peeces, demy-canon, demy-culverins, fowlers, and such lyke) woulde be appointed 60 gonners at the leaste, and to a shipp of 900 tonns woulde be allotted 56 gonners, and to a shipp of 800 tonns 52 gonners; and to a shipp of 700 tonns 48; and to a shipp of 600 44; and to a shipp of 500 tonns 40; and to a shipp of 400 tonns 36; and to a shipp of 350 tonns 34; and to a shipp of 300 tonns 32; and to a shipp of 250 tonns 30; and to a shipp of 200 tonns 28; and to a shipp of 150 tonns 26; and to a shipp of 100 tonns 24; and to all other enferior shipps according discretion; and thus a particularitie of gonners for the proper service of eache shipp as declared.

"Thus

"Thus ending this Addition, I conclude with the same minde that I beganne, which was that I ment not, nor heere doe take uppon me, to wryte or dedicate this to any, but to satisfye my owne minde or desyre heerein, in which I hope no one wilbe offended. For as I woulde be lothe to geve occasion of offence to any; no more would I that others, shoulde conceave of this my doinge, any curious controlling; or that I shoulde seeme a corrector, teacher, or dyrettour of others, what they should doe. For as I acknowledge my selfe farr unmeete, and unable to preserybe more meeter meanes, and wyser waies, more prudent p'oicies and desyres, then is all redy in this realme used, for the defence of our owne, and anoying of our enemyes: So muste I and doe acknowledge, as by daylye experyence appeareth, that wee have (God be thanked) such sorte of wyse and politique persons at this daye of oure owne nacion (as well amonge those of her Majesties navie as among others) that bothe canne wryte vollumes heereof to others, and are well able to supplye in place them selves when occasion requyreth. Onely have I written thus muche in zeale to my countrye, which claimeth of each man therof no lesse good will in duetye. Finis." *

In transcribing from the MS. it appeared necessary to omit, or rather fill up, the words occasionally abbreviated; in other respects the orthography is minutely

* Another copy of this nautical Treatise seems to be preserved among the Pepysian MSS. at Magdalen College, Cambridge, being thus described in the General Catalogue: "A Discourse of the Navy of England, written by John Montgomery, A. D. 1570; with his additional Observations thereon, after the Spanish action 1588; and his project for erecting a land militia, addressed to King Philip, 1557." Vide Cat. Libr. Manuscr. Univ. Cantabr. p. 209. *Editor.*

followed.

followed. Opposite the title to the first part there is a coloured drawing of a ship at sea, discharging pieces of ordnance, with rocks at a distance; and in the title of the second part is a similar drawing of a sea view, a large dolphin in the fore part, land and a vessel in the distance; in other pages are two trifling drawings of flowers, that bespeak more of fancy than incidental meaning.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XI. *A Defensative against the poyson of supposed Prophesies; not hitherto confuted by the penne of any man; which being grounded, eyther vppon the warrant and authority of olde paynted bookes, expositions of Dreames, Oracles, Reuelations, Innocations of damned spirites, Judicialles of Astrologie, or any other kinde of pretended knowledge whatsoever, de futuris contingentibus; haue been causes of great disorder in the common wealth, and cheefely among the simple and vnlearned people: very needeful to be published at this time, considering the late offence which grew by most palpable and grosse errours in Astrology. Job* vi. 25. *Quare detraxistis sermonibus veritatis? Cum e vobis nullus sit, qui possit arguere me verum tamen quod cæpistis explete, et videte an mentiar. Wherefore you detracted from the wordes of trueth, since there is none among you that is able to reproone mee? But what ye haue begunne fulfill, and see whether I doo lye. At London: Printed by John Charlewood, Printer to the Right Honourable Earle of Arundell.* 1583. *4to.*

ART.

ART. XII. *A Defensative &c. [ut sup. to Astrologie.] Written by Henry Howard, late Earle of Northampton, Lord Priuy Seale, &c. Now newly reuised, and diuided into diuers seuerall heads and chapters. Printed by John Charlewood, seruant to the Right Honorable Philip Earle of Arundell, 1583. And reprinted by W. Jaggard, and to be sold by Matthewe Lownes in Pauls Church-Yard, at the signe of the Byshops Head, 1620. Fol.*

Walpole says "there is a long account of this work in the British Librarian, p. 331." As such, any account here might seem "pouring out of one vial into another;" for in following Oldys there is little left for the leaser. As a reason for this article two points may be assigned; the one correcting an inaccuracy that has run through every edition of the Royal and Noble Authors, * and the other the bringing forward a passage in this work for consideration, which appears not to have been hitherto noticed, and which I consider as fixing the situation of the playhouse known as "the Theatre" in the reign of Elizabeth.

Mr. Malone in his History of the Stage, a work of superior information and excellence, says "The most ancient English playhouses of which I have found any account, are the playhouses in Blackfriars, that in Whitefriars, *the Theatre, of which I am unable to*

* In the Noble Authors [article Earl of Northampton] the Defensative is described as "dedicated to Sir Francis Walsingham, and printed in 4to. at London in 1583, *and reprinted there in folio in* 1620, by J. Charlwood, printer to the Earl's great nephew, the Earl of Arundel." Upon comparing with the above titles it appears the Italics should follow the word Arundel, and conclude the sentence. This very trifling alteration, probably a mistake of the press originally, was not communicated to Mr. PARK in sufficient time for notice in his late splendid republication of that work.

ascertain

ascertain the situation, and the Curtain in Shoreditch. The Theatre from its name was probably the first building erected *in or near the metropolis* purposely for scenic exhibition." To this, by a note, is added "It was probably situated in some remote and priviledged place, being, I suppose hinted at in the following passage of a sermon by John Stockwood, and preached in 1578" Have we not houses of purpose built with great charges for the maintenance of them, [the players,] and that *without the liberties*, as who shall say, there, let them say what they will, we will play. I know not how I might, with the godly-learned especially, more discommend the gorgeous playing-place *erected in the fields*, than to term it, as they please to have it called, a *Theatre*." *

Having stated all which the very extensive research of Mr. Malone has collected on the occasion, I shall give the passage in point. The noble author, speaking of the Cabalist's art, says, "therfore tyll he could as readily product a certayne ground to make his gesses good, as score up a register of blind eventes; I must rather prayse his lucke, then his learning. For as well might he prognosticate that the *Cocke-pytte in Shoe-Lane* should sincke the third of Iune, because a *Theater* fell downe about that tyme at Roome in the raygne of Claudius; as that eyther Antwerpe or Paris should be plagued by the patterne of Edom or Samaria." †

"The Theatre" is the only play house whose situation remains undetermined, and the above passage does not appear overstrained as a reason for now fixing it in

* Reed's Shakspeare, Vol. III. 53.

† 4to. edit. Sig. Cc ij Cc iij. Fol. edit. fo. 94, and in Brit. Lib. p. 340.

Shoe-

Shoe-Lane. It is conclusive that a building for public exhibitions was situated there; and to support the author's argumentative parallel, should have been used for similar representations with those of the theatre at Rome. Time and place are both in favour of the supposition; the only material point objectionable, is the author using the term *Cockpit* instead of *Theatre*; but that the Theatre inveighed against by Stockwood had another name may be inferred from his words "as they please to have it called," i. e. a new designation given it by the players, and if that designation was only partially adopted by the public, it appears sufficient reason for the term Cockpit being used in "the Defensative," although that work was not published till near five years after the time of Stockwood preaching his sermon, and although Stubbes, in his Anatomy of Abuses, 1583, inveighs against "*Theatres* and Curtaines." Stockwood and Stubbes were both virulent railers against the times; of course would use the name most likely to attract public notice, and presuming, as it appears, the Theatre "as they please to have it called" was a new title that served as the best term to affix censure and opprobrium on the players; but this was not the point with the writer of "the Defensative," who used the word Cockpit for the purpose of a simile; and the more generally accepted the term, the plainer and better understood the force of argument.

A regular play-house does not appear to be traced earlier than about 1570, and of that period the accounts are very imperfect and incomplete; about 1583 the play-house known as the theatre was certainly frequented, and in that year the above work was first published; some few years afterwards the house in Blackfriars became the customary place of resort, and

from

from its proximity to Shoe-Lane, the Cock-pit or Theatre might have been entirely neglected, and fallen into decay; the time therefore does not appear objectionable, and for place, Stockwood proves it was "without the liberties," and "erected in the fields:" thus far Shoe-Lane answers to the description; it was without the walls of the city, and at that period, from Shoe-Lane to Fetter-Lane, from the back of the houses forming Fleet Street to Ely Place, was a plot of ground with a few trees and two or three hedge-rows.

In the titles of old plays it was not usual to say where they were acted. Peele and Lyly are the earliest writers I have met with, that notice their plays being presented before the Queen, by the children of the chapel, and the children of Pauls, or publicly acted. At a much later period the Cockpit is mentioned in the title of Marlow's Jew of Malta, but that was the *Cockpit in Drury-Lane*; a circumstance to be mentioned as a proof of a play-house known by two different names, being also called the *Phœnix*, and both used indiscriminately in the titles of plays by the same authors, and to the latest period.

Every trifle incidental to, or explanatory of, the early history of the stage is certainly valuable. The circumstance of the work having passed two editions, with the passage being also given at length in the British Librarian, and yet ungleaned by the Editors of Shakspeare, made it necessary to assign some reason for supposing it to establish the fact assigned; whether it will be received now as such fact, or the discussion of the conceit endanger "a flood of Christian ink," is immaterial: I end.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. XIII. *John Warburton's List of old Plays; transcribed from his own memorandum in the Lansdowne MSS. No.* 849.

"MANUSCRIPTS.

"The Hon^d Loves, by Will. Rowley.
Henry y^e 1^st by Will. Shakespear and Rob. Davenport.
The Fair Favourit.
Minervas Sacrifise. Phill. Masenger.
Duke Humphrey. Will. Shakespear.
Citty Shuffler.
S^r Io^n Sucklings Workes.
Nothing Impossible to love. T. C. S^r Rob. le Green.
The Forc'd Lady. A T. Phill. Massinger.
The Governer. T. S^r Corn^n Fermido.
The Lovers of Loodgate.
The Flying Voice, by Ra. Wood.
The Mayden Holaday, by Chris^r Marlowe.
The Fatal Love.
The Puritan Maid, y^e Modest Wife, and y^e Wanton Widow, by Tha. Middleton.
The London Marchat. A Com. by Jo. Ford.
The King of Swedland.
Love hath found out his eyes, by Tho. Jorden.
Antonio and Vallia, by Phill. Massinger.
The Dutches of Fernandina. T. Hen. Glapthorn.
Jocondo & Astolfo. C. Tho. Decker.
S^t Geo^e for England, by Will. Smithe.
The Parliam^t of Love, by W^m Rowley.
The Widows Prise. C. W^m Sampson.

The Inconstant Lady. W^m Wilson.
The Womans Plott. Phill. Massinger.
The *Marchants Sacrifice*, † Crafty Marchal. C. Shacky Marmion.
An Interlude by Ra. Wood.—worth nothing.
The Tyrant. A Tragedy, by Phill. Massenger.
The Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son. T. †
The None Such. A C. W^m Rowley.
The Royal Combate. A C. by Jo^n Forde.
Philenzo & Hipolito. A C. by Phill. Massenger.
Beauty in a Trance. M^r Jo^n Forde.
The Judge. A C. by Phill. Massinger.
A good beginning may have a good end, by Jo^n Ford.
Fast and Welcome. C. by Phill. Massinger.
Belive as yo^u list. C. by Phill. Massinger.
His^t of Jobe, by Rob. Green.
The Vestall. A Tragedy, by H. Glapthorn.
The Noble Tryall. T. H. Glapthorn.

MANUSCRIPTS.

Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son. T.
The Hon^r of Women. A C. by P. Massinger.
Alexias or y^e chast Glallant. T. P. Massinger.
The Vestal. A Tragedy. H. Glapthorn.
The Noble choise. T. C. P. Massinger.
A Mask. R. Govell.
* 2^d Maidens Trag^y. Geo. Chapman.
The Great Man. T.
The Spanish Purchas. C.
* The Queen of Corsica. T. by F. Jaques.
The Trag^y of Jobe.—Good.
The Nobleman. T. C. Cyrill Turnu^er.

† Erased from the list.

A Play

A Play by Will. Shakespear.

* Bughear. C. Jo^{n} Geffrey.

Orpheus. C.

Tis good Sleeping in a Whole Skin. W. Wager.

Farry Queen.

" After I had been many years collecting these MSS. Playes, through my own carlesness and the ignorace of my Sir. in whose hand I had lodgd them, they was unluckely burnd or put under pye bottoms, excepting y^{e} three † w^{ch} followes. J. W."

This list of plays, enumerated as lost by the late Mr. Warburton, has been inserted in Reed's Shakspeare, Vol. II. p. 371, and in the second part of the Catalogue of the Lansdowne MSS. In both publications it has been very inaccurately given; the first omitting the titles of three plays, and the last two, and both calling the first play the *Honourable* Loves, &c. The list is written on both sides of a long slip of paper, turning at the second title of "Manuscripts;" and the account given by Warburton is subscribed at the bottom of the first side. The writing is in a very different hand from his, and did not the "many years collecting" imply their being obtained at various times, I should have supposed had been an index to them, made sixty years or more before his memorandum was written. The orthography is certainly of an earlier period than the strange diction of Warburton, which is not that of old spelling but that of false spelling. The list is wafered on the fly-leaf of a thin folio volume of MS.

† These three are denoted by an asterisk in the preceding list.

containing three plays; the first entituled "The Queene of Corsica, a Tragedy, written by Fran. Jaques. Anno Dom. 1642, Horr. Od. X. &c." The next, with only a title in the margin, written in another hand, is "The second Mayden's tragedy:" at the end, "This second Mayden's tragedy (for a * no nam inscribed) may w^th ye reformarceons bee acted publikely, 31 Octob^r 1611, G. Buc." On the last page is written "By Thomas Goff," erased: then "George Chapman," also erased, and by "Will. Shakspear." Inserted last is "The Buggbears," which concludes with the music of a song for "Iphiginia."

To this account I shall add an extract from the "Catalogue of the late John Warburton, Esq. Somerset Herald, F. R. A. S. sold by Samuel Paterson at Essex-House, Essex-Street, Strand, on Monday, 19 Nov. 1759, and five following evenings." The following lots are inserted among the MSS.

"208. A Romance without a title. Fol.

209. A Tragedy without a title. Fol.

210. Demetrius and Marina, or the Imperial Impostor and Unhappy Heroine, a Tragedy. Fol.

211. The Tyrant, a Tragedy. 4to.

212. The Queene of Corsica, a Tragedy, written by Fran. Jaques, 1642. The second Maydens Tragedy. Licens'd by the Duke of Buckingham. †

31 Oct. 1611. The Buggbears, a Play, very ancient. Fol."

* Being dubious as to the word, I have thought a blank preferable to hazarding a conjecture.

† This is a mistake for Sir George Buc.

What

What 209 was it would be ridiculous to attempt a conjecture, and of 210 the title is the most hitherto known. 211 was written by Massinger, and being enumerated in the above list, has been hitherto supposed lost; but as it was evidently among the manuscripts sold at Warburton's decease, there is little doubt of its still being in existence. Could a marked catalogue of the sale be found, by obtaining the names of the purchasers of the plays, it might prove the means of discovering them; unfortunately the copy I have seen had only prices put to the articles purchased by the possessor.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIV. *John Bon and Mast* Person.* [Woodcut of four priests bearing the host, with five attendants carrying torches.]

" Alasse, poore fooles, so sore ye be lade,
No maruel it is, thoughe your shoulders ake;
For ye beare a great god, which ye yourselfes made:
Make of it what ye wyl, it is a wafar cake;
And between two irons printed it is and bake;
And loke where Idolatrye is, Christe wyl not be there,
Wherfore ley down your burden; an idole ye do beare.
Alasse, poore fools."

Colophon.—*Imprinted at London by John Daye, and Willyã Seres, dwellinge in Sepulchres Parishe,*

* Qu. if Forster's copy is not MAT? Three accounts taken of it, at the time it was exhibited for sale, coincide in this particular. It should be as above, but where is the fac-simile? [*Mast.* seems a contraction for *Master.*]

at the signe of the Resurrection, a littel aboue Holbourne Conduite. Cum gratia & priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. 4*to.* (4 leaves.)

This tract was printed according to Herbert. p. 619. in 1548: "said to be written by one Luke a physician; and for the printing of it, Day had like to have been sent to prison." A copy having been purchased by Mr. Stace the bookseller, at the sale of the late Mr. R. Forster's library, he was induced from its extreme scarcity to have it reprinted as a fac-simile, to the number of fifty copies, to accommodate the collectors of old poetry; and it forms a fair typographical specimen of modern black-letter. It is written after the manner of a dialogue, consisting of 164 lines, of which the first thirty will be sufficient specimen.

"The Parson.

"What John Bon, good morowe to the.

John Bon.

Nowe good morrowe, Mast Parson, so mut I thee.

Parson.

What meanest y^t^ John, to be at worke so sone?

John.

The zoner I begyne the zoner shall I have done,
For I tend to warke no longer then none.

Parson.

Mary, John, for that Gods blessinge on thy herte:
For surely therbe wyl go to ploughe an carte,
And set not by thys holy corpus christi even;

John.

They aer the more to blame, I swere by saynt Steven!
Bu[t] tell me, Mast Parson, one thinge and you can:
What saynt is copsi cursty, a man or a woman?

Parson.

PARSON.

Why, John, knoweste not that? I tell the it was a man;
It is Christe his own selfe; and to morowe is hys daye
We beare hym in prosession, and thereby knowe it ye
maye.

JOHN.

I knowe, Mast Parson? and na, by my faye,
But me thinke it is a mad thinge that ye saye?
That it should be a man howe can it come to passe,
Because ye maye hym beare with in so smal a glasse?

PARSON.

Why neybor John, and art thou now there?
Nowe I maye perceyve ye love thys newe geare.

JOHN.

Gods forbod, Master, I should bee of that facion,
I question wy your mashippe in waye of cumlication.
A playne man ye may se will speake as cometh to mind,
Ye muste hold us ascused, for plowe-men be but blynd:
I am an elde felowe of fifty wynter and more,
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before.

PARSON.

No dyd, why sayest thou so? upon thy selfe thou lyest,
Thou haste ever knowen the sacramente to be the body
of Christ.

JOHN.

Ye syr, ye say true, all that I know in dede;
And yet, as I remember, it is not in my crede."

To the reprint is affixed a short note written by Mr. Forster, which he introduces by saying—"This is the only copy of the *Enterlude* of John Bon and Mast Person that I have ever met with." The late Mr. Reed, in the last edition of Dodsley's old plays,

inserted a poem of Lydgate's entitled "Chichevache and Bycorne;" and, as Ritson justly observes, "thereby absurdly supposed to be of a dramatic cast," and which seems the only authority for naming the present poem an "Enterlude."

If the unsatiated appetite of a hunter of black-letter books appears preposterous and inconsistent, how much more ridiculous and farcical is the pursuit of an old play collector; who, not contented with having 700 plays to obtain, printed before 1661,* at an enormous price swells his collection with polemic controversies, political sarcasms, Virgilian eclogues, Tyburn ballads, and Grub-street dialogues. Authors whose ambition never aspired to dramatic fame, if their title-pages inadvertently express "the strange but true ——shire tragedy, a comedy lately performed, or farce newly printed," are now registered among the writers for the stage; though the first shall be the account of a murder, the second a recent change in the ministry, and the last a conversation between parish officers and paupers, on a subject as illegitimate as either of the pieces alluded to, which ground this absurdity.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XV. *Horæ Succisivæ: or Spare-Hours of Meditations upon our duty to God, to others, to ourselves. In Two Parts. By Jos. Henshaw, D. D. The Seventh Edition, corrected and much enlarged. London: Printed by G. Dawson, and sold by John Sweeting, at the Angel in Pope's-head Alley,* 1661. 12mo.

* See Kirkman's Preface to "A Cure for a Cuckold," 1661, 4to.

The

The first part of this little volume is inscribed to Lady Anne Cottington; the second to William, Bishop of London, with the date of 1658, which is probably the real date of what is called the *seventh* edition. Wood speaks* of the first edition as published in 1631, and the fifth in 1640. The book, however, is not of frequent occurrence. Its author was educated in Merchant Taylors' school, and became a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1621, where he took a degree, and went into orders. He afterwards was celebrated as a preacher, and rose to be dean of Chichester and bishop of Peterborough. He died on the ninth of March, 1678. Wood notices another of his productions entitled "Dayly Thoughts; or a Miscellany of Meditations, holy and human." 1651, third edition. This was probably of the same nature with the present, which is more calculated for the closet of a divine than the shelf of an antiquary. The writer truly terms it, in his dedication, "a rhapsody of resolves and observations:" his manner may be shewn by two short extracts.

"If an asse do but speak once in a world, as Balaam's did; if a beast have any part of a man in him, we wonder, and justly: but let a man have every part of a beast; go upon all fours, and wallow with the drunkard, or lose his speech together with his legs; 'tis nere talked of. It is the property of a man to speak, as of a beast not to speak: why do we wonder to hear a beast speak, and not wonder to hear a man not able to speak?

"This life is a race, and we do not live, but travell:

* Athen. Oxon II. 635.

but

but we have another race besides this, of our soul as well as of our body. Since both must be run, and the one will not tarry for the other, I will try which can run fastest: if I have finished my life and not my course, I have made more haste than good speed."

A neat engraved title, by Glover, is prefixed, with verses by H. M. possibly Henry More the platonist.

T. P.

ART. XVI. *Horæ Subsecivæ. Observations and Discourses London: Printed for Edward Blount, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Black Beare.* 1620. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 542.

I mention this here merely for the sake of juxta-position. The author of it is supposed to have been GREY BRYDGES LORD CHANDOS, who died Aug. 20, 1621, and from his magnificent style of life was called *King of Cotswould*, the name of hills in Gloucestershire, in the neighbourhood of his seat of Sudeley Castle. A full account, and long extracts from this book have been lately given in *Memoirs of King James's Peers*, *p.* 384, et seq.—and in *Park's* edition of *Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors*, II. 184.

ART. XVII. *Halelujah: or Britans Second Remembrancer, bringing to remembrance (in praisefull and pænitentiall Hymns, Spirituall Songs, and Morall Odes) Meditations advancing the glory of God,*

God, in the practise of pietie and vertue: and applyed to easie Tunes, to be sung in Families, &c. Composed in a three fold volume by George Wither. The first contains Hymns occasionall: the second, Hymns temporary: the third, Hymns personall. That all persons, according to their degrees and qualities, may at all times, and upon all eminent occasions, be remembred to praise God; and to be mindfull of their duties.

"One woe is past; the second, passing on;
Beware the third, if this, in vain, be gone."

London: Printed by J. L. for Andrew Hebb, at the Bell in Pauls Church-yard, 1641. 12*mo. pp.* 487, *beside prefixes and table of contents.*

Few books, of a cotemporary date, can more readily be procured than Wither's *first* Remembrancer, in 1628; few, it is believed, can be more difficult of attainment than this his *second* Remembrancer, licensed in 1640. Herbert had a copy among his bibliographical rarities, which went to Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, who has said "there are some things interspersed in it, no where, perhaps, to be surpassed."* The copy now used, was derived from the duplicates of the Ashridge library, which were sold at King's auction-room in August 1800. It appears to have belonged to John, second Earl of Bridgewater, so amiably recorded in CENSURA, (Vol. II. p. 260,) for undeviating affection to the memory of his angelic wife;† and it is

* See Extracts from Wither's Juvenilia, 1785, p. 15.

† Birkenhead, the wit and loyalist, wrote an anniversary poem on the Nuptials of John, Earl of Bridgewater, 22 July, 1652. Vide Athenæ, II. 640.

very

very remarkable, that at p. 404, the leaf is folded down, and several alterations are made in a hand-writing of his time, with an obvious view of rendering the following pious meditation more conformable to personal feelings, sentiments, and resolutions. Presuming that these manuscript corrections were made by Lord Bridgewater, (for I do not trace them on any other page of the book,) it cannot be otherwise than interesting to see them subjoined. I therefore insert these additions between brackets:—where *him* is printed in italics, *her* seems to have been intended for its substitute.

PART 3. HYMN XXVII.

" For a Widower, or a Widow, deprived of a loving yoke-fellow.

" That such as be deprived of their most deare companions, may not be swallowed up in excessive griefe, and so forget their Christian hopes and duties; this Hymn teacheth a moderate expressing of their naturall passions, and remembers them of things not to be forgotten in their sorrow.

Sing this as " I loved thee once."

" How neer me came the hand of Death,
When, at my side, he struck my dear! [life!]
And took away the precious breath
Which quick'ned my beloved peer! [wife!]
How helplesse am I thereby made!
By day, how griev'd! by night, how sad!
And now my life's delight is gone,
Alas! how am I left alone!

The

The voice which I did more esteem
  Than music in her sweetest key:
Those eies which unto me did seem
  More comfortable than the day:
  Those, now by me, as they have been,
  Shall never more be heard or seen:
But what I once enjoy'd in them,
Shall seem, hereafter, as a dream.

All earthlie comforts vanish thus:
  So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
  May in a moment ravish'd be.
  Yet we are neither just nor wise,
  If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankfull use of what we had.

I, therefore, do not so bemoan
  (Though these beseeming tears I drop)
The losse of my beloved-one,
  As they that are depriv'd of hope:
  But, in expressing of my grief,
  My heart receiveth some relief;
And joyeth in the good I had,
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord! keep me faithfull to the trust
  Which my dear spouse repos'd in me:
To *him* now dead, preserve me just
  In all that should performed be.
  For, though our being man and wife
  Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithfull friend.

Those helps which I through *him* enjoy'd,
Let thine [thy] continuall ayd supplie;
That though some hopes in *him* are void,
I always may on thee relie.
And whether I shall wed again,
Or in a single-state remain,
Unto thine honour let it be;
And for a blessing unto me.
[And let not me e're wed againe,
But in a single state remaine;
Lord, to thine honour let it be,
And satisfaction unto me."]

Such was not only the sanctified prayer but the exemplary practice of the noble Earl; who left this memorial on his tomb, as a test of inviolate fidelity, that he had sorrowfully worn out a widowhood of three and twenty years.

Wither inscribes his estimable volume "to the thrice-honourable high courts of parliament, assembled in the triple empire of the British Isles;" and he remarks, what was not indeed peculiar to his own time, "so innumerable are the foolish and prophane songs now delighted in (to the dishonour of our language and religion) that Halelujahs and pious meditations are almost out of use and fashion: yea, not in private only, but at our publike feasts and civil meetings also, scurrilous and obscene songs are impudently sung, without respecting the reverend presence of matrons, virgins, magistrates, or divines." In an address to the reader he further says—"I have observed three sorts of Poesie, now in fashion. One, consisteth merely of rhymes, clinches, anagrammatical fancies, or such like verbal or literal conceits as delight schoolboys and pedantical

dantical wits; having nothing in them either to better the understanding, or stirre up good affections. These rattles of the brain are much admired by those, who being men in years, continue children in understanding. Another sort of Poesie, is the delivery of necessary truths and wholesome documents, couched in significant parables; and illustrated by such flowers of rhetoric as are helpfull to work upon the affections. These inventions are most acceptable to those who have ascended the middle region of knowledge. A third Poesie there is, which delivers commodious truths, and things really necessary, in as plain and in as universal termes as it can possibly devise. This is not so plausible among the wittie, as acceptable to the wise; because it regardeth not so much to seem elegant, as to be useful for all persons in all times. To this plaine and profitable Poesie I have humbly aspired, and especially in this book; imitating therein, though coming infinitely behind them, no worse patterns than the holy prophets."

What Wither professed to undertake, it is no mean praise to say, that he meritoriously accomplished.

T. P.

ART. XVIII. *The Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the causes of Quarrel, and the nature of Injuries, with their repulses. Also, the means of satisfaction and Pacification, with divers other things, necessarie to be knowne of all Gentlemen and others, professing Armes and Honor. Imprinted by Richard Ihones.* 1590. 4*to.*

This

This very entertaining and curious work deserves a fuller analysis than it can possibly receive through the medium of the present publication. It appears that Ihones the *printer* was likewise the *author* of the book, as it is dedicated by him in a well written address to Sir Christr. Hatton, then Lord Chancellor. The contents of the work are divided into five distinct books, the leading chapters of which relate to,

"1st. What a Combat is, and the originall thereof.
2. Of Injurie and Burthen.
3. What sortes of men ought not bee admitted in triall of Armes.
4. Of Nobilitie accompanied with great dignitie.
5. Of what qualitie a Gentleman professing Armes ought to be."

The fourth book claims the principal share of our attention, as the subject of each chapter is particularly interesting. At p. 73 we find "The manner of Combats in England, as I found them recorded in the French tongue, and written in an auncient booke, shewed me by Master Garter, her Majesties chiefe Herehault;" containing the various forms usual upon those solemnities, and the necessary preparations that took place previous thereto. At page 86 we have an account of "Certaine Combats graunted by the Kings of England." Then follow "Certaine Combats for Triumph, Honor, and Love of Ladies, brought before the Kings of England." Amongst the "Triumphes before King Henrie the Eight," we find the following mention of that celebrated tournament which took place at a Congress of the English and French Courts betwcen Guisnes and Ardres near Calais."

"But

" But farre exceeding al these was that magnificent justs and turniments, at the meeting of the two excellent Princes, King Henrie the Eight of England, and K. Frances the French King: who choosing unto them xiiij others, did challenge to runne at the tylt, and fight at the turney and barrier with all commers. The chalengers were, the King of England, the King of France, the Duke of Suffolke, the Marquis Dorcet, Sir William Kingston, Sir Richard Jernegan, Master Nicholas Carew, and Master Anthonie Knevet, with their assistants, Sir Rowland and Sir Giles Capell: with these were so manie other French Gentlemen, as made up the number aforesaid.

" For defenders, thether came Monsieur de Vandosme, the Earl of Devonshire, and the Lord Edmond Howard; everie of the" bringing in a faire band of knights well armed.

" This most noble challenge of these two mightie Kings, accompanied with xiiij other knights, of either nation seven, they caused to bee proclaimed by Norrey King of Armes, in England, and France, Germanie, Anno 12, Hen. 8."

The fifth book relates principally to the orders and degrees of knighthood both English and foreign, with the origins of their creation, and engravings of the collars and other insignia respectively appertaining to each. J. H. M.

ART. XIX. *Ideas Mirrour Amours in quatorzains. Che suve é tace assai domanda.* * *At London:*

* The extreme rarity of this publication renders a farther account desirable, and also more copious extracts. It appears wholly unknown to Herbert, and to all the biographers of Drayton. *Editor.*

Printed by James Roberts for Nicholas Linge, Anno 1594, *with an allegorical engraving.* 4*to. pp.* 51.

These stanzas unnoticed by Ritson in his Bibl. Poet. and omitted in the folio edition of his works, are one of the numerous productions of Michael Drayton, and dedicated by him, in a poetical address of fourteen lines, "to the deere chyld of the Muses, and his ever kind Mecænas, Ma. Anthony Cooke, Esq." which he concludes in the following manner.

"Yet there mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor trafique further then thys happy clyme;
Nor fylch from *Portes** nor from *Petrarch's* pen,
A fault too common in thys latter tyme.
Divine Syr Phillip I avouch thy writ,
I am no pickpurse of another's wit.

Yours devoted M. Drayton."

J. H. M.

Art. XX. *Andrew Stuart's Letters to Lord Mansfield,* 1773. See p. 194.

Art. XXI. *The Case of Archibald Douglas, Esq. and his Guardians, Appellants against His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Douglas Hamilton, Sir Hew Dalrymple, and others, Respondents. To be heard at the Bar of the House of Lords on Monday the* 16*th of January,* 1769.

"——— Cineres atque ossa peremptæ
Insequitur; causas tanti sciat illa furoris."

4*to. pp.* 232.

A friend having communicated to me a copy of Mr. Douglas's Case, as delivered to the House of

* Portes, an early French poet, had borrowed freely from the Italian. *Editor.*

Lords,

Lords, I think it a duty to give it due consideration, before I proceed in my remarks on Mr. Stuart's Letters. But having only received this copy on the 11th day of the present month, and finding it impossible to peruse properly its multifarious matter in sufficient time to give the result in the present Number, I am induced to transcribe, as a curiosity, its complicated contents.

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N. B. The next chapter is by mistake, the ninth, and the others follow it through this book.

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Chap.

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N. B. The next chapter is by mistake the seventh instead of the sixth, and so on.
—— 7. Observations on the pursuer's attempt to disprove the circumstances attending the delivery.
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Chap.

Chap. 3. Of letters wrote on the 23d of July.
—— 4. Of the first accounts from Scotland, and their conduct in consequence thereof.
—— 5. Of the conduct of Sir John and Lady Jane after they came to England.
—— 6. Of Lady Jane and Sir John's affection to their children, and the pursuer's argument upon it.
—— 7. Of the death of Lady Jane Douglas, Sir John Stewart, and Mrs. Hewit."

Such are the voluminous materials of one side only of this case. If any kind correspondent or reader will lend me the printed case on the other side, (by sending it for me to *Mr. Bensley's*) I shall feel much obliged; as I am unwilling now to proceed without having seen that also. It appears by this case that the accusations were mutual, and that in that respect they resemble too much the principal employment of the present speakers on both sides in the House of Commons! On which side the accusations were most founded, the progress of this inquiry will endeavour to determine.

July 13, 1807.

Art. XXII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. VI.

WILLIAM MASON, A. M.

Few men cultivated the Muse, or prosecuted literary pursuits, under more auspicious and favourable circumstances than the subject of this memoir: exempt from

from pecuniary embarrassments, not perplexed with domestic inquietude, nor afflicted with corporeal ailments, the blessings, that this world affords, were offered to his acceptance with a liberal hand, and at the same time he possessed the inestimable gifts of taste, and a true relish for their enjoyment.

It appears somewhat surprising, and has doubtless been lamented by many, that amongst the numerous biographical treasures which within the last ten years have issued from the press, a *distinct memoir* of this exalted character (whose talents were equalled only by his virtues) should not have been hitherto published. To some few of his numerous admirers the following brief particulars relative to his life and writings, may not prove unacceptable.

William Mason was born in the year 1725; his father, a clergyman of great respectability, held the vicarage of the Holy Trinity in Kingston upon Hull. Of the early part of his education, little is known; having been admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, he took his first degree in 1745; from thence he removed to Pembroke Hall, of which society he was elected a Fellow in 1747; the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him two years afterwards, when he first distinguished himself as a poet, by an Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Newcastle, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. One of his next poetical productions was Isis, an elegy, which occasioned an answer from Thomas Warton, in that noble poem entitled "The Triumph of Isis,"* in which that cele-

* It is rather singular that these two poems were the first means of drawing their respective authors into *public* notice.

brated

brated writer endeavoured to rescue his favourite place of residence from the imputations cast upon it by his formidable rival. Mason's fame was however speedily secured by the publication of his drama of Elfrida in the year 1752; this was followed, after a short interval, by Caractacus, (wherein some of his finest odes were inserted,) but of these we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. In the year 1754 he took holy orders, and was fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of the Earl of Holdernesse, who procured for him an appointment of chaplain to his Majesty, and presented him with the valuable and beautiful rectory of Aston in Yorkshire, which he rendered, in the course of a few years, a most desirable residence, his taste successfully adopting that theory, which he recommended by the beauties of poesy in "The English Garden." Previous to his leaving college, Mason was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Gray by his imitations of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, and from the congeniality of their pursuits and dispositions, a friendship was speedily contracted which terminated only in the decease of the latter in 1771. This circumstance exhibits, in an eminent degree, that warmth and fervour of affection which characterized Mason through life; he regarded the genius of Gray with an enthusiasm "bordering upon idolatry." And upon the melancholy event of his decease, he took upon himself the office of his biographer and the editor of such part of his works as were in a state fit for publication. * The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray were compiled in a manner at that time

* Gray bequeathed to him the whole of his library and MSS.

unprecedented

[illegible] ed, but [illegible] ly imitated by later biographers in the respective lives of Cowper, Sir William Jones, Beattie, and others. For adopting this plan, (which originated in a wish of incorporating in regular succession such part of Mr. Gray's own correspondence as illustrated his literary and private life) Mason assigns the following judicious reasons.

"The method in which I have arranged the foregoing papers has, I trust, one degree of merit, that it makes the reader so well acquainted with the man himself as to render it totally unnecessary to conclude the whole with his character: if I am mistaken in this point I have been a compiler to little purpose; and I chose to be this rather than a biographer, that I might do the more justice to the virtues and genius of my friend. I might have written his life in the common form, perhaps, with more reputation to myself, but surely not with equal information to the reader, for whose sake, I have never related a single circumstance of Mr. Gray's Life in *my own* words, when I could employ *his* for the purpose."

The connecting narrative, which thus alone fell to Mason's share, was executed by him in a manner highly creditable to his talents, and howsoever objectionable the plan may be in some respects, the work not only conferred honour upon the taste and feelings of the author, but placed the character and genius of his friend in a most favourable point of view.

Besides the church preferment which we have mentioned Mason to have obtained in the early part of his life, he was appointed Canon Residentiary and Precentor of the Cathedral of York. For the latter office, which

which he discharged with unwearied attention and ability, he was peculiarly qualified from his accurate knowledge of the science of music, and the warm affection he felt towards it, of which he evinced a very sufficient proof in the interesting "Essays, historical and critical, on English Church Music," which he published in a 12mo vol. shortly previous to his decease. He was likewise a composer of cathedral music; and one of his anthems is held in the highest esteem from the psalmodic simplicity, which it possesses throughout. The invention of the piano-forte has also been ascribed to him. Of the sister art of painting he was a professed admirer, which no doubt actuated him towards the translation of Fresnoy's exquisite Latin poem; a work in which purity and elegance of style, and beauty of versification, are eminently conspicuous. Its intrinsic value was indeed considerably enhanced by the valuable notes with which Sir Jos. Reynolds illustrated the text. It first appeared in a 4to. vol. about the year 1783, and has since been incorporated with the works of that eminent painter.

In 1772 he published the first book of his "English Garden," a didactic and descriptive poem in blank verse, of which the fourth and concluding book was printed in 1781. The purpose of this book was to recommend, by the charms of poetry, the modern system of natural, or landscape, gardening, which the writer adheres to with all the rigour of exclusive taste. The versification of the poem is formed upon the best models, and the description is, in many parts, rich and vivid; but a general air of stiffness, and the dry minuteness of the preceptive part, prevented it from attaining any considerable degree of popularity."*

* General Biog. Vol. VI. p. 623.

Some

Some years previous to this period Mason married a lovely and most amiable woman, the daughter of William Sherman, Esq. of Kingston upon Hull, with whom he enjoyed the most perfect human happiness; too short, alas! for their union was speedily dissolved by her premature decease, at the early age of twenty-eight. This alliance will be remembered as long as a true relish for poetical simplicity continues, from the pathetic and beautiful lines which his affection prompted him to inscribe upon her tomb in the cathedral of Bristol. He has also expressed his feelings at this afflicting circumstance, upon another occasion, with his accustomed elegance, in the Introduction to the English Garden, wherein he observes, that his principal stimulus to composition was

> "——————— to sooth
> That agony of heart, which they alone,
> Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd,
> Can feel or pity."

He survived her near thirty years; his own death was occasioned by a hurt received in stepping from a carriage, which producing a mortification, carried him off in the month of April, 1797, in the seventy-second year of his age—bequeathing a name to posterity not more distinguished for exemplary worth and philanthropy, than for brilliancy of genius and talents, correctness of taste, and the most consummate skill and excellence as a writer. A monument was some few years since erected to his memory in the Poet's Corner, adjoining to that of Gray. The design is well executed by the late Mr. Bacon, and represents a figure of Poetry holding a medallion of the deceased, whose loss

loss she is deploring. The inscription commemorates little more than his name and the day of his death.

Such are the lineaments of the life of Mason, which, like those of other distinguished literary characters, was principally devoted to a learned retirement, and is consequently destitute of any very striking incidents; if we except one period of it, * when he took an active and zealous part in the political occurrences of the day, and upon the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes from the House of Commons, became a supporter of the Bill of Rights. Although it does not appear that he approved of the conduct of that gentleman, yet he joined the Yorkshire freeholders in a petition to the throne that Parliament should be dissolved. Some years afterwards, when a popular clamour was raised for a more equal distribution of the elective power, he likewise distinguished himself, and assisted in the drawing up those highly spirited resolutions, for which the Yorkshire committee became celebrated. His behaviour upon these public occasions having subjected him to the censure of some of his clerical brethren, he published a defence of his political proceedings, and afterwards received the thanks of the committee "for having stood forth a firm friend to the true interests of his country." His subsequent conduct however sufficiently evinced the warmth of his attachment to the British Constitution, by deserting his former associates at the commencement of the French Revolution, whereby he laid himself open to the attacks of the jacobin journalists, who traduced his character in a very indecorous and shameful manner.

* About the year 1769.

As a dramatic writer his tragedies of Elfrida and Caractacus place him in a high situation. These plays, in which he aimed at the revival of the Greek chorus, were decidedly intended by the author for *perusal* only, and by no means for PUBLIC REPRESENTATION, against which, many obvious reasons present themselves. It has been well observed, "that the chorus is so evidently an appendage of the infant and imperfect state of the drama, and so manifestly injurious to the developement of plot, and the display of passion, that a pedantic attachment to the ancients, could alone suggest its revival." This well-founded objection, however, should not warp our minds against duly appreciating the incomparable beauties with which each abounds; of their respective merits it may be observed, that if Elfrida is more highly finished, Caractacus conveys the most interest; with the former we are captivated by the uncommon sweetness and elegance of the language, with the latter our feelings are roused by the eventful history it pourtrays, and by beholding the union of virtue and fortitude in suffering heroism. In short, the mind is pleased with the one; it is elevated and enlarged with the other. Mr. Gray, in a letter to one of his correspondents, gives the following just opinion upon this subject. "I am equally pleased with the great applause he (Count Algarotti) bestows on Mr. Mason; and particularly on Caractacus, which is the work of a man, whereas Elfrida is only that of a boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius, yet this is the popular performance, and the other little known in comparison."

As a poet the name of Mason has generally accompanied

panied that of Gray "as a modern competitor for the lyrical laurel;" and when we consider the high degree of culture which his talents had received, and the warm admiration with which he regarded the compositions of his friend, it is scarcely to be wondered that he should look up to a model of such distinguished excellence, and pursue a similar path to fame. Of his shorter compositions his elegies claim the principal share of our attention; they are, on many accounts, more gratifying to the general reader, from the redundancy of ornament, and "glittering imagery" being restricted, with which his more laboured odes are clothed in such lavish profusion. Of these, the one upon the Death of the Countess of Coventry, is probably entitled to the highest degree of commendation; not only from the elegance of style, which prevails throughout, but from the author's impressive reasoning on the doctrine of a future state, exhibiting in an eminent degree the piety and virtue of his mind. Indeed, the whole of Mason's writings are characterized by the most admirable strains of morality, not a line occurring, but "that a virgin without blush may read."

We are also enabled in this, and other of his elegies, to judge of the pathos and elegance, and the general smoothness and beautiful effect to which his versification had arrived. "The Description of Female Beauty," observes Dr. Aikin, "with which the above named poem commences, is wrought to a polished brilliancy, that Pope himself could not have surpassed."

"Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last."

I cannot better conclude these desultory observations, than with the following animated and appropriate lines (extracted from the Pursuits of Literature, p. 358, 6th edit.)

" But whence that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,
But o'er her lost Musæus bends and weeps.
Lo! every Grecian, every British Muse,
Scatters the recent flowers and gracious dews,
Where Mason lies; he sure their influence felt,
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,
That Love and Friendship know; each sister art,
With all that colours and that sounds impart;
All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
All in the soul of Mason *found their place.*"

A cotemporary poet, of high reputation, (the Rev. Mr. Gisborne) also expressed his feelings upon the death of Mason in an elegy of great pathos and beauty.

T. Mitford M.

Art. XXIII. MRS. CHAPONE. *

Mrs. Chapone was descended from the ancient family of Mulso of Twywell in Northamptonshire. Hester, daughter of Thomas Mulso, of Twywell, Esq.

* This article is principally compiled from her *Posthumous Works* containing her Letters to Mrs. Carter, &c. in two vols. small 8vo. just published by her own family.

by

by a sister of John Thomas, D. D. Bishop of Winchester, was born October 27, 1727. She had four brothers, of whom Thomas, the eldest, was a barrister, and author of *Callistus, or the Man of Fashion, and Sophronius; or The Country Gentleman, in three Dialogues*, 1768, 8*vo*. and died Feb. 7, 1799, aged 78; and John, the second, having been educated at Winchester, from which seminary he came off third upon the roll, when Collins, the poet, was first, and Joseph Warton, the second, was afterwards Prebendary of Winton and Salisbury, and died 1791.

Miss Mulso's education was somewhat neglected, for which she made amends by her own exertions. She was not handsome; but she was full of sensibility, and energy; of quick apprehension, and attractive manners. At an early age she lost her mother, who had been too much of a beauty, and too much of an invalid, to attend to her instruction. From this period she dedicated her time to self-improvement, and made herself mistress of the French and Italian languages, and even attained some knowledge of the Latin. But she displayed not merely the talent of memory; she discovered a very strong power of discrimination and judgment. Her fancy and warm feelings made her delight in poetry; her sound sense gave her a love of philosophy.

Her admiration of genius made her an early worshipper of Sam. Richardson, to whom she yet could not surrender up her opinions; and with whom she entered into an able correspondence on the subject of filial obedience. When this correspondence, which is now published, took place, she had not completed

her twenty-third year. Her Letters display much ability, and strength and clearness of mind. At this period she passed part of her time in Mr. Richardson's society; and here she met, and conceived a mutual affection for, Mr. Chapone, a young gentleman of the law, her future husband: though some years elapsed before the marriage took place. In the interval she lived with her father; while her society was widely sought, and her accomplishments were generally acknowledged. Her maternal uncle was then Bishop of Peterborough; and her aunt the wife of Dr. Donne, a Prebendary of Canterbury, residing much at that Cathedral, she paid frequent visits to those places, and at the latter, became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who was a frequent guest in the house of Dr. Lynch, the Dean.

Her correspondence with Mrs. Carter appears to have commenced in Sept. 1749. An Ode, which she wrote at this time, appears to have procured Mrs. Carter's high praise. It seems that thus early these friends had a good-natured controversy regarding the merits of Richardson, whom Mrs. Carter blamed for his prolixity and minuteness. A specimen of one of these letters deserves insertion.

Miss Mulso to Miss Carter.

"And so, my dear Miss Carter, you would have me give you an account of the new work in which Mr. Richardson is engaged; this poor, puzzling, story-telling Mr. Richardson! But notwithstanding your naughty raillery, I will not punish you so severely as to forestal, and thereby lessen the pleasure you will receive

receive when this new work is finished, though, perhaps, you may think it tedious. For my own part, I cannot give it a higher commendation than to say I think it will be, if possible, superior to Clarissa; yet I must own to you I don't believe it will be short. Indeed I am a little surprised that you, who are impatient with Mr. Richardson's prolixity, should ever descend to the most tedious as well as unedifying kind of reading in the world; I mean a romance. I make no scruple to call romances the worst of all species of writing; unnatural representations of the passions, false sentiments, false precepts, false wit, false honour, and false modesty, with a strange heap of improbable, unnatural incidents mixed up with true history, and fastened upon some of the great names of antiquity, make up the composition of a romance; at least of such as I have read, which have been mostly French ones. Then the prolixity and poverty of the style is insupportable. I have, (and yet I am still alive) drudged through *Le Grand Cyrus*, in 12 huge volumes; *Cleopatra*, in 8 or 10; *Polexander*; *Ibrahim*; *Clelie*; and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten; but this was in the days, when I did not chuse my own books, for there was no part of my life in which I loved romances. Perhaps those of Cervantes may be out of the common way; I should hardly think it possible for him to write a book which had not in it something admirable; and yet I think there are one or two very paltry novels in his Don Quixote."

Extract from another Letter, Sept. 9, 1750.

"I am reading Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*; I must own, with great labour both of mind and tongue.

Every word you say against *my* Mr. Richardson, I will revenge myself for upon *your* Dr. Young. Yet I admire his thoughts, and revere him as a philosopher and a man; only I cannot help lamenting that he should have blundered so egregiously as to fancy himself a poet. Sure never was sense so entangled in briers as his! Instead of the flowers of language, his thoughts are wrapt up in thorns and thistles. I am sure it has cost me much toil and pain to untwist them; and to say the truth, I like them as I do gooseberries, well enough when they are picked for me, but not well enough to gather them. Yet, upon the strength of your recommendation, I think I am resolved to go through with them though my tongue is already sore; for you must know I always read aloud here. If ever you read one of his *Nights* aloud, pity my tongue! But in good earnest don't you think he should have left off with the Fourth Night? which I own is very fine. Don't you think the fifth and sixth sink terribly after it? I am afraid you will despise me for speaking thus of your favourite *author*, and, to appease you, I will own that I think he has many extreme fine thoughts, and some few fine lines; but his numbers are in general so much the reverse of tuneful, and his language so affectedly obscure, nay, in some places so absolutely unintelligible to me, that I think upon the whole of what I have read (that is of the first Six Nights) I cannot admire the work; but have been oftener disgusted and tired with it than pleased."

In the next letter, she adds: "In justice to myself, that you may not think me absolutely tasteless, I think I should tell you that I have lately read Dr. Young's *Universal Passion*, and am ready to retract all I said against

against him as a poet, and confine my saucy censures entirely to that single performance of his, which I cannot reconcile myself to, the Night Thoughts. I think the four first satires equal to any of Pope's. Those upon Women, are, in my opinion, much inferior to the others, which I hope may be accounted for to the credit of the sex. I am grieved to take notice of that servile flattery, which you so justly condemn in Doctor Young, and which is so unworthy of his character. It could never have appeared in a more shocking light than as it is introduced in a work, in which the author seems to be got above the world, and almost above humanity."

In the letter which follows, she condemns Fielding's *Amelia* with considerable force; and supports her observations ably against Mrs. Carter's defence of that work. Her criticism appears to me so just, and so powerfully stated, that I think it a duty to transcribe it.

Letter X.

"I am extremely obliged to you for gratifying my curiosity with your reasons for speaking so favourably of *Amelia*, though, at the same time, I am not a little mortified to find that I cannot assent to all you say. I am afraid I have less mercy in my disposition than you, for I cannot think with so much lenity of the character of Booth; which, though plainly designed as an amiable one by the author, is, in my opinion, contemptible and wicked. 'Rather frail than wicked!' Dear Miss Carter! that is what I complain of, that Fielding contrives to gloss over gross and monstrous faults in such a manner, that even his virtuous readers shall call them frailties. How bad may be the conse-

quence

quence of such representations, to those who are interested in the deception, and glad to find that their favourite vices are kept in countenance by a character, which is designed to engage the esteem and good wishes of the reader. Had I not reason to accuse the author of 'softening or hiding the deformity of vice,' when infidelity, adultery, gaming, and extravagance, (the three last accompanied with all the aggravation that the excellence of a wife and the distress of a young family could give them) are so gently reproved even by Miss Carter? 'His amour with Miss Mathews,' you say, 'however blameable, was attended with some alleviating circumstances:' what these were, I am unable to discover. I think none but an abandoned heart, incapable of the least delicacy, and lost to the love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, could have entertained any thoughts but of horror and detestation for that fiend of a woman, after hearing her story. Consider too the circumstances they both were in; Miss Mathews uncertain whether her life was not to atone for her crime; Booth in the deepest distress; his Amelia and her children left helpless and miserable; a gaol the scene of their amour! What a mind must that be, which in such circumstances could find itself under any temptation from the person of a woman whose crimes were so shocking, whose disposition was so hateful, and whose shameless advances were so disgusting! How mean was his submitting to owe obligations to her! Indeed I do think him a very wretched fellow, and I should not have cared sixpence, had the book ended with his being hanged. In poetical justice I almost think he should have been so. Poor Amelia would have been rid of a good-for-nothing husband,

husband, whose folly and wickedness gave her continual distress. Dr. Harrison would have taken her and her children home with him, where I will suppose she spent her life in great tranquillity, after having recovered her fortune. Have I not made a fine catastrophe? Now are you quite angry with me? I think I hear you call me, 'cruel, bloody-minded wretch!' Well then, in complaisance to your tenderness, I will suffer him to live, but indeed I cannot suffer him to be a favoured character; I can't help despising him, and wondering that Amelia did not do so too. I agree with you entirely in what you say of the mixture of virtues and faults, which make up the generality of characters, and I am also apt to believe, that the virtues have most commonly the predominant share; but if this is the case in real life, Mr. Fielding's representation of it is not just; for in most of his characters the vices predominate. Dr. Harrison, Amelia, and the honest Serjeant are, indeed, exceptions; Booth himself I cannot allow to be one, for I do not find that he had any virtues equivalent to his faults. Good nature, when it is merely constitutional, and has no principle to support it, can hardly be reckoned a virtue, and you see that in him it was not strong enough to keep him from injuring and distressing those he loved best, when temptation came in his way. His regard to his wife's honour may be attributed to his love; at best it is but a negative goodness, and only proves him not a monster. I cannot help believing that Fielding has a very low opinion of human nature, and that his writings tend to enforce it on his readers; and I own I am always offended with writers of that cast. What end can it serve to persuade men they are Yahoos, but to make them

them act agreeably to that character, and despair of attaining a better! Is it not the common plea of wicked men that they follow nature? Whereas they have taken pains to debauch and corrupt their nature, and have by degrees reconciled it to crimes, that simple, uncorrupted nature would start at."

In 1753 Miss Mulso, encouraged by the importunity of her friends, sent the story of Fidelia to the *Adventurer*, which forms N°. 77, 78, and 79, of that work. On the publication of Mrs. Carter's Epictetus, 1758, an Ode by Miss Mulso was prefixed to it.

In 1760 she married Mr. Chapone: but this union was of short duration, by the death of her husband, who, in about ten months, was seized with a violent fever, which soon terminated fatally, Sept. 1761. This was at once the grave of her affection, and the ruin of her fortune, for her sorrow was aggravated by being left in narrow circumstances, which filled the remainder of her long life with difficulties. This deep stroke upon her happiness was followed by an alarming illness, which for a short time seemed to threaten her own life.

In 1762 she became acquainted with Mrs. Montagu, by means of Mrs. Carter; and cultivated an intimacy which continued till the death of the former, whom she did not long survive. Of this lady's *Essay on Shakespeare* Mrs. Chapone thus speaks. "I am struck with beauties in every line, but do not recollect being struck with any faults, except those of the printer. I do most sincerely think it as elegant and brilliant a composition as I ever read; and what particularly charms me is the fund of good sense and sound judgment it shews, in the midst of that profusion of wit,

which

which in other works so often serves to cover a deficiency of good sense. I am told the world has been much distrest to find out the author, and has given it to some of the first wits of the other sex, little inclined to attribute the honour of it to ours. But I flatter myself it begins to be whispered all round the town; for I can't bear the thought of its being kept a secret."

Letter LI. Sept. 21, 1770, (or 1771.) "I have read Mrs. Scott's* *Life of D'Aubigné* with much pleasure, and think the style much superior to any thing else I have seen of hers. I fancy she had some assistance in that article. How surprising it is that Sully should mention so great a man as D'Aubigné so seldom, and with such contempt! Never taking notice of any of his exploits, and speaking of him as a man remarkable only for sedition and slander! How constantly is great vanity accompanied by envy! I always thought Sully abounded in the former, but did not know before that he was so strongly tinctured by the latter. I do not condemn Henry for not loving D'Aubigné; for certainly with all his geat qualities, he was inexcusably insolent to the King, and shewed no personal regard for him, nor good will to monarchy. His zeal was confined to the Huguenot party; for I cannot place it all to the account of religion. Had the free exercise of that been all they aimed at, the edict of Nantz would have quieted them, and we should not have seen D'Aubigné concurring in an attempt to rekindle the war which had so nearly destroyed his

* Sister to Mrs. Montagu. See CENS. LIT. Vol. I. p. 203.

country,

country, as soon as the weakness of administration afforded an opportunity for it. I think him therefore no true patriot, though a zealous religionist. His history is however entertaining, and characters interesting. I hope the work meets with applause in the world."

In 1770 Mrs. Chapone accompanied Mrs. Montagu on a tour into Scotland. In 1772 she wrote her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*; and published them the following year. She thus speaks of them in a letter, dated July 20, 1773. "I am much obliged by the kind interest you take in the success of my publication, which has indeed been far beyond my expectation. The bookseller is preparing a second edition with all haste, the whole of the first being gone out of his hands, which considering that he printed off 1500 at first, is an extraordinary quick sale," &c.

Dec. 14, 1773. "Poor Dr. Hawksworth! His death happened at an ill time for his fame, and one cannot but wish it had pleased God to take him out of the world before he had cast a shade upon a reputation so very respectable as a moral and religious writer. Many suppose that the censures of the world occasioned his death, but I am not very ready to believe in such kind of causes, which are always assigned upon the remotest probability."

In 1775 Mrs. Chapone published her *Miscellanies in prose and verse*, in one vol. sm. 8vo. and in 1777, her *Letter to a new married Lady*. The following extract from a letter, June 16, 1777, alludes to these: "Many thanks to you, my dear Mrs. Carter, for your most kind letter. I have been very little at home since I received

I received it, or should have been quicker in my acknowledgments; for indeed the great pleasure it conveyed to me, demanded them immediately. I hope there is no harm in being exquisitely gratified by the approbation you are so good as to express on a second reading of my little publications; the hope which you confirm of their being capable of doing some good, has indeed afforded me an inexpressible satisfaction, which, as far as I know my own heart, is not founded in vanity. It appeases, in some measure, that uneasy sense of helplessness and insignificancy in society, which has often depressed and afflicted me; and gives me some comfort with respect to the poor account I can give of 'That one talent, which is death to hide."

At the end of the year 1778, Mrs. Chapone lost her aunt, Mrs. Thomas; and in May 1781, she lost her uncle, the venerable bishop, at the age of 86; but she continued a frequent visitor at the houses of his three daughters, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Buller, and Lady Ogle. Death however began now to make great havoc among her relations and friends, particularly the families of Smith and Burrows of Hadley. In 1791 she was deprived of her brother John, at whose residences in Hampshire she was in the habit of spending part of every summer. Severe as were these deprivations in various ways, she sustained them with admirable fortitude.

The autumns of 1797 and 1798 she spent at the deanery of Winchester, where she had the delight of seeing some of her nearest and dearest relations around her. But the clouds of night were now gathering to break no more before her in this world. In 1799 she

lost

lost her eldest and only surviving brother; and she had to wear out her few sorrowful days, in narrow circumstances, oppress by age, and separated by the grave from all her fondest connections. Her faculties began to decay, and she sunk into a state of alarming debility. She retired to a small residence at Hadley, where she died on Christmas day, 1801, æt. 74.

Mrs. Chapone was of a lively and sanguine temperament, possessed of humour and sagacity, and knowledge of the world, which made her an entertaining companion, and a sound adviser. Her disposition was kind and amiable, and her principles were excellent.

Mrs. Barbauld * observes, that "her poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication." It is probable that had Mrs. Chapone exercised her mind more in poetical production, she would not have proved herself deficient in talents for it. But it must be admitted, that what has hitherto appeared, is neither sufficiently striking, nor of sufficient size. The best perhaps is "*An Irregular Ode to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who had recommended to me the Stoic philosophy as productive of fortitude; and who was about to publish a Translation of Epictetus.*" This was first published with the Epictetus. The last stanza is forcibly exprest:

"Nor thou, Eliza, who from early youth,
By Genius led, by Virtue train'd,
Hast sought the fountain of eternal truth,
And each fair spring of knowledge drain'd,

* Memoirs of Mrs. Chapone, in Otridge's Annual Register, 1801, p. 390.

Nor

Nor thou, with fond chimeras vain,
With Stoic pride, and fancied scorn
Of human feelings, human pain,
My feeble soul sustain!
Far nobler precepts should thy page adorn,
O, rather guide me to the sacred source
Of real wisdom, real force,
Thy life's unerring rule!
To thee fair Truth her radiant form unshrouds,
Tho' wrapp'd in thick impenetrable clouds,
She mark'd the labours of the Grecian school."

ART. XXIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XII.

On the scenic representation of the Tragedy of Macbeth.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

Much as has been written concerning the mighty powers of Shakspeare, the subject is even now hardly to be considered as exhausted. Lives of that extraordinary author, new editions of his works, with copious and even voluminous commentaries upon them, continue to be published almost in every year; and new matter and new illustrations are received by the public with such avidity, to use his own words,

" As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."

Far be it from me to dissent from the general opinion; on the contrary, my admiration of the bard, the pride of my country, and perhaps, all circumstances considered, her most original genius—increases with my years. It has grown with my growth; and those humorous, moral, and pathetic scenes which were the delight of my youth, form one of the greatest charms and most attractive pleasures of a time of life not far distant from old age.

It has always appeared to me peculiar to Shakspeare, and a marked distinction between him and all other dramatic writers, that those scenes which appear the finest, and give the highest gratification in the closet, fall short of, and disappoint the expectation on the stage, sometimes even to disgust. Whether the remark has been made before I know not, but probably the sensation must have been often experienced. Other plays, both ancient and modern, are sometimes well represented throughout, and with appropriate scenes and decorations; but I never yet saw a play of Shakspeare, of either muse, which appeared to me to answer the design of the author, or give a just representation of his characters, situations, and scenery. The characters are often ill drest, the situations and scenery misunderstood, the comic parts made serious, and the serious comic.

This was, I presume, the reason why in the noble undertaking of Messrs. Boydell, the painters were directed to divest their minds carefully of every impression left on them, by the representation on the stage of the scenes allotted them to delineate, and to attend to the text of their author only; and, in most instances, they did this very successfully. In general they did not

not disgrace their pieces by the puerile absurdities which on the stage please the upper gallery only. *

Certainly it must be allowed that the good sense and classic imagination of Mr. Kemble has reformed many of the most striking abuses in the manner in which the plays of Shakspeare used to be represented; yet still it seems to me that much remains to be done, and many alterations to be made, before some of the finest dramas of our favourite author can be seen without disgust.

In the tragedy of Macbeth, for instance, (the finest of all Shakspeare's plays, in the opinion of Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and, perhaps, of all good judges) some of the most striking scenes are so represented as to produce an effect directly the reverse of the author's meaning. In the closet what can be more awfully impressive than the appearance and predictions of the witches? But what is the effect of it on the stage? A parcel of disgusting old women are seen, with long beards, and making grimaces like the clown in a pantomime; and instead of producing horror, or the weighty impression which made Macbeth *start, and seem to fear*, they excite no sensation but bursts of laughter from the galleries, and indignant contempt from all the spectators who have common sense. Surely this might be managed better. Rites supposed to be supernatural should not be brought forward in too strong a light. Let the witches and their cauldron be at the bottom of the stage, and be just visible through a mist

* Yet that great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his celebrated picture of the death of Cardinal Beaufort, has embodied *the busy meddling fiend* on the Cardinal's pillow. A useful hint to managers, as it would have a pretty as well as novel effect on the stage.

or cloud. Let their voices be heard, but their forms only dimly and imperfectly seen; there will then be some scope for the imagination and the scenic allusion will not be so violently destroyed.

The same observations are applicable to the different apparitions which they shew to Macbeth, all which, to produce any effect on the mind, should be seen only in an imperfect and undefined manner; such, for instance, as the view of the haunted chamber in the popular opera of Bluebeard.

But still worse is the appearance of the ghost of Banquo managed. No stretch or power of fancy can make it seem supernatural. Brought forward in all the glare of light on the very front of the stage, with his whitened face, staring eyes, and bloody throat, it is impossible to suppose that the other guests do not see it as well as Macbeth. The good sense of Garrick, I think, banished the airy dagger; and is not the ghost of Banquo the same? Had the poet any other meaning than to shew the power and influence of conscience on the mind? Why then should one be represented to the spectators more than the other? Surely the effect would be much more striking, if the chair which Macbeth fancies full were in reality left empty; for it would then plainly appear to be the effect only of his wounded conscience, which would give, as the poet designed, an awful and affecting lesson; whereas now the ghost excites more laughter than terror. If he must appear, let him at least be exiled to the bottom of the stage, and be hid in some degree by the table and the guests. Unless I mistake, his appearance was once omitted, and the gallery critics insisted on seeing their favourite again. Something must certainly be allowed

to

to the populace, but Mr Kemble's character is so high that he might resist such a disgrace to our national taste; and I think it also so firm that I may apply to him the lines of Horace,

> " Nec sumit aut ponit secures
> Arbitrio popularis auræ."

I am, &c. &c. †*†.

ART. XXV. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 177.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

When new principles and opinions are started relative to the illustration of the Jewish scriptures and are proposed as certain truths, although in reality they are not only very uncertain, but even apparently chimerical and erroneous, it is then highly expedient, that their unsolid foundations should be pointed out to the public; otherwise their specious appearance may induce many persons to adopt them as true, and the censures due to them may attach, in some degree, even to those scriptures themselves, which are the subject of such chimerical disquisitions. Although then I respect all writers, who propose to instruct mankind, yet the interests of religious truths ought ever to supersede the deference due to those who may mean well, but whose zeal is not according to knowledge. I shall therefore proceed to collect some further proofs of the erroneous nature of those principles on which the editor of Wells's

Geography depends, or at least of the insufficient evidence by which they are attempted to be supported.

Now the type of a coin in his plate 4, fig. 21, exhibits a whole *Bull* accumbent, having an embroidered vestment thrown over his body, and a pot of incense smoking under his nose, with a sun over his head: the editor does not inform us whence this type is taken, or of what city it may have been the symbol, if of any; but he thus explains it at N°. 21 of p. 22. This is "the *Zor Aster*, or sacred bull of Egypt at large, expressly shewing the sun on the head of Taurus; who reclines on the top of a mountain; before him is a pot of perfumes smoking: and he is clad in an embroidered robe, enriched with an *octagon* ornament (in its middle)." Now I am so unfortunate as not to know what he means in calling this representation of a bull, the *Zor-Aster*. Did he mean to refer to the sense, which Scaliger somewhere gives to the name of the Persian philosopher *Zoroaster*, as implying *vivens sydus?* If so, one should suppose, that he considered this bull to be a symbol of the celestial constellation *Taurus*. But, in such case, what connection has it with *the sacred bull of Egypt*, which was no symbol of any celestial constellation, but was only reverenced as a memorial of the utility of oxen in the terrestrial labours of the field, under the names of *Apis* or *Mnevis*, as Diodorus thus informs us—"Tauri sacri, tum qui Apis, tum qui Mnevis vocatur, ut Osiridi dicati sunt, pro diis coluntur—hoc enim animantium genus maxime omnium frumenti inventoribus ad sementem faciendum et utilitates agriculturæ operam commodarat." *lib* 1. Could one and the same symbol be intended thus to serve the double purpose of representing

ing both a constellation in the heavens and also the laborious terrestrial bull in Egypt? And what have either of them to do with the *top of a mountain*, Mount Taurus, I suppose? Is it meant to be insinuated, that the Egyptians, by their adoration of a sacred bull, manifested their descent from Mount Taurus? If not, what was meant to be proved in this article? This new science of *bullism* seems to be here in confusion. As to myself, however, I have no doubt of the type here represented being only a variation of that mentioned before from *Hyde*, and intended to express the constellation Taurus, as the sun over the head of the bull testifies; without having the least reference either to the sacred bull of Egypt or to Mount Taurus. The Egyptian Apis was, in fact, always represented in a different form, with large curved horns, and not such short horns as in the present type: the editor himself has given a true figure of the Apis at fig. , in pl. 4, from the *Isiac table*. In the present type the pot of incense smoking is a mark of the deification of this animal, that being an essential article of divine worship, and the embroidered rope over him is another mark; it having been common with the ancients to throw rich ropes over the images of their deities on the days of the festivals held sacred to them. As to the octagon ornament, in the middle of the rope, it may possibly refer to the period of eight years, after which the lunar and solar months of the Greeks commenced together again on the same day, and possibly also began when the sun was in Taurus, as Virgil intimates in the line quoted from him in my last. The name of *Mount Taurus*, which the editor writes under

this type, in his plate, is only founded on the same poetical and theoretic licence, by which he before found a *bull's body and legs* in an imaginary Persian animal, which is like nothing that ever existed. The multifarious objects to which the editor makes the present representation to refer, viz. Mount Taurus, the Egyptian Apis, and the constellation Taurus, reminds us of a similar practice in some etymologists, who, after offering two or three different etymologies of a word, desire the reader to pick and choose which he likes the best: but wherever a figure of a bull is found, the editor will as surely be found to make it denote Mount Taurus, as Mr. Bryant did in proving every name beginning with an *m* to be a relic of μην the *moon*.

Thus at p. 22, N°. 16, he gives the following account of another type represented in his pl. 4, fig. 16. "The demi-bull here with a human head and a long beard is a medal of *Gelas*. The Geleans were seated near the Caspian sea, and were *clearly* of Caucasian origin, or rather from Mount Taurus, which we see they commemorated on their medals together with *its human head:* several towns in Sicily, being colonies of Geleans, adopted nearly the same type." Now the name of those Geleans in Asia is always by Strabo and Pliny spelt *Gelæ*: whereas the name on this medal is *Gelas*, this was the name of a noted river in Sicily; and it is a distinction always preserved between the two places, so that there is not the least pretence for ascribing this medal to the *Geleans*, nor for deriving their origin from Mount Taurus: if therefore any thing could be proved here in the editor's favour, it would be that the river *Gelas* in Sicily had its sources in Mount Taurus in Asia minor. But in reality the

author

author appears not to have the least conception of what such *demi-bulls with human faces* were intended to express on medals; certainly not any *high mountain*, but, on the contrary, *a low river:* it is, indeed, as unfortunate that he should mistake the one for the other, as *Gelæ* for *Gelas*, but this mistake it was, which misled him to find *towns in Sicily which were colonies of Geleans from M. Taurus*, when these pretended *towns* were, in fact, only *rivers*, expressed by symbols of *demi-bulls*, as was usual with the ancients, of which we are thus informed by Ælian. "Quidam colentes *fluvios* et imagines eorum fabricantes partim humanam, partim boûm figuram iis affingunt; nam bobus similes faciunt Lacedemonii Eurotam, Argivi Cephissum; in hominum vero figura Cherronesii et alii plurimi: Athenienses autem Cephissum colunt ut virum cornutum. Porro in Sicilia Syracusii Anapum viro assimilant, at lyanam fontem ut fæminam honorant; Agrigentini fluvium speciosi pueri formâ effingentes illi sacrificant." *Lib.* 2, 33. Hence then we see the reason of so many bulls being found on coins, and that instead of denoting the descent of the inhabitants of such cities from *Mount* Taurus, they express only some *river* in their own neighbourhood, and such is, doubtless, the case of the medal in question, on which the name also of the river itself is inscribed; neither was there any town of that name in Sicily. Ælian, however, rather ambiguously mentions those figures of rivers, which were compounded of a half bull and a human face with a long beard; he does not nevertheless contradict, but that all those bulls, expressive of rivers, might have had human faces, and thus that many persons

sons compounded the two symbols together, which others made use of separately, *a bull* and *a human figure*, sometimes male and sometimes female. Of the last kind the Editor has given us several examples in pl. 3, N°. 17, 18, 19, where are represented men swimming in rivers at the feet of a female genius of the city seated on a rock: certainly a better symbol of a river than the fore-half of a bull with a human face, which is, indeed, a strange device for a river, unless it was meant to denote the violent strength of a torrent, the noise of which was like the lowing of a bull. But in all this we find no reference intended to a mountain of the name of Taurus, as the editor supposes, nor as Mr. Bryant just as strangely contended, that such swimming figures as in N°. 17. &c. were memorials still preserved in Asia of the deluge, in which the men represented there were struggling for life N°. 12, 13, and 17, denote likewise some other rivers in pl. 4.

It would be useless to examine all the errors found in these *excursions*, as they are not improperly called, and, indeed, very eccentric ones likewise; yet it may be expedient to set readers right with respect to the *chimæra* and *triquetra* on the coins exhibited there, which I will therefore consider in my next letter.

S.

Mr. P. It is a mistake in your last N°. p. 222, in saying of Mr. Harington *he married Lucy, sister of Lord Fortescue*. The Rev. Mr. Harington married a Miss Lens, sister to Serjeant Lens, who is still living. Perhaps *he* should be made to refer to Sir J. Harington.

ART.

ART. XXVI. *Literary Epitaph at Honiton, Devon.*

" * Hic jacent exuviæ mortales reverendi admodum viri
Æzræ Cleveland, S. T. B. collegii Exon.
apud Oxonienses quondam socii, et deinde,
Ita volente perhonorabili viro Domino Gulielmo
Courtenay de Powderham baronetto,
hujus ecclesiæ quadraginta per annos
rectoris.
Per id omne tempus studiis gnavitèr incubuit,
Animoque omnigenâ ferè scientiâ repleto,
Tum ethica officia, tum legis prophetarumque præcepta
necnon Christianæ fidei articulos, peculiari quâdam
perspicuitate concionibus enucleavit.
Vitam prorsus innocuam duxit, et plurimus benefecit.
Moribus inerat severitas, sermoni gravitas,
ut decuit ministrum Dei.
Idem vero cùm tempus posceret, comes mirè festivus
multo permaduit sale.
Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ rituum et doctrinæ fuit egregiæ tenax;
Et uno contentus sacerdotio,
Alterum non ambivit, oblatum etiam recusavit.
Completis tandem octoginta annis,
Senio potius quàm morbo confectus,
quasi obdormivit beatæ resurrectionis spe
Septimo die Augusti anno Domini 1740." †

ART.

* Gent. Mag. Vol. LXIII. Part I. p. 393.

† He compiled a " Genealogical History of the noble and illustrious Family of Courtenay. In three parts." The first, giveth an account of the Counts

Art. XXVII. *Literary Obituary.*

On the 16th of May last, died, John Charnock, Esq. F. S. A. to whose memory the writer of these lines, who sincerely esteemed him, feels much pleasure in being permitted, through the friendship of the Editor, to dedicate somewhat more than a bare obituary notice. He was born on the 28th of November, 1756, the only son of John Charnock, Esq. a native of the island of Barbadoes, and formerly an advocate of eminence at the English bar, by Frances, daughter of Thomas Boothby, of Chingford in Essex, Esq. both of whom are still living. He was placed about the year 1767 at the Rev. Reynell Cotton's school at Winchester, and went from thence to the college, where, in the station of a commoner, he was under the immediate care of Dr. Joseph Warton, the Head Master, in whose house he boarded, and became the peculiar favourite of that so justly beloved and admired man. Having attained to the seniority of the school, and gained the prize medal annually given for elocution, he removed from Winchester to Oxford, and was entered in 17 4 a Gentleman Commoner of Merton College. Here he soon discovered his passion for literary composition,

Counts of Edessa of that family. The second, of that branch that is in France. The third, of that branch that is in England. By E. Cleaveland, B. D. sometime fellow of Exeter College, in Oxford, and rector of Honiton in Devon. Exon. Printed by Edward Farley, at Shakspeare's Head, near East-gate, 1735, fol. pp. 339." Gibbon, in his Digression on the Courtnay Family, Hist. Decl. and Fall, Vol. XI. p. 294, 8vo. says— "I have applied, but not confined myself, to 'A Genealogical History of the noble and illustrious Family of Courtnay, by Ezra Cleaveland, tutor to Sir William Courtnay, and rector of Honiton.' The first part is extracted from William of Tyre; the second from Bouchet's French History; and the third from various memorials, public, provincial, and private, of the Courtnays of Devonshire. The rector of Honiton has more gratitude than industry, and more industry than criticism."

in

in a multiplicity of fugitive pieces on various subjects, which appeared in the periodical prints of the time: among these his political essays, written during the heat of the American war, and in that vehement spirit of opposition which distinguished the young politicians of that day, bear chiefly the signatures of Casca, Squib, or Justice.

He left the university to return to a domestic life totally unsuited to the boundless activity both of mind and body for which he was remarkable, and rendered almost intolerable by certain family differences. To detach his attention from these inconveniences he applied himself, with his accustomed ardour, to the study of naval and military tactics; and with no other assistance than that of his mathematical knowledge, aided by a few books, soon attained the highest degree of science which could be gained in the closet. The noble collection of drawings which he has left, executed during that short period solely by his own hand, would alone furnish an ample proof of his knowledge of these subjects, and of the indefatigable zeal with which he pursued them.

He now became anxious to put into practice the theory of which he had thus become master, and earnestly pressed for permission to embrace the naval or military profession. He was at that time the sole heir to a very considerable fortune, and the darling of his parents; and these very facts, such is the occasional perverseness of human affairs, constituted his greatest misfortune. His request was positively denied, and, unable to resist the impulse of his inclination, he entered as a volunteer into the naval service, and very soon attained that proficiency, of which his publications on the subject will be lasting monuments. A sense of duty, however, which no man felt more keenly, withdrew him again,

"A mute inglorious *Nelson*,"

into private life; but his mind had received a wound in the disappointment, and other circumstances which it would be indelicate to particularize, contributed to keep it open.

Hence

Hence arose an indifference to the meaner and more common objects of human prudence, and many little singularities of conduct which, though they detracted nothing from his good understanding or good nature, rendered him remarkable to common observers.

He dedicated his retirement unceasingly to his pen, and the profits of his pen, which now constituted nearly his whole revenue, in a great measure to the gratification of that benevolence, which in him was equally warm and active with the rest of his passions and sentiments, and shone, in the most extensive sense of the word, in every shape of charity. It would be needless to inform those whom experience has taught to estimate duly the meed of literary labours in this time, and, perhaps, impossible to convince those who have had the good fortune to avoid that experience, how very far the means of such a man must have fallen short of their various ends. Suffice it, therefore, on this head, to say, that he became somewhat embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances, that the sources from which he had the fairest right to expect relief were unaccountably closed against him; and that his uncommonly vigorous constitution, both of body and of mind, sunk by slow degrees to dissolution, under the misery of an abridgment, which his proud and generous spirit could not brook, of that *liberty* and independence in which his soul delighted. He died childless, and was buried on the 21st of May, with considerable ceremony and expense, at Lee near Blackheath, leaving a widow, Mary, the daughter of Peregrine Jones, of the city of Philadelphia, whose exemplary conduct in the vicissitudes of her husband's fortune has secured to her the lasting respect of his friends.

Mr. Charnock possessed a firm and penetrating understanding, a surprising quickness of apprehension, an excellent memory, and a lofty, but well-governed, ambition. He was formed to shine in any profession, for he had the faculty of devoting all his powers to any object which deeply engaged his attention: but he had no profession; no one important

object;

object; and he scattered his natural advantages with the cold and limited hope of an husbandman who knows that the seed which he throws abroad cannot produce a crop beyond a certain value. Much of the character of his mind, however, may be traced in his literary productions. They merit the highest credit for various and indefatigable research, sagacious selection, and faithful detail: they, perhaps, deserve some censure for certain faults of style which must inevitably attend rapid composition. He has more than once declared to the writer of this sketch, that he scarcely ever read a line which he had dictated (for that was his almost invariable custom) except in the proof sheets; and this must be ascribed merely to the natural eagerness of his temper, for those who knew him best well knew that he had none of the affectation of

"The mob of gentlemen that write with ease."

His published works, with many smaller pieces, are

"*The Rights of a Free People*," *printed in* 8vo. *in* 1792, *in which he ironically assumed the democratic character which then feebly appeared in a few insignificant individuals. In this volume may be found an historical sketch of the origin and growth of the English Constitution, equally remarkable for its correctness and conciseness.*

"*Biographia Navalis*," *in* 6 *vols.* 8vo. *the first of which appeared in* 1794.

A Pamphlet in 8vo. *entitled* "*a Letter on Finance, and on National Defence*," 1798.

"*A History of Marine Architecture, in three volumes,* 4to. *a very valuable and superb work, illustrated by a great number of fine engravings*," 1802.

And *a Life of Lord Nelson, in one volume, published in* 1806, *enriched with some very curious original Letters of that eminent pattern of public and private worth.*"

E. L.

June

June . At Barnstable, aged 47, John Hill, Surgeon.

June . At Bath, Miss Gerrard, daughter of the late Mr Gerrard, Surgeon, Walcot, and authoress of a miscellaneous volume of Prose and Verse, lately published.

July 3. At Ferney-Hill in the county of Gloucester, the residence of her eldest son, Mrs. Cooper, relict of the Rev Dr. Cooper, of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, a daughter of the late James Bransby, Esq. of Shottisham in the same county. Exemplary in every stage of existence, humble, affable, benevolent, and devout; happy in the love and veneration of all around her, animated by Christian principles, and supported by Christian hope, she placidly expired after a short illness, in the seventieth year of her age, and left the memory of a bright example to her children and her friends. She was the author of several publications, some of which were printed many years ago, under the title of "*Fanny Meadows*," "*The Daughter*," "*The School for Wives*," and "*The Exemplary Mother*."

July 6. At Hertford, aged 76, the Rev. John Carr, LL.D. translator of *Lucian*.

July 9. At his house in Charlotte-street, Portland-Place, Noel Desenfans, Esq. a gentleman of great talents and knowledge, a liberal and enlightened judge of the Arts.

July . The Rev. Thomas Jones, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.

July 14. George Saville Carey, the well-known Lecturer, of a paralytic attack. He was announced for an Exhibition on the same evening. Mr. Carey was by profession a printer, and one of those imprisoned on account of the notorious No. 45 of the North Briton. He was the author of the Balnea, (a description of the watering places in England) several Songs, &c. His father was the asserted author of the popular air of God Save the King.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XX.

[Being Number VIII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Epigrams theological, philosophical, and romantick: Six Books. Also the Socratick Session, or the Arraignment and Conviction of Julius Scaliger: with other select poems. By S. Sheppard. London: Printed by G. D. for Tho. Bucknell, at the signe of the Golden Lion in Duck-Lane.* 1651. *Small 8vo. pp.* 257.

Before this printed title is placed an engraved frontispiece, with Apollo and his musical maidens on the biforked hill, supported by Martial and Ausonius, as columnar statues, and the author between their pedestals, sitting in an easy chair, and presenting his book to Mercury in exchange for a garland of bays. This whole length miniature of the poet seems to have eluded the lynx-eyed Grangerians, who press any head or tail-piece into the service of portraiture-illustration, though the resemblance be as shadowy as the air-drawn ghost of Banquo, and prove like that "unreal mockery."

S. Sheppard (we are told by Mr. Reed*) was the

* Biographia Dramatica, I. 410.

son of Harman Sheppard, M. D. who died in 1639. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, reports that this son was imprisoned at Whittington College for writing a paper, or news-book, called "Mercurius Elencticus."* During the prohibition of the stage, he published "The Committee-man curried;" a comedy in two parts, bearing stronger testimony to his loyalty than to his poetic genius, each part not being longer than a single act of a moderate play, and almost entirely stolen from other authors. His "Socratic Session" is another brief essay in a dramatic form, and is designed to castigate Scaliger, for his censures of the Greek and Roman bards. Mr. Malone, in his Shakspeare, X. 187, quotes from a production by Sheppard, entitled "Times displayed in six Sextiads," 4to. 1646; but this I have never seen, nor can I trace it in any catalogue.

His present publication bears a dedicatory inscription, which I think has been much praised for similitude of form, before the poems of Marvell:

"If these epigrams survive (maugre the voracitie of time) let the names of Christopher Clapham, and James Winter (to whom the author dedicateth these his indeavors) live with them."

* This was published in 1648. An account of the first number may be seen in Mr. Chalmers's very curious chronological list of news-papers, appended to his Life of Ruddiman: but Oldys, probably, drew his report from the following quibbling piece of information, contained in the Epigrams of Sheppard.

"My Imprisonment in Whittington, for writing *Mercurius Elencticus*.

Most strange it seemes unto the vulgar rout,
That that which thrust me in, should guard me out;
My soule with no engagements clog'd, but thus
My gaining life strook dead *Elencticus*."

An

An address to the reader then commences in the following terms:

"CANDID AND COURTEOUS,

"I here present to thy perusall a body of epigrams, and (least thou should'st mistake the worth of the gift, reflecting on the worthlessness of the giver) I cannot but inform thee that epigrams in all ages have been oftener desired than attained, either for the paucitie of epigrammatists, or for the fluencie and delicacie they have ever exhibited: never but two amongst the Latines, viz. M ial and Ausonius, famous for their performances in things of this nature; and amongst us here in England, none in our native tongue (some pidlers excepted) save *Bastard* and *Harrington*, that have divulged ought worthy notice: the first of these deserved the lawrell; but the last, both crowning and anoynting. I confesse my selfe guilty of no lesse then treason against the soveraignty of Apollo, and the dignity of the Nine, to put forth any thing to publick view in this age of ignorance and ostracism of learning, when the Thespian fount is so pittyfully puddled, the sacred mount so sacreledgiously asassinated, and the Castalian cave become a covert for chattering magpies. The nominall doctor, that can scarce render an account of his faith (if he were catechized) whether Galen dealt in druggs, or Paracelsus in simples, yet can make a shift to clime Parnassus, though at his descent his feet are so lame, all may perceive he deserves rather Helebore then Helicon. Oh Poesie! once so renowned, how hast thou forfeited thy pristine splendor!"

To this address succeed commendatory verses by

Arthur Estwich. Geo. Rosse, John Ridley, Andrew Dixon, Samuel Holland, and Vincent Howell. The epigrams extend to 173 pages, and are very few of them entitled to the general name they bear. The most interesting, from their connection with his contemporaries, are those which bear the following inscriptions.

"To my beloved friend Mr. James Naworth.
To James Nevill, Esquire.
To my friend Theodor Vaux.

"*On my Selfe.*"—This is curious.

'Some look upon me as one rude,
Quite erring in my altitude;
For above Atlas' shoulders I
Am plac'd, and all the world do eye.
When I took for me the earthly signe
Of Scorpio, in's ascent did shine
Just in the planetary houre
Of Saturne (who doth ever sowre)
I view'd the light: it much doth win me;
I have part of that planet in me.
No way facetious am I,
To toyish mirth or jollitie,
Yet in one dreame I can compose
A Comedy, in verse or prose;
Behold the action, apprehend
The jest, and the quaint plot commend,
And so much of the sence partake
As serves to laugh my selfe awake.'

Roberto Astonio Equiti poetæ eximio.
On the two admirable wits, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

To

To Mr. Davenport, on his play called The Pirate.
On Ben Johnson's play, called The Silent Woman.
To the most excellent poet, Sir William Davenant.
To my noble friend Van Velsen, in praise of Amsterdam.
Epitaph on Prince Henry.
To Mr. Glascow, a solution of his question what Wit is, and who ought chiefly to drink Sherrie?
To Mrs. Rhodes.
On the death of Mary Queen of Scots.
To my much honoured unckle M. Paul Clapham.
On Sir Phillip Sydney's decease.
On his Arcadia.
On the death of that incomparable hero, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Knt.
On Mr. Sands' inimitable Translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis.
The power of Money, to Sir Edward Buzbey, Knt.
An Apollogie to Sir Thomas Engham.
To Sir Alexander Wroth, Knt. of the Garter, &c.
To Dr. Bulwer, on his Artificiall Changeling.
To Lillie, the starre-gazer.
To Judge Jenkins.
To the illustrious Cardinal Mazerine, his victory lately obtained on the Spanish army under the Archduke Leopold.
The poet's invitation to Ben Johnson's ghost to appeare again.
To my much honoured and incomparable friend Mr. Theodor Loc, Esq. upon his request to me to pen a peculiar poem of Oberon and his Queen.

Epitaphs on Lord Capell, Duke Hamilton, and the Earle of Holland.

On Mr Spencer's inimitable poem, the Faerie Queen.

On Mr. Davenant's most excellent Tragedy of Alborine King of the Lombards." (1629.)

Davenant is here complimented, at the expense of Shakspeare and Jonson.

" For the statue of Queen Elizabeth.

On the death of Strafford, Deputie of Ireland." (1641.)

As this characterizes Lord Strafford, with much force and truth, and has not been given in the Royal and Noble Authors, it is extracted.

" That thou wert wise as Nestor, valianter
Then great Priamides,* and stronger farre
Then big bon'd Ajax, that thy skill did shine
Superlatively in War's art; to thine
That Cæsar's *vici* was but slow; that all
Which makes an able statesman thou might'st call
Thine, and thine only; that thy mighty soule
Dispans'd, extended, unto either pole,
Truth must acknowledge; that thy royall lord
Durst to have mortgag'd unto thee his sword,
So great his confidence, during whose reigne
Thou shon'st a constellation, next his waine; †
And tis not yet decided, whether thou
Or he were more resplendent: on thy brow
Sat terror mixt with wisdome, and at once
Saturne and Hermes in thy countenance.
Second Sejanus, in thy fall we see
Nosce teipsum was not known to thee."

" To Will. Lee, the bookseller at Paul's chaine.
To J. Euzby.

* Hector. † Charles's.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr. Fountaine and his young son dying, and being buried together in one grave.

To Capt. Purvey.

On Sir John Harrington's Translation of Ariosto.

To Mr. John Sands, on his excellent Water-worke called The Chaos.

On the death of the late Prince of Orange, by the small pox.

A frolick to Capt. Baines, the poet, being prisoner (for his loyalty) in Whittington-goale.

On Mr. Webster's most excellent Tragedy called The White Devill, (1612.)

Epitaph on that excellently learned young man, Mr. Anthony Dyer.

Epitaph on my dearly loved kinsman, Thomas Clapham.

Ben Johnson's due encomium.

To Tatam." This is a skit upon John Tatham, the city-poet and playwright.

" Tatam makes verses of all sorts and sizes,
And playes, and songs, and ballads he comprizes:
In keene iambicks a lymphatic lyrick
He is, and playes and sings sweeter than Derick; *
For which, among the broakers and broom-criers,
Amongst the watermen, 'mongst dolts and dyers,
Hee's cried up for a *bard;* and he is one,
For he writes Welsh, or in some stranger tone."

" To Mr. Giles Granvert.

On Silvester's Translation of Du Bartas, his divine Weeks and Works.

The celebration of a health to my joviall friend James Gort, Esquire.

* The Jack-ketch of Tatham's time.

To John Taylor, commonly called The Water-poet.
In memory of our famous Shakspeare." This is the most creditable essay of Sheppard, and may be seen in Mr. Ellis's Specimens, and among the commendatory verses on our matchless dramatist.
"To Mr. James Ford; his Medalls being miraculously preserved from fire.
To the hopefull and excellently ingenious Mr. John Quarles.
On Mr. Chapman's incomparable Translation of Homer's Workes.
Epitaphs on Mr. Flood, and Mr. James Gourd, a singing man.
To the Parliament of England.
To Mr. Edward Gosling, pittying my want of books." This is likely to have been written in confinement, and is interesting.

'The rage of these rude times hath snatch'd away
My books from Æsop to Mirandula:
I now for books have 'bove my head the skies,
The truth for light, and reason for my eyes;
Under me earth, about me ayre and sea,
Vertue for guide, and nature for my way:
And, truth to say, in books, as clouds, men see
Of whose embracements Centaures gotten be.'

"To Mr John Sob, of these times.
To his Excellency the Lord Generall Cromwell.
To the profoundly learned and unparalleld antiquary, John Selden, Esq.
To Mall, my Wife."

At

At the close of the Epigrams follows "The Socratick Session," with a new title page; and to that succeeds "A Mausolean monument, erected by a sorrowfull sonne on his deceased parents: with three pastorals. Two of them alluding to some late proceedi igs between parties." This portion of his volume includes funeral elegies upon his father Dr. Harman, and his mother Petronella Sheppard, the former of whom deceased July 12, 1639, and the latter Sept. 10, 1650. These filial tributes are too bombastical to excite any interest: and they are succeeded by a wilder strain of mythological metre, called "The Adventurous Bard: or uxorious Orpheus his descent." Three pastorals and the fragment of a fourth, conclude the volume; and from these I select the following passages, on account of their relation to several of our favourite Elizabethan poets, and particularly to Spenser and Shakspeare, who have not yet obtained these tributes of praise among their collected testimonials.

Linus. "I know thou lov'st to heare
Of nought, but how thy oxe will beare
His yoke, and when thy sheep to sheare,
That thou may'st make a gainefull yeare:
But yet to me more pleasant is
To hear *Tytirus** play, I wis,
Upon his oaten reed, while he
Doth make delitious mellodie;
While he records in pleasant verse
Sweet tales of love, and doth rehearse
His dreames and songs.
Next unto Tytirus, there came
One that deserv'd a greater name
Than was bestowed, but when she† swaid,
Whom to this day some call a maid,

* Chaucer seems to be here intended. † Q. Elizabeth.

Then

Then *Collin Clout* * his pipe did sound,
Making both heaven and earth resound.
The shepheards all, both farre and near,
About him flock'd, his layes to hear;
And for his songs he was so fam'd,
He was the prince of shepheards nam'd.
And next to him, was the sweet quill
Of far-renowned *Astrophil* †
Admired, who whether that he chose
To pipe in verse or else in prose,
Was held the bravest swain to be,
Ere folded flocks in Arcadie.
After him rose as sweet a swain ‡
As ever pip'd upon the plain:
He sang of warres, and tragedies
He warbled forth; on him the eyes
Of all the shepheards fixed were,
Rejoycing much his songs to hear.
And then liv'd he § who sweetly sung
Orlando's fate, in his own tongue,
Who would not deigne t' divulge his own,
But by another would be known:
O gentle shepheard! we to thee
Are bound in a supream degree.
And after him a swain || arose,
In whom sweet Ovid's spirit chose
For to reside: he sang of love,
How Cupid ladies' hearts can move;
And teach, how large the continent
Of Arcadie is in extent:
He prais'd his Maker in his layes,
And from a king receiv'd the bayes.—

* Spenser. † Sir P. Sidney. ‡ Q. Drayton?
§ Sir John Harrington. || Q. Daniel?

Not

Not long ago liv'd learned *Ben*,‖
He whose songs, they say, outvie
All Greek and Latine poesie;
Who chanted on his pipe divine
The overthrow of Catiline:
The Arcadian shepheards wonder all,
To hear him sing Sejanus' fall,
O thou renowned shepheard, we
Shall ne're have one againe, like thee.
With him contemporary then
(As Naso and fam'd Maro, when
Our sole Redeemer took his birth)
Shakespeare trod on English earth:
His Muse doth merit more rewards
Than all the Greek or Roman bards:
What flow'd from him was purely rare,
As born to blesse the Theater:
He first refin'd the commick lyre,
His wit all do and shall admire;
The chiefest story of the stage;
Or when he sung of war and strage, *
Melpomene soon view'd the globe;
Invelop'd in her sanguine robe.
He that his worth would truely sing,
Must quaffe the whole Pierian spring."

T. P.

ART. II. *Linsi-Woolsie: or Two Centuries of Epigrammes. Written by William Gamage; batchelour in the artes. Patere aut abstine. Printed at Oxford by Jos. Barnes.* 1613. 12mo.

* Jonson.

† Slaughter or death, may probably be meant; from *Strages*, Lat.

Another

Another title-page bears the date of 1621, but it is not likely that the book had more than one impression, as it consists of the saddest trash that ever assumed the name of epigrams; and which, with a very slight alteration, well merits the sarcasm bestowed by Shenstone on the poems of a Kidderminster bard:

> "Thy verses, friend, are *linsey woolsey* stuff,
> And we must own—you've measur'd out enough."

From their having been printed at Oxford and penned by an A. B. it is probable, however, that Gamage was entitled to an incidental notice in Athenæ Oxonienses, which he has not obtained. His volume is dedicated to Katherine, Lady Mansell. The following epigrammatistic compliments were offered to coeval writers, and might, in part, have served for poesies to their rings.

"*To ingenious Ben Jonson.*

> "If that thy lore were equall to thy wit,*
> Thou in Apollo's chaire might'st justly sit."

"*To the ingenious poet, Mr. Wm. Herbert, of his booke intituled The Prophesie of Cadwalader.* †

> "Thy royall prophesie doth blaze thy name:
> So poets must, if they will merit fame."

* It is remarkable that this opinion runs directly counter to the judgment of modern critics, who concur in thinking it the fault of learned Ben, that he studied books where he should have studied men. See Mr. Neve's elegant remarks on our ancient poets.

† Herbert's prophesie of Cadwallader was printed in 1604.

"*To*

"*To the most famous and heroike Lady Mary, L. Wroth.* *

"Thy worthy Husband ladifies thee *Wroth*,
Pray be not so with my poore pen to place
'Fore R the O; then justly Lady *Worth*
I might thee stile—worth what? hie honours Grace."

"*To the ingenious Epigrammatists Jo Owen and Jo. Heath,† both brought up in New College Oxon.*

"Though you were both not of one mother bore,
Yet nursed were you at the self-same brest,
For fluent genius, and ingenious lore,
And the same dugges successively have prest:
'Tis true ye are but fosterers by birth,
Yet brothers right in rimes conceiptfull mirth."

T. P——

ART. III. *E. W. his Thameseidos. Devided into three bookes, or cantos.*

"Nunquam stigias ibit ad umbras inclita virtus."

At London: Printed by W. W. for Simon Waterson. 1600. 4*to*. *Signat. F.* 4.

The author of this scarce poem is undecyphered by any dedicatory prefix of his own, or by any commen-

* This lady was niece to the illustrious Sir Philip Sidney, and wrote a romance called Urania. She married Sir Thomas Wroth, himself a writer of epigrams, and in good esteem (says Wood) for his poetry and for his encouragement of poets. Athenæ, II. 257.

† For some account of Heath and his epigrams, see CENSURA, V. 26. Owen is pretty generally known, by the numerous editions of his Latin epigrams, or by his translators, Peckc and Harvey.

datory

datory tribute from others; though he seems not to have been undeserving of a patron, nor his work of contemporary praise. Its chief defect appears to be, that the fables it contains too nearly resemble Ovidian Metamorphoses; and its obvious merit is, that it afforded a model for Drayton to enlarge upon in his Polyolbion. The following personification of Thames, as a female, occurs in the first page.

" And now, from new-spows'd wife, the fierie Sunne
Was risen, and from ocean-seas begunne
To drive his golden chariot, that he might
To all the world declare his glorious light;
When Thamesis, the fairest queene on earth,
To solemni-e her annuall day of birth,
App reled in robe of purest white,
All thicke of golden shimiring * spangles dight,
Which gainst the Sunne reflecting beames did cast,
As do the starres that in the heavens are plast;
Her haire bound up in knots, like golden wier,
And crown'd with garlands of sweete smelling brier:
Unto a meddow by, his flowing streames
Did goe, where she, from heat of Phœbus' beames,
Under the coole shade of the spreading trees
Did meane to sport, and sing sweete virolees, †
With her faire Nymphes, each having in her hand,
To fill with precious flowers, a little maund." ‡

It probably occurred to the author that such a title as " fairest queen on earth," though figuratively given to a river, might excite a thrill of displeasure in the

* Gl'stering.

† Virelays seem to have been a species of roundelays, or roundels, with which they are twice enumerated by Chaucer.

‡ Basket.

breast

breast of his jealous Sovereign, and he therefore made an *amende honorable* in the second canto, by a courtly apostrophe to Elizabeth herself.

"Thou most bright Sunne of this our northern clime,
Live thou for ever! or live Nestor's time,
To maintaine artes, as hitherto th' ast done,
For wayle the Muses must, when thou art gone:
And if it fortune, that at any time
(Luckely) this ragged and unpolisht rithme
Into those faire hands fall, that holds the bridle
With which thou justly rul'est many people:
Behold it with a favourable eie,
And thinke that none can praise thee worthelie."

T. P.

Art. IV. *The English Myrror: a regard wherin al estates may behold the conquests of Envy Containing ruine of common weales, murther of princes, cause of heresies, and in all ages spoile of devine and humane blessings, vnto which is adioyned, Envy conquered by Vertues: publishing the peaceable victories obtained by the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, against this mortall enimie of publike peace and prosperitie, and lastly a Fortris against Envy. Builded upon the counsels of sacred scripture, lawes of sage philosophers, and pollicies of well governed common weales; wherein every estate may see the dignities, the true office and cause of disgrace of his vocation. A worke safely and necessarie to be read of everie good subject By George Whetstones, Gent. Malgre. Seene and allowed.*

allowed. At London: Printed by J. Windet for G. [illegible]eton, and are to be sold at his shop under Aldersgate 1586. 4*to. pp.* 249.

At the back of the title the royal arms are placed above the following acrostic on Queen Elizabeth, to whom the book is further inscribed in a dedicatory epistle of two pages.

"E nvy in vaine thou warrest with our Queene,
L ight of the West, which through the world is seene;
I ove in his strength with her still armed goes,
Z eale is [the] sword wherewith she woundes her foes.
A bundance, peace, power, and happy raigne
B laze foorth her fame: the world can not contayne
E lect to be, the mervaile of this time.
T o stoupe to pride, that ore Emprors did clime.
H elp and refuge to forraigne realmes in thrall,
A t home, abroade, each where, her foes do fall.

R enowne our Queene her diademe doth give,
E lizabeth alone in peace doth live:
G lory of God, most blessed prince alive,
I mage of grace, in whome all vertues thrive.
N o death vpon her memorie may feede,
A Phenix right, but one, yet never dead."

An address follows the dedication, "to the most honorable the nobilitie of this flourishing realme of Englande:" and ten lines by R. B. to the reader of this English Myrror: with an apology from the printer for such faults in the impression of the book as remain uncorrected, from the absence of the author.

In CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 274, I had conjectured that this English Mirror might possibly be the same book

book with a new title, which was printed in 1584, as the Mirour for Magestrates of Cyties: but a sight of the volume has rendered that conjecture unfounded. It may rather be considered, as a brief digest of historical records, from the early monarchies to the period of Elizabeth, to whose royal protection it is recommended in the following cautious terms.

"The censures of grave men, which are the substance of this work, stand in place of counsels for your good subjects, and unto me as loyall as the truest, the bare labor is only dew. In which trembling presumption, I protest before God and your Majestie, that my heart nor booke medleth with matter of your happie government, to which no earthly pollicie may be added, neither is heavenly wisdome absent: and as far is it from my thought, in name, figure, or circumstance, to misnote any capitall Magistrate, whose honorable travels deserve much reverence and no lesse regard. It then followeth, most regarded Queene, that the reach of my duetie, which climeth betweene fire and frost, (the premises allowed) simply laboreth to publish these regards, that common faultes may be amended in imitation of your pretious vertues, the lights of the world, and life of England's happiness."

The volume is divided into three parts: the second of these is inscribed "to the right reverend lordes the bishops, and other the devines of England," with "a sonnet of triumph to England." prefixed; and the third is addressed "to the right honorable and most grave personages, the temporall magistrates of England." The titles to each may be gathered from the general title; which, being dilated with Whetstone's usual verbosity, might almost serve for a table of contents. As

that part of the book, which relates to persons and events in the author's time, will now be thought most curious, the following extract is taken from chap. vii. Book 2, which treats "of the peaceable entrance of Queene Elizabeth, unto the crowne and diademe of England, and other observances of God's especiall favor and mercy."

"Her Majesty, the 17 day of November 1558, the very day of Queene Mary, her sisters death, with the sound of a trumpet, both at Westminster and in the city of London, was proclaymed by the name of Elizabeth, queene of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. The newes wherof raised a suddaine joy among the people, so harty, as their loving affection was presently seene by publike feasting, banqueting, and bonefiers, in the open streets. The 23 of January following, her Majesty from the Tower passed through the city of London toward her coronation, but before her chariot set forward, her Majesty lifted her eies up unto Heaven, and acknowledged God's mercie in this thankes-giving:

"*O Lord Almighty, and everlasting God, I give thee most harty thanks that thou hast been so mercifull unto me as to spare me to behold this joifull day: and I knowledge that thou hast dealt as wonderfully with me, as thou didst with thy true and faithful servant Daniel the prophet, whom thou deliveredst out the den, from the cruelty of the gredy raging lions. Even so was I overwhelmed, and only by thee delivered. To thee therefore be only thanks, honor, and praise for ever. Amen.*

"Her Majesty, by this thanksgiving, published her sure confidence in God; the effects, the tyranny of hir enemies;

enemies; and the conclusion, a speciall comfort to the godly.

"The citizens of London, to shew their zeale in welcome of her Majesty, attyred the citie with many stately showes, the most whereof they derived from her proper vertues, who was the lively substance of all their painted bewties. The *first* pageant shewed the long desired unitie which (God and her Majesty be thanked) is knit betwene us and the holy gospell of our Saviour Christ. The *second* set forth the seat of governance, which her Majesties lively vertues bewtified more then their gorgious devises. The *third* (which they applied unto her Majesty) depainted the eight beatitudes mentioned in the 5 of S. Mathew: and, truly, if any earthly creature deserved them, they are worthely heaped upon her Majesty. The *fourth* declared the ruinous state of this realme, which (as they prophesied) is by her Majesty restored to the dignity of a florishing commonweale. The *fift* compared the expectation which her heroycall vertues promised, with the politicke governement of the worthie Debora," &c.

A further account of the receiving of the Queen at Westminster, with the ceremonies of her coronation, from Strype and the Ashmole Manuscripts, may be seen in Vol I. of the Royal Progresses and Processions, published by Mr. Nichols.

T. P.

ART. V. *Wits Fittes and Fancies. Fronted and entermedled with presidentes of honour and wisdome. Also Loves Owle: an idle conceited Dialogue betweene Love and an Olde-man. Recta*

 securus,

securus. A. O. Imprinted at London by Richard Iohnes, at the sign of the Rose and Crowne next above S. Andrewes Church in Holborne. 1595. 4to.

This book was reprinted in 1614,* without the poetical appendage entitled "Love's Owle." The early edition is so rare as to have escaped the observation of Herbert. From the learned and liberal possessor of the only copy I have seen, I derive the information, that the prose division of the volume was in part translated or collected from the Spanish book "La Floresta Spagnola," of which a French translation was printed at Lyons in 1600. By Anthonie Copley, the English translator, this volume is inscribed to that celebrated naval hero, George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who was thus invited to receive it "in gree," that is—with kindly welcome.

"I did intende it (says the Dedicator) to your late sea-voyage, to the ende it might have pleased you to passe away therwith some unpleasant houres. But as it was not ripe ynough for that season, so now I pray God it come in due season to your good liking. Divers of them are of mine own inserting, and that without any injury I hope to my authour; the which are easily to be discerned from his, for that they taste more *Englishlie*. Neither have I used his methode therein, but have set downe one of mine owne, which I take to

* This second edition was thus entitled: "Wits Fits and Fancies: or a generall and serious collection of the sententious speeches, answers, jests, and behaviours, of all sortes of estates, from the throne to the cottage. Being properly reduced to their severall heads, for the more ease to the reader. Newly corrected and augmented, with many late, true, and wittie accidents. Musica mentis, medicina mœstæ. London, printed by Edward Allde, dwelling in little Saint Bartholomew's, neer Christ Church."

be

be better. Which, both methode and matter, if I shall once perceive your L. to daigne it in your favour, I will not feare that any gentleman will easilie disgrace it, to whome next under your Lordship I wish it currant and well accepted. For such, I knowe, is generally their devotions to your woorth, that whatsoever matter (were it guilt it selfe) that is once refuged to your vertues shrine and sanctuarie, they will not rashlie ravish it to arraignment and publike shame.

" As for my LOVES OWLE, in the latter ende, the trueth is—I can pretend it no outlandish priviledge to your Honour's favour, and therefore doe rather leave it to your pardon then good liking, as a follie of an idle vaine. Upon which your said pardon of the one, and good liking of the other, presuming, I will endevour according to my ever vowed and bounden dutie to your L. to serve you (God willing) in some better worth hereafter. Hoping that what I have heer done, may at leastwise serve to put better wittes in minde to honour your noblenesse aswell with their peacefull pens, as others doe with their sea-paines."

An address follows " to the gentlemen readers," which is at least as worthy of transcription as any other part of the volume.

" GENTLEMEN: These *Wittes*, *Fittes*, and *Fancies*, are of the nature to admit no eloquence wherewith to delight yee, as also manie of them to seem barren at the first sight, which nevertheles to the second eie may minister content and merriment. Understand yee therefore, that I direct them not to the sullen and moodie person who happily in his austeritie will befoole a great manie of them before ever hee read them; as matter either differing from his soure disposition, or

perhaps above his wit. Neither doe I professe them as regular methodes or deepe grounded axioms of logicke certaintie, but as certaine free offals and presidentes of Wits wandering variety. Momus (gentlemen) I confesse, were able to make a foule wracke among them, were he as precise as he is malicious: wherefore, my desire is they come not under his ravin, nor yet under Minos' heavy censure: but whosoever is gentle merrie wittie, he take all. Neither must anie person, of what vocation soever, take offence at any thing herein contained; considering that mirth, not malice, meanes it all. As for my LOVES OWLE, I am content that Momus turn it to a tennis ball, if he can, and bandy it quite away: namely, I desire M. *Daniel*, M. *Spencer*, and other the prime poets of our time, to pardon it with as easie a frowne as they please, for that I give them to understand, that an Universitie Muse never pen'd it, though humbly devoted thereunto.

Yours, in desire to please you,

A. C."

The following ancient witticisms are extracted from the chapter which treats of "Table-Matter."

"An honest man, invited a physitian to dinner, and at dinner time drunk to him in a cup of wine: whereunto the physitian excepted, and said—'That hee durst not pledge him in wine, for feare of pimples and inflammations in his face!' The other then answered—'A foule yll on that face that makes the whole body fare the worse.'

An Italian used to say, that 'wine hath these two discommodities with it: if you put water into it, you marre

marre it; and if you put none in, you marre your selfe.'

The Dutch-man useth to say, that '*eating* is not any whit necessarie, other then in as much as it procureth a man to *drinke* and *talke*.'

A turkie-pie had been often serv'd in to a poor gentleman's board, and at last a serving-man being to serve it in again, made some stay of it by the way, resting it upon the buttry-hatch. By chance his maister came by, and seeing it there, asked him—why hee did not carrie it in? 'Marie, sir, (answered the serving-man) I thought it could by this time a-day have found the way in alone.'

A serving-man, by mischance, shed broth on his maister's board, and his master said—'Sirra, I could have done so my selfe.' He answered—'No marvell, Sir; for your worship hath seen mee do it first.'

A gentleman, using to dine often with the Maior of London, on a time brought his friend with him, saying—'My Lord, heer I am come, a bold guest of yours againe, and have brought my shadow with me.' The Maior welcomed him and his shadow. Within a while after he came againe to dinner to him, and brought two companions with him: to whom the Maior said—'Sir, you be hartily welcome: but I pray you tel me—Do you not think it a monstrous thing, for *one body* to have *two shadowes?*'

One woonted to say that 'poore men want meate to their stomackes, and rich men stomackes to their meats.'

Two gentlemen went to breake their fast in a taverne, and a bagpiper stood piping at the doore. At last, in came one and set them downe a cupple of egges.

Whereat one of the gentlemen excepted and said—'Hath all this cackling been but for these two poore egges?'

One was telling a gentlewoman how such a gallant of the court ate everie day *eight capons* in blank-manger.* She answered—'Oh, the *foxe!*'

At a nobleman's banquet a ship of †marchpain-stuffe was set upon the board, wherein was all manner of fishes in the like stuffe. Every one snatching thereat, a sea captaine setting far off could not reach therunto; but one of the companie gave him a sprat, which hee receiving, helde it a good space to his eare. The nobleman seeing it, asked him his conceipt therein? He then, in reference to the little portion that came to him out of that march-pane, thus merrily answered—'And like your Grace, my father before me (as your Honour knowes) was sometimes a sea-captaine, and it was his mischance and my hard hap, that since his last undertaken voyage at sea, which was some twelve yeeres ago, I never since could hear what was become of him: wherefore, of every fish that falleth into my handes I still aske, whether it can tell me any newes of him? And this pettie sprat (my Lord) saith—'he was then a little one, and remembers no such matter."

After this taste of Anthony Copley's borrowed wit, the following may serve as a sufficient sample of his original poetry. It forms part of the "idle conceited dialogue," termed "Love's Sonnet," in which Love

* Blancmanger.

† Marchpane seems to have been a species of confectionary resembling modern macaroons in quality.

recommends

recommends his services to "an olde man," by way of Lullaby.

"Now that I take my lute in hand
Rage and Rancour I you command,
Take your sister Melancholie,
And downe to darke hell all hie yee.
For heere I meane to make my residence,
By vertue of my peacefull influence;
And cheere this aged man with Lovelements
for ever. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Though age be olde and colde, I can
Re-young him to a lustie man,
And in his jointes intuse a fire
To execute a kinde desire.
I can revegetate his dying yeere,
By faire be-priesting him to a bonny-pheere,
Or els dispensing him such like good cheere
els where. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

The plough-lob I can civillize,
The frantick man with grace agnize:
Kings and Cesars I subdue,
And with my rites their soules indue.
All faire and goodly things I do detect,
And with my vaile I cover all defect,
And all in unitie I do connect
and approve. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

I doe devise all gay attyres,
Calles, rebatoes, perwigs, and wires:
Hoop-sleeves, French-bodies, vardingalles,
Paintings, perfumes, and washing balles:
With twenty thousand such like bonny things,
To grace fair Nature, and mis-nature's doings,
And profite trades by doing my devisings
workemanly. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Feaste

Feasts and frollickes I doe ordaine,
And merrie meetings on the plaine:
Revels, and daunces in a rowe,
And morrow-musicke at the window:
Tilting and justs are my magnificence,
The pomp wherof forbeareth no expence,
If so my spirit be in the pretence,
and grace it. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Wrinckles and pimples I can cure,
And make the stutting tongue demure;
The trembling palsey I can staie,
And take the misers gowt away:
The cripple creature I can make to runne,
The blinde man with new eyes to see the sunne,
And set in other teeth where th' old are done,
with the rewine. *Lulla lullabie, &c.*

Then since I am so physicall,
So musicall, so martiall,
So court-accepted, and rurall,
And so joy mighty over all:
Be not t' yourself so prejudiciall
As to refuse my beneficiall
Bounties, in over melancholie gall.
Lulla lullabie, lulla lullabie."

Love by these, and other similar allurements, wins over the silly gray-beard to become his servitor and to vow eternal fealty to him as his sovereign, which the cajoler Cupid no sooner hears, than he calls the dotard an errant ideot to be so duped, and threatens him with private annoyance and public exposure, concluding his maledictions thus—

" Besides thy inward anguishes,
Farre worse then all the premises,

Vaine

Vaine hope, and desperation,
And doubtfull interpretation,
of every occurrent:
Presumption and jelousie,
Care. passion, and captivitie,
Errour and indiscretion,
Unrest and vaine invention,
and thy wealth mispent.
These and such like absurdities,
Shall *owlefie* thee 'n all mens eies;
Who when they have twitted thee to death,
Yet shall thy shame survive unneth,
and thus thy epitaph—
Who ere' thou art that readst this Epitaph above,
Know that heer underneath doth lie the *Owle* of *Love*."

T. P.

ART. VI. *A Wife: now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye: being a most exquisite and singular poem of the Choise of a Wife. 4th Edit. London.* 1614. *4to.*

This, which professes to be the fourth, is the earliest impression I have seen of this once popular production, and the preface bears date May 16, 1614. Mr. Neve, in his notices of the author,* says, that 1614 was the first year of its publication; but I am not without suspicion that it appeared in print before the death of Overbury, which took place in October 1613. Successive editions were published in many succeeding years: that in 1615, had the following title—

* See Cursory Remarks on Ancient English Poets, 1789, p. 27.

New

New and choise Characters of severall Authors: together with that exquisite and unmatcht poeme The Wife; written by Syr Thomas Overburie. With the former Characters, and conceited Newes, all in one volume: with many other things added to this sixt impression. London: Printed by Tho. Crede for Laurence Lisle, &c. 1615. *Small* 8*vo.*

To the early edition of Overbury's Wife, cited above, the verses of Sir Henry Wotton "on a happy life," were appended. In this sixth impression appeared the characters of "a Tinker, an Apparatour, and an Almanac-maker," which were claimed by J. Cocke, as his literary property, in a prefix to the Essaies of Stephens, 2d edit. 1615. "Newes from the Country," was printed as Dr. Donne's in 1669; and several stray effusions by other writers were probably engrafted on the publisher's original stock, and employed to enlarge this oft-reprinted book, of which the title was thus altered in a copy now before me.

Sir Thomas Overbury his Wife. With additions of new Characters; and many other Wittie Conceits never before printed. The fifteenth impression. London: Printed by R. B. for Robt. Allot. 1632. 12*mo.*

Twenty-five copies of commendatory verses are prefixed; with an elegy on Wm. Lord Effingham, a complimentary poem ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ, and an elegy on the death of that Lady. Mr. Granger says, that the book had gone through sixteen editions in 1638, and that the last was published in 1753: sed quære? The fate of Overbury is sufficiently known: the

the merits of his principal production have been thus stated by the accomplished Mr. Neve. "In Overbury's poem of The Wife, the sentiments, maxims, and observations with which it abounds, are such as a considerable experience and a correct judgment on mankind alone could furnish. The topics of jealousy, and of the credit and behaviour of women, are treated with great truth, delicacy and perspicuity. The nice distinctions of moral character, and the pattern of female excellence here drawn, contrasted as they were with the heinous and flagrant enormities of the Countess of Essex, rendered this poem extremely popular, when its ingenious author was no more."

As some edition of the poem may at all times be obtained by every poetical reader, a single stanza may be sufficient to introduce here, as a specimen of it.

"Woman's *behaviour* is a surer bar
Than is their *no: that* fairly doth deny
Without denying; thereby kept they are
Safe ev'n from hope:—in part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent been only tried;
He comes too near, who comes to be denied."

The popularity of Overbury's poem gave rise perhaps to most of those which are here noticed in succession.

T. P.

ART. VII. *The Husband. A poeme expressed in a compleat man. London: Printed for Lawrence Lisle, dwelling at the Tygres Head in Paul's Church-yard.* 1614. *Small 8vo.*

This

This production is believed to be just as rare as the former is common: it being doubted whether any other copy exists than that now resorted to, which passed through the libraries of Major Pearson, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Woodhouse, into the liberal hands of Mr. Hill. The anonymous writer inscribes his imitative poem "to his truly honored friend M Anth. Croftes," and dates his offering dedicatory June 29, 1611. A short "epistle to the reader" follows, in which the poet desires not to be condemned as an imitator, "though the work precedent and work-master, were both alike excellent." Verses of commendation then succeed, by Ben Jonson, I. C. Ra. Wym: Jo. Calve: A. H. Philomus: R. V. M. Freeman. The former of these encomiums I transcribe, as it does not appear to be collected among the works of learned Ben.

"*To the worthy author, on the Husband.*

"It fits not onely him that makes a booke
To see his worke be good; but that he looke
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,
Least a false praise do make theyr dotage his.
I do not feele that ever yet I had
The art of utt'ring wares, if they were bad;
Or skill of making matches in my life:
And therefore I commend unto the *Wife*
That went before—a *Husband*. She, He sweare,
Was worthy of a good one, and this here
I know for such, a (if my word will waigh)
She need not blush upon the marriage day."

Though the name of the author is not unveiled, it is likely that the law was his profession, as three of his friendly

friendly encomiasts sign their verses from the Inner and Middle Temple, and Grays Inn. There is much quibble also in his composition, and a sententious quaintness in his style that renders his meaning very dark indeed. This will be sufficiently shewn by taking two stanzas in immediate succession.

" Fame is our hackney, not the journey's end;
He runs together; when we move our selves,
Goes backward, if the ryder him offend;
And with incessant speedines he delves
The grave of good's oblivion: much trust
In fame deceives; too little makes men rust.

Take therefore such a man, that hath bestridde
The lacke * of fame, where he is best beknowne:
Stipendious † voyces ever will out-bidde
The common rumor, which report is growne
A tryall now, t' approve good and condemne:
For sinnes it calles sinnes, though it nourish them."

T. P.

ART. VIII. *A Select Second Husband for Sir Thomas Overburie's Wife; now a matchlesse Widow. London: Printed by T. Creede and B. Allsopp for John Marriott, &c.* 1616. *Small 8vo.*

A sonnet-dedication to William Earl of Pembroke is signed John Davies. This was not Sir John, the philosophical poet and the judge: but his name-sake of Hereford, the verbose rhymer and writing-master. ‡

* This should probably be *back*: but the printer afforded no table of errata.

† Stipendious seems to be used in the sense of stipendiary.

‡ Vide Athen. Oxon I 445.

In

In a prose address to the reader, he affirms that "they make harsh musicke, who to please the judgment with the ditty, offend the ear with the accent; and he who sings much out of tune, though he sings well out of cry, may haply sing to please himself and few: but shall be sure to displease many. In well-doing, it is well to follow; but in ill, the imitation is worse than the example." Davies has here followed Overbury with no illaudable endeavour; but, like most servile imitators, appears to copy without discrimination the blemishes of his original.

At the end of his Choice Husband are announced "Divers Elegies touching the death of the never too-much-praised and pitied Sir Tho. Overbury:" but one elegy and an epitaph are all that appear in print. To these succeed Mirum in Modum," a poem first published in 1602; and "Speculum Proditor," which has a conclusion to Sir T. O. that reaches the very acme of metrical bombast and word-catching absurdity. For the credit of the author, and in consonance with the present plan of concentrating these homogeneous productions in one point of view, a short extract is here in preference supplied from his principal poem.

"Marriage, that is most noble, should have nought
But what is noble in it; noble-moods
To scorne that frailty, and despise that thought
That is not truly noble: marriage goods
Are ills, if good they be not made by these,
Else, to have much is much but to displease.

In paradise it was ordain'd; and so
For place its noble: and if innocence
May make that noble which from thence doth flow,
Nobilitie therein hath residence.

The

The Lord of love, who hatred most doth hate,
Is matcht to those that love in married state.

Then time, place, person, that did it effect,
Being so noble; noble it must be
Above all friendships which we should affect,
Sith it is so transcendent in degree.
Woman was made for man, and for his aide
Made of that holpe; that holpe, then, must be staid."

T. P.

ART. IX. *The Description of a Good Wife: or a rare one amongst Women. London: Printed for Richard Redmer, &c.* 1619. *Small 8vo.*

This is understood, from Mr. Malone, to be the performance of Richard Brathwaite; a noted wit, poet and justice of peace, says Wood.* It is superior, as a composition, to the preceding poems: has more perspicuity of design, more skill of method, and more harmony of metre. The argument may serve to explain the author's intention.

"In pursuit of Love's inquest,
Heavy-eyed Musophilus,
Restless, takes himselfe to rest,
And displays his fortunes thus:—
In his sleepe (death's shade) appears
Age, the honour of man's life,
Old in hours as well as years,
Who instructs him in a Wife:
And in brief assayes to show
Who is good, who is not so.

* Athen. Oxon. II. 516.

Next, his choice he shews his son,
(Lest he should his choice neglect)
What by him ought to be done
To his Wife, in each respect;
Who, though she should ever fear
To give cause of just offence,
Yet he ought not domineer,
'Cause he has preeminence:
For that conquest's worthy no man,
Where the triumph's o'er a woman."

The following passages are extracted from many pages of Direction for the Choice of a Wife.

"Chuse one that's wise, yet to herself not so,
Loving to all, familiar to few,
Inwardly fair, though mean to outward show,
Seldom conversing in a publique view;
Nor young, nor old, but has of years enow
To know what huswife means, and such an one
As may supplie thy place when thou'rt from home.

Chuse one who makes it greatest of her feare
T' incur suspicion, that esteems her name
Before a world of treasure; that can beare
Affliction with indifference, and thinks shame
A matron's comeliest habit; one, that's deare
In her Creator's sight, and feares to do
Ought that thy selfe will not assent unto.

Chuse one whom thou canst love, not for constraint
Of fortune or of friends; for what are these,
That thou by them shouldst measure thy content?—
No, no; in marriage thou thy selfe must please;
Or every day will be an argument
Of thy succeeding sorrow;—then, be wise,
Carve for thy selfe, yet hear thy friends advise.

Chuse

Chuse one whose pre election can admit
None save thy selfe, that she can dearly love;
Yet so discreet, as she can silence it
Till th' time her parents shall her choice approve:
For that implies her modestie and wit;
While rash assents, whens'ever they do come,
Are ever seen to bring repentance home."

T. P.

ART. X. *A Happy Husband: or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate. Together with a Wive's behaviour after Marriage. By Patrick Hannay, Gent. London: Printed by John Haviland for Nathaniel Butter, &c.* 1619. *Small 8vo.*

This was reprinted with the poems of Hannay, in 1622, of whom a brief notice is given in Vol. III. of Mr. Ellis's Specimens. His present production is not without moral merit or wholesome advice; and may admit of a short extract from the rules laid down for a Wife's behaviour.

"If anger once begin 'twixt man and wife,
If soon not reconcil'd, it turns to strife,
Which still will stir, on every light occasion,
What might have ceas'd in silence; then, persuasion
Of friends will hardly end: for every jarre
Is ominous, presaging life-long warre:
And where two join'd do jar, their state decays;
They go not forward who draw divers ways.
Being yoakt together, your first care must be,
That with your Husband you in love agree:
As far from fondness be, as from neglect,
Mixing affection with a staid respect.

Thy own desert must him unto thee bind;
Desert doth make a savage to be kind:
It is an adamantine chaine to knit
Two souls so fast, nought can them disunite."

T. P.

Art. XI. *Picturæ Loquentes: or Pictures drawne forth in Characters. With a poeme of a Maid. By Wye Saltonstall. Ne sutor ultra crepidam. London: Printed by T. Cotes, &c.* 1631. 12*mo.*

A second edition of this little volume was printed in 1635, with twelve additional characters In Wood's Athenæ, I. 640, some account is given of the author and his work. The plan of the latter was undoubtedly derived from that of Overbury: but the execution is greatly superior. Four selected stanzas are here subjoined, from the poem entitled "A Maid."

"Maidens have no advancement to derive
Unto themselves, but when they match aright;
For 'tis their marriage must them honour give,
They shine but with a mutaticious light:
For women's honours from their husbands come,
As Cynthia borrows lustre from the sun.

And since that marriage is a strict relation,
Methinks good counsell were not here in vaine,
That they be sure to make a good foundation,
Since that they cannot play their cast again:
For hence, their future good is lost or won,
And once to err, is still to be undone.

'Tis

'Tis no cold walls or nunnery, no false spies,
That can secure a maid that's once inclin'd
To ill; though watcht by jealous Argus' eyes,
To act her thoughts a time yet will she find:
There is no way to keepe a maid at all,
But when herselfe is like a brazen wall;

That can repell men's flatteryes, though afar,
And make her looks her liking soone to show;
Which, like a frost, such thoughts as lustfull are
Nips in the blossom ere they ranker grow.
Since then the eye and gesture speak the heart,
A maiden carriage is a maid's chief art."

Though somewhat of a different character from the preceding poems, yet the following may be superadded, on account of its title.

T. P.

ART. XII. *A Wife not ready made, but bespoken: By Dicus the batchelor; and made up for him by his fellow shepheard Tityrus. In four pastorall eglogues. The Second Edition. London: Printed for A. R.* 1653. 8*vo*.

This is a poetical pleading for and against marriage, in which the opposite advocates display equal ingenuity. The tract has a dedication in verse by R. A. "to his honoured good friend Sir Robert Stapleton," the translator of Juvenal and Musæus. R. A. is Robert Aylet, LL. D. who wrote several pieces of a graver cast on scriptural subjects, which were collected into a thick octavo volume, of unfrequent occurrence. The present little work exhibits a few lyric stanzas which invite

 transcription.

transcription. They appear under the quaint title of "A Mandee to Grammar-Scholars."

"In time of seed, no cost or labour spare;
Who soweth cheap,
Shall never reap
Things admirable, excellent, and rare.

One hour in youth, well-spent, may go for two:
When we grow old
Our studie's cold;
The things we learn in youth, in age we do.

Look but before, you plainly shall descry—
Honours attend
On them that spend
Their youth in sacred Muses' company:

When they that follow worldly vain delights,
In folly spend
What heav'ns do send,
And set in mists of sad obscured night.

Hence, younger brothers by their studies raise
Their houses' name
To height of fame,
And build brave monuments of lasting praise:

Which th' elder finding ready built to hand,
Their genius please
In sloth and ease,
Or waste, in pride and riot, goods and land."

Two elegies are added on the deaths of Edmund Alleyn, Esq. of Hatfield in Essex, (son and heir to Sir Edward Alleyn, Bart.) and Mary his wife.

T. P.

ART.

ART. XIII. *The most excellent Historie of Lysimachus and Varrona, daughter to Syllanus, Duke of Hypata, in Thessalia. Wherin are contained the effects of Fortune, the wonders of Affection, and the conquests of incertaine Time By I. H. R.*

" ———————— Sectantem grandia nervi
Deficient, animusque ———————."

London: Printed by Thomas Creede. 1604. 8*vo.*

This perhaps unique volume is in the Marquis of Stafford's fine library. The dedication to the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesly, Earle of Southampton, is signed only I. H. Then follows an address " to the Gentlemen Readers," beginning " Gentlemen, I have written the storie of Lysimachus and Varrona, &c." signed as in the title-page I. H. R.

The verses in praise of the book are a sonnet signed " Ro. Bacchus," and a sextain signed " Tho. Talkinghame, Gentleman."

The Historie is printed in the black letter; but the verses intermixed, are in the Roman. It is worthy of remark, that the very first song, entitled "Lysimachus' Sonnet that he made in prison," may be found in Greene's Arcadia: it begins,

" Yon restlesse cares, companions of the night, &c."

and the burden to the four stanzas is

" Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie dayes;
Welcome sweet griefe, the subject of my layes."

The following madrigal, sung by a shepherd, is pleasing; and presents a mode of versification not

often met with; viz. of the fifth and sixth lines corresponding with the eleventh and twelfth.

"What are my sheepe without their woonted foode?
What [is] my lite except I gaine my love?
My sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood;
My lite is lost, unless I grace approve.
No flower that saplesse thrives,
No turtle without pheare.

The day without the sunne doth lowre for woe;
Then woe mine eyes, unless they beawtie see;
My sunne, Varrona's eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
Nought more the heart revives,
Then to embrace his deare.

The starres from earthlie humours gaine their light,
Our humours by their light possesse their power;
Varrona's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
Infude my paines or joyes, by smile or lower.
So wends the source of love,
It feeds, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, clear to your joy, behold her eies,
Admire her heart, desire to tast her kisses:
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
Without them every hope his succour misses.
Oh, how I love to prove,
Whereto this solace tends."

T. P[illegible]

ART. XIV. *The Popish Kingdome, or reigne of Antichrist. Written in Latine verse by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englyshed by Barnaby Googe. 2 Timoth. 3. Lyke as Iannes and Iambres withstoode Moises,*

Moises, euen so doe these also resist the truth. Men they are of corrupt mindes, and lewde as concerning the faith: but they shall prenaile no longer. For their foolishnesse shall be manifest to all men as theirs was. Imprinted at London by Henrie Denham, for Richarde Watkins, Anno 1570. *4to.* 88 *leaves, exclusive of table, epistles, &c. b. l*

Dedicated "To the Right High, and Mightie Princesse Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queene of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, Defender of the Fayth, and of the Church of England and Ireland; on earth next under God the supreme governour."

In this dedication the Translator says "the author so eloquentlye in Latin hath exprest his mind, and so plainely and truely hath described the fayned sanctitie of the Romishe religion, that now so much is boasted of, as I cannot but judge him a present meete for a queene."—"I have also hereunto joyned some parte of another booke written by the same author, and entituled *The Spirituall Husbandrie* (which I long before translated) bicause the other being printed, seemed something to small in volume." Concluding "your Maiesties most humble and faithfull subiect. Barnabe Googe." Two pages.

On the following page are the arms of B. G. the quarterings somewhat different from those described in CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 207.

"To the Right High and Mightie Prince Philip, by the grace of God Lantgrave of Hesse, &c. Thomas Naogeorgus his humble subiect wisheth, &c." Dated "from Basil the 20 of Februarie, 1553." Six pages.

This

This work is divided into four books. The first book, consisting of 1000 lines, describes the establishing of papal power, the acts of the popes, cardinals, bishops, &c. The following is the description of the dress of a bishop.

"The bishop in the meane time is apparelde gorgiously,
And fourteene sundrie garments doth he herein occupy,
Without the which he cannot doe his sacrifice at all;
Yea, some must fiteene on them have, beside their costly pall:
His sandals first he putteth on, of silke or velvet new,
And then his Amias and his Albe, that hangeth to his shew,
Which doth in whitenesse passe the swan, that in the river fleetes,
A slender girdle rounde about his loynes, embracing meetes;
And eke about his necke a stoale doth round in compasse sit,
The greatest part is wrought of silke, of length and largenesse fit,
Which, when upon his blessed brest a crosse is overlayde,
It passeth downe and underneath his girdle fast is stayde.
Then puttes he on his tunicle, of purple colour bright,
And over that his dalmatik, a short sleevde garment light,
And then upon his tender handes his gloves he draweth on,
And many a costly stone in ringes he weareth thereupon:
Then over all he puttes his cope, a garment strange in sight,
Which lyke unto the lothsome tode behinde is shaped right,
With crosse depainted brave upon his backe and eke his brest,
And after this his napkins white, he joyneth with the rest;
And rounde about his porkish necke, his palle of passing price
He casteth on, with hanging hoode, and knot of fine device;
His forked myter then he takes, with golde and stones arayde,
From whence two labels hanging out, behind are overlayde;
Now last of all his Crosiar staffe in hand he holdes upright,
Whose crooked upper part is deckt with gold and jewels bright.

The

The rest with silver garnisht is, and plaited fine and neat,
Least it should grieve his holy hands, with weight of mettall great.
What God I say, or Sybyll then, what Moyses ever tought,
For to be clad with such a pompe, and garments straungly wrought.
When long agone they left their bookes, and freely had assinde,
Ech blocke to preache, and bussards such, as had none other minde;
But onely for to feede themselves, and that they weary were,
Of such things as belonge unto the bishop's dutie here."

In the second book (976 lines) the consistories, officialls, parsons, and various orders of monks, &c. are pourtrayed in a continual strain of censure. Of the order of mendicants

" No mariage is solemnized, nor great assembly had,
No feast is made in any place, but strayte these beggers mad
With boxes stande about the borde, and impudently than
They crave and aske, like lothsome flies molesting every man;
At supper none in quiet sittes, nor can their dinner take,
But in they come, and both their handes and eares they weary make.—
But yet above the reast I doe the wisest count those same,
That begging rounde about the worlde, with tytle fayre and name,
Have growne in little time to wealth, and treasures infinite,
Have purchast vineyardes, landes, and rents, and houses fayre in sight:
With graunges great, and pleasant farmes, and droves of cattell store,
That now no neede they have to begge, nor aske for any more;
Yea, loth they are to have the name of beggers in degree,
So abby-lubber lyke they live, and lordes they called bee."

The

The third book (1012 lines) describes the catholic faith and the power of the mass, to which some singular properties are assigned: amongst many other it is said

"Masse helpes the hunter with his horne, and makes the dog to runne, [come:
Masse sendeth store of sport and game into their nettes to
Masse molifieth the angrie mindes, and driveth rage away,
Masse brings the wofull lovers to their long desired day;
Masse doth destroy the witches works, and makes their charmings vaine, [paine;
Masse causeth good deliveraunce, and helpes the womans
Masse overthrowes thine enmies force and doth resist his might, [night:
Masse drives out Robyn good-fellow, and bugs that walk by
Masse useth many slouthfull knaves, and lubbers for to feede,
Masse brings in dayly gaine, as doth the sowter's arte, at neede."

The last book (1184 lines) contains a description of the various feasts and holidays kept, which appears exaggerated; but repeated mention of "playes, Christmasse-games, jeasters, roges, minstrells, and pedlars," makes it interesting, as describing the customs and amusements of that period. From Shrovetide a short extract, and end.

"The chiefest man is he, and one that most deserveth prayse,
Among the rest that can finde out the fondest kinde of playes:
On him they looke and gaze upon, and laugh with lustie cheare, [geare.
Whom boyes do follow, crying 'foole,' and such like other
He in the meane time thinkes himselfe a wondrous worthie man, [can.
Not mooved with their wordes nor cryes, do whatsoever they

Some

Some sort there are that runne with staves, or fight in armour fine, [wine.
Or shew the people foolishe toyes, for some small peece of
Besides the noblemen, the riche, and men of hie degree,
Least they with common people should not seeme so mad to bee;
There wagons finely framde before, and for this matter meete,
And lustie horse and swift of pace, well trapt from head to feete,
They put therein, about whose necke and every place before,
A hundred gingling belles do hang, to make his courage more. [stande,
Their wives and children therein set, behinde themselves do
Well armde with whips, and holding fast the bridle in their hande, [they ron,
With all their force throughout the streetes and market place
As if some whirlewinde mad, or tempest great, from skies should come," &c.

The *Spirituall Husbandrie* has a preface "To the Right Honorable and Worthie Lords the Governors and Senate of Bern, Thomas Naogeorgus wisheth, &c." Dated "from Campidun the first of March, 1550."

The first book contains 918 lines, and the second 978 lines of the same measure with the preceding, of which the specimens are, perhaps, more than sufficient for the whole.

Conduit street. J. H

ART. XV. *The Boke.*

Reade me frynde and be not wrothe
For I saye nothynge but the trothe.

¶ *The Byshoppes speake in the Cardynall.*

I wyll ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompouse honoure shall neuer dye.

[*Cardinal's*

[*Cardinals arms, as before described, not coloured.*]

The Christen Congregation speaketh.

O catife, whan thou thynkest least of all,
Wyth confusyon thou shalt haue a fall.

Colophon: *Prynted at Wesell in the Yeare of our Lorde* 1546, *on the last of June, by Henry Nycolson.*

This work is certainly too rare to make an apology necessary for the little now to be added to the full account given of the first edition, in CENSURA, Vol. II. p. 128. Indeed my task is limited to one leaf, as this is the second edition, described by Herbert, p. 1560, but his copy wanted the title, and his coined one of "Burying of the Mass," may now be corrected as above. The two editions appear to vary in orthography, and probably in many other instances, upon collation. The fifth and sixth lines of "¶ The description of the Armes," at the back of the title, given in the CENSURA, already referred to, are thus materially altered.

"Which hathe devowred all that he may or can,
Mortall enemy unto the worthy Reade lyon."

At the end of this description, on same page, are the following lines, which do not appear to be noticed by Herbert, or in the above account, and therefore I presume are not in the first edition.

¶ *An Exhortation to the Papistes.*

"O ye byshoppes and prestes, that yet be alyve,
Repent from your tyranny after Iohn's counsell,
Least ye be served as the folyshe virgynes fyve,
And utterly be condempned to the pytte of hell.
Therefor put all your affiaunce in the pur Gospell,
Dyspise the worlde and cast your selves downe,
Than shall ye receyve of God an immortall crowne."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. XVI. *What Peace to the Wicked? or an Expostulatorie Answer to a Derisorie Question, lately made, concerning Peace. By a Free-man, though a Prisoner.*

" The Author spares his name; not, that he dares not
To let you know it; but, because he cares not."

Printed in the Yeer 1646. *pp.* 6. *Double columns.*

This is one of the tracts by that "old puritan satyrist," (as Wood calls him) George Wither, consisting of above 500 lines; and appears to have been written at the time he was suffering imprisonment on account of some reflections on Sir Richard Onslow, of Surry, Knt. inserted in an apologetical discourse in English, published with the "Justiciarius justificatus," in 1646: and upon which Wood says "arose a debate in April the same year, in the House of Commons, and at length in August following, it was voted by them, that G. Wither, author thereof, should pay to the said Sir R. Onslow 500l. for damages, and that the book be burnt by the hand of the common hangman; at which time Wither was in prison for it, and continued there about a year."

This poem begins with putting the question.

" One, who hath, seldom, in his daies,
From fooles, or knaves, had love or praise;
And, who, throughout this isle, is knowne,
With cheerfulnesse, to have bestowne
His wit, paines, person, and estate,
The publike rights to vindicate;
A long imprisonment hath had,
For calling of a spade, a spade;
Which (if a court-card) might have been
Next to the King, except the Queen.

As

As he, in his confinement lay,
Some asked him, the other day,
When he supposed this Warre should end,
Or what successes should attend
Our hopes of peace?' Which Question, tho
From levity it seem'd to flow,
Or, scoffingly, to be exprest
Receiv'd this answer, not in jest."

Of the various factions that divided the kingdom at that period, he gives the following description.

" If waste Jerusalem was made,
Who, therein, but three factions had,
This island how may we deplore,
Wherein are three times three, and more!
Some, with the Parliament partake,
Some for the King a party make,
As he is king; and some, that he
A tyrant might become to be:
Some would a popular estate,
Some aristocracy create;
Some are a faction for the pope;
Some, to maintain the prelates hope;
Some, for the presbyterians vote;
Some, Independency promote;
Some, strive for this, and some for that;
Some, neither know nor care for what:
So wars go on, and get they may
Free-quarter, plunder and their pay.
Some fight their liberties to save,
Some, that they others might enslave;
Some, for religion, and for Christ,
Some, that they may do what they list;
Some, for the Common-wealth's availe,
Some, for themselves, with tooth and naile;

And

And they that have the basest end,
As fairly as the best, pretend;
Not caring whether their desire
Obtained be, by sword or fire,
By truth or lies, with love or hate;
By treachery or fair debate.
This is our posture; and, whilst we,
So foolish false and factious be,
(Or whilst affaires continue thus)
Who knows what will become of us?
Or, when the man, who these lines pen'd,
Shall find good usage, or a friend."

The author concludes his poem with what may be the foundation of peace, by the parliament getting rid of its faction, making one hecatomb of the Committees, &c. Then

" ——— if in one year,
Peace be not firmly settled here;
My loans and losses yet unpaid,
(With my arrears, three years delay'd)
Ile forfeit wholly to the state;
And live still, as I've done of late,
By swallowing wrongs, by empty aire,
And, patience kept, through faith and prayer.
Thus to the Question made, you have
That answer which our Prisoner gave;
Who other tales will tell, if he
Much longer shall imprison'd be.
A Spaniel beaten, at your foot will lie;
An English Mastive, at your face will flie."

Take this, and consider of it, till "more comes." And more will come from the same author in two or three future articles.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XVII. *A List of the diminutions of the Royall Navy of England from December* 1688 [*unto the* 30*th of June* 1697.] *Humbly presented to the Rt. Honourable Edward Earle of Orford. MS.* 4*to.*

By this list of vessels lost, it appears that in about eight years and an half the navy suffered a diminution of 160 vessels, which are enumerated: from first to sixth rates, 79, fireships 35, advice-boats 4, bomb-vessels 7, brigantines 1, hulks 5, ketches 8, machines 14, pinks 3, sloops 2, smacks 1, and tow engine 1. Of this number 38 only fell into the hands of the enemy. 10 fireships appear to have been destroyed in a further attempt on the French fleet off Cape de Hague and Cape Barfleur, on the 19th and 23rd of May 1692, after the victory obtained by Admiral Russell over Count de Tourville; the remainder of the vessels are described as lost by accidents, sold, &c.

The machines were from 18 to 107 tons burthen, carrying from four to ten men; and the pinks 96 tons burthen, having ten guns and fifty men. The other names are yet retained in the navy. Only one first-rate is mentioned, and the description will shew the extent of the writer's information: it was the Royal Sovereign, built 1637 at Woolwich by Capt. Pett, carrying 815 men, 100 guns, 1556 tons burthen, in ordinary, burnt by accident at Gillingham, 27 Jan. 1695.

This article was purchased in Brand's sale to accompany the MS. already described in the present volume.

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART.

Art. XVIII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. VII.

REV. WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS, D.D.

I am induced by regard for the memory of an ingenious man, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, to insert the following imperfect sketch. There are many now living much better qualified for the task than I am; but as they have neglected this act of friendship, in spite of the endeavour I made some years ago to stimulate them to the performance of it,* I cannot omit, while I am recording so many other poets, to notice Dr. William Bagshaw Stevens. I regret that my materials are so very scanty; for they consist of little else than a few notices gathered from the conversations of a deceased friend, who was not remarkable for the sagacity and discrimination of his mind, except the slight inferences which may be gathered from the author's poems. There are many authors, whose own characters break forth in almost every page of their writings. This does not appear to me to have been the case with Stevens. In the slender opportunity I possessed, I could trace a very slight similitude between his manners and his compositions. The effect of literature upon the moral character; the degree of sincerity and truth exhibited in an author's public sentiments, has ever been with me a favourite object of investigation. At the same time I am perfectly aware how very difficult it is; and how much

* See a memoir by the present Editor in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXI. p. 106. See also p. 316.

caution it requires. There are very many, whose first appearance exhibits no likeness to their real character; not only from affected disguise, or momentary vanity; but from unconquerable shyness or reserve. An ill-formed and forbidding countenance; an awkward manner; and the accidental vulgarities or defects of infantine education, will sometimes conceal from the first view elegance of mind and tenderness of heart. So deceitful, indeed, are first appearances, that I have seen men glowing with the fire of fancy and passion, whose activity of mind and sentiment was only faulty in its exuberance, shew themselves to superficial observation, as beings of the most frigid temperament; sluggish in their ideas, cold as stone in their hearts, and harsh and unbending in their judgments.

Whence this frequent incongeniality between the mind and the manners can arise, is a point, which would require a longer and more profound discussion than would be proper for this place, or, perhaps, than I have the ability to execute. I mention it only as an apology for the hesitation, which I feel, to pronounce upon the character of Dr. Stevens from a short and casual visit, even in the absence of other materials.

The most authentic and least fallacious sources of intelligence for the life of one, whose days have been spent, not in the busy scenes of the world, but in literary retirement, are generally to be found in his private and confidential letters. I think that in such letters it is seldom difficult to discriminate between what is affected, and what really flows from the heart. Persons of genius, who almost always write with more eloquence, and universally with more purity, in proportion as they are free from the ambition to shine, seldom

fail

fail to discover the genuine colours of their intellectual dispositions on these occasions. We have lately had several striking instances of this in the cases of Burns, Cowper, Beattie, Mrs. Carter, &c. whose moral and mental traits, and excellence in prose composition, will best be proved by their epistolary productions. I much regret that I have no such assistance towards delineating the character of the subject of the present memoir.

William Bagshaw Stevens was born in 1756, the son of an apothecary at Abingdon, in Berkshire, where he received the early part of his education. In 1772 he was elected a demy of Magdalen College, in Oxford; where he soon became eminent for his poetical talents. It is probable, that the example of William Collins, who had formerly been a demy of the same college, and of whom Stevens entertained an enthusiastic admiration, stimulated his natural propensity to this art. In 1775 he published a quarto pamphlet of *Poems consisting of Indian Odes and Miscellaneous Pieces.* He was then only nineteen years old; and this publication was considered by his friends and acquaintance as a powerful proof of early talents. I have it not at hand to consult it; but I believe it contained poems of very extraordinary merit for so young a man; and raised expectations which were not afterwards entirely fulfilled. The poem reprinted in *The Poetical Register*, Vol. III. p. 271, entitled O Rus! was probably one of them. It is a very pleasing ode, and exhibits an easier manner than Stevens often commanded, as will appear from the three first stanzas, which here follow.

"Ye

" Ye fields! where once with careless feet,
The fairy forms of Spring to meet
My childhood lov'd to roam,
Again to view each laughing scene
Your flowrets fresh, and daisied green,
Ye genial fields! again I come:

And with me bring a grateful meed
For pleasures past, a rural reed;
To you its notes belong;
And while my artless simple strains
Re-echo to my native plains,
The shepherd-girl shall love my song.

And while beneath yon hawthorn shade,
For lonely peace and pleasure made,
My listless length I lay;
Kind Fancy from her magic bower
Shall call the grove, the field, the flower,
And bid the Muse the scene survey."

In due time Mr. Stevens took his first degree, and went into orders; and immediately afterwards engaged himself as an assistant to Dr. Prior, in his school at Repton in Derbyshire. This seminary had long been in great repute among the gentry of the midland counties; but was then declining in consequence of the master's age and infirmities. In 1779 Mr. Stevens took his degree of A. M. and about the same time succeeded, himself, to the mastership of the school by Dr. Prior's death. The tiresome, though useful, occupation, in which he was now engaged, does not seem very propitious to the Muses; but he could not abandon his favourite pursuit; which very probably tended to cherish an indolence and neglect, not much suited

suited to the prosperity of his school. In 1782 he gave the public a second collection of poems, containing *Retirement*, in blank verse; *two Odes*; and an *Inscription*. All these have been lately reprinted in *The Poetical Register*.

"Retirement" is a long poem,* containing many vigorous passages, which no ordinary man could have written. But there appears to me to be some inherent defect in it, which I confess myself unable to analyse. It sounds upon the ear, but from some cause or other, not clear to me, it fails to make its way to the heart. This, perhaps, is partly owing to the apparent labour with which it is written. Stevens was certainly fond of strutting words; and seems to have rather gone in search of expression than of thought. Perhaps the most interesting specimen is his picture of unhappy poets.

"Yet ere thy hand, with daring fancy warm,
Awake the wires of fancy, ere she draw
Her roseate veil, and smile thee to her love,
Mark, where with smiling aspect Dulness stands:
Wearily slow his words; drowsy their tone;
Muttering with solemn air, and sapient pride
Proverbial documents, and grandam lore,
He shakes the affected pity of his brow
In meanest triumph o'er the withering fate
Of Genius, and the proud neglect of Worth.
Lo! he† who died of hunger and of thirst;
He, who on Mulla's banks in fairy pomp,
Marshall'd his splendid chivalry, and deck'd

* It consists of 576 lines. See Poetical Register, Vol. V. p. 259.

† Spenser.

With virtue-breathing shews Eliza's court!
The trump re-echoes; and the red-cross Knight
Issues in ardour forth, adventurous deeds
Urging through danger to the steeps of fame;
The lady of his love, herself the meed
Of his high triumph, animates his heart.
Scar'd at his sunbright shield, and haughty lance
Pointed with death, the chariot's winged speed,
Falters;—unshelter'd from his fury falls
The faithless Soldan; the dark wizard shrieks;
The ghostly chambers, the wild shadowy hosts,
And magic murmurs, melt in angry air.
Rapt by his powerful strain, the elated soul
Spurns the dull features of existent Time,
And its dark grain of manners: charm'd in thought
To meet his fairy imagery of song,
She in the fable of heroic days
Longs to have mix'd her flame. Sublime or sweet
The trumpet thunders, or the plaintive lute
Its tenderest accent breathes; in plain or court
(While the bard died of hunger or of thirst,)
Wood-nymphs and regal dames ador'd his songs.
See 'fall'n on evil days and evil tongues,'
Rolling in vain his perish'd orbs of sight,
In Freedom's aid o'erply'd, the bard * by Heaven
'Best-favour'd:' such the crown of human worth!
O ye, whose bosoms, true to Nature, turn
Like the bright flower before the orb of day,
To every movement of the poet's mind!
Blest be the graceful weakness that descends
In silent tears, that heaves your pitying hearts,
When wrung with deep and delicate distress
Monimia mourns; or she who kneels in vain

* Milton.

For

For the lost blessing of a father's love,
For the dear forfeit of a husband's life,
Poor hapless Belvidera!
Still as your souls, in rapt attention hush'd,
Sigh o'er their fate, let Indignation point,
Virgins and youths! and all whose bosoms bleed
At storied grief and fabulous despair!
Where the Creator of those passion'd scenes
Naked, unsheltered, hunger-smit and poor,
Poor to the last extremity of woe,
Sadly beseeches, ere he sinks in death,
The scantiest boon that ever Genius ask'd,
That e'er the meanest nature can implore,
One morsel from your board:—it comes too late:
And the Muse hymns her Otway's soul to heav'n.
But who is he, whom later garlands grace? *
Lo, his worn youth, beneath the chilly grasp
Of penury faints; and in her mournful shroud
Dark'ning all joy, all promises of good,
All health, all hope, sad Melancholy saps
In drear decay the fabric of his mind:
See shuddering pity o'er his fallen soul
Wrings her pale hands. Regardless of the guide
That lifts his step, regardless of the friend
That mourns, nor sadly conscious of himself,
Silent, yet wild, his languid spirit lies:
The light of thought has wander'd from his eye;
It glares, but sees not. Yet this breathing corse,
This youthful driveller, Nature's ghastliest form;
(O who would love the lyre?) in all the courts
Of Fancy, where abstracted Beauty play'd
With wildest elegance, his ardent shell
Enamour'd struck, and charm'd her various soul.
See later yet, and yet in drearier state,

* Collins.

Where

Where dawning Genius* struggling into day
Sinks in a dark eclipse; no friendly heart
With love auspicious, and no angel-hand
With prosperous spell his labouring sun relieve,
And chase the gather'd clouds that drop with blood."

These poems did not attract much notice: but this may be partly accounted for by the mode of their publication: they were not the property of any active bookseller; but were sent forth on the author's own risk, by a retired clergyman, little known in the bustle of the metropolis, and incapable of extending their circulation by the aid of personal interference. I suspect that this cold reception affected him deeply. From that period his indolence increased; he seemed to grow indifferent to the world; or at least to the generous ambition which had early called forth his exertions; and appeared to me (but it might be only an appearance) too often to sneer at literary pursuits. I cannot commend such a change of mind; an acute sensibility of intellect must be damped by neglect; but its fire ought to recover itself and blaze again. The love of praise is a liberal affection; but this should not be our only motive of activity; we should cherish literature for its own sake, and consider that it produces its own reward.

He never again made any serious efforts in composition. He amused himself, however, with gathering occasional flowers at the foot of Parnassus. These flowers have been preserved principally in the Gentle-

* Chatterton.

man's

man's Magazine, to which he contributed for nearly twenty years.* His signature was M. C. S. viz. *Magd. Coll. Semisocius.* He often imitated Horace; but I think not very happily. His style, encumbered and somewhat heavy, was peculiarly ill adapted to the playful ease, the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace; and he was apt to give to his original the affectations in poetical phraseology, which had grown up in his own day. Now and then however his versions exhibited passages executed with a happy vigour. I will insert a single stanza, which, I conceive, will justify my censure. It is a translation of the following of Horace's famous Ode to Grosphus, Ode 16, Book II.†

"Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
——————— Sidera nautis.

The seaman in some wild tempestuous night,
When Horror rides upon the white-mouth'd wave,
And stars deny the mercy of their light,
Longs for some peaceful port his shatter'd bark to save." ‡

It will probably be admitted, that nothing can be more unlike than the second line is to Horace.

In the autumn of 1789, being on a visit to a friend in Derbyshire, I accompanied him to spend two or three days with Mr. Stevens at his house at Repton. Here I obtained all the slight personal knowledge of

* In Sept. 1784, he furnished some good lines addressed to Miss Seward. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LIV. p. 693.

† So well imitated by Warren Hastings.

‡ Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. p. 426.

this

this author to which I can lay claim. Our reception was highly hospitable; and the visit gratified us in many respects. I found Mr. Stevens a man of various and accurate information, of enlarged sentiments, and strong sense, a little inclined to sarcasm, and totally free from all the affectations of authorship, which some traits in the character of his writings had led me to expect. I doubt whether he did not even affect a coldness to the ambitions of genius; and, what became him less, I suspected him of sometimes assuming the sentiments of the man of the world, in a manner not congenial to the workings of his own bosom, and certainly not consistent with the turn impressed on him either by nature or education. He lived a great deal at this period at the table of his neighbour Sir Robert Burdet* of Foremark, where the society was not often such as tended to encourage his literary propensities.

His first address was not prepossessing. He was tall, but rather thick; his complexion fair; his eyes very light; and his whole countenance deficient in expression. His manner also was shy and awkward. But in a little while the prejudice created by these appearances wore away. His sentiments flowed frankly; his conversation became manly and intelligent; and his good-humour, strong sense, and apparent integrity, impressed his acquaintance with regard and respect. He was no courtier; spoke his opinions totally free from all mean attention to self-interest;

* Sir Robert, however, had a nephew, (and son-in-law) the present Mr. Mundy of Markton, the author of *Needwood Forest*, &c. of a congenial turn. But this ingenious man was, I believe, at this time principally immerged in the bosom of domestic privacy.

and

and never suppressed his indignation at turpitude, nor controuled the independence of his spirit. Perhaps this temper contributed to the decay of his school, which fell off, in a very mortifying degree, during the latter period of his life. But I have understood, that his best friends could not totally defend him from the charge of neglect and idleness, which his enemies, (and what literary man in the country has not numerous enemies?) urged against him with unceasing bitterness.

At length in 1794 he succeeded, after unusual delay, to a fellowship of his college, to which he had looked for many years with anxious hope. It was probably soon after, that he took the degree of D. D. but he did not quit his school at Repton. In 1797 he lost his old friend Sir Robert Burdet; but the loss was made up by the intimacy of his grandson Sir Francis; who, on the death of the Rev. Stebbing Shaw, (father of the Staffordshire Historian) in 1799, presented him to the rectory of Seckingdon in Warwickshire; to which, by the interest of Mr. Coutts, was added the vicarage of Kingsbury. Mr. Stevens had now a comfortable income; and his age did not preclude him from the prospect of many remaining years to enjoy it. But Providence ordered it otherwise! In May 1800, he suddenly sunk from his chair in an apoplectic fit; and a few days afterwards expired, at the age of forty-four. One who knew him well has added his testimony to mine, that he was "a man, who, though evidently circumscribed by situation, seemed in a particular manner gifted by Nature and qualified by his attainments to support the character of the gentleman, the man of learning.

learning, and of genius, and assuredly that of a most interesting companion and friend." *

Dr. Stevens was, I believe, a frequent correspondent of Miss Seward, whom he has frequently celebrated; and was, perhaps, personally acquainted with her. The fair authoress may probably deem this memoir too cold and discriminative for the ardour of friendship. But she must blame herself in that case. For why has she not exerted her own glowing pen upon the occasion? Why has she left it to a casual acquaintance of a few days, with humble powers, and little command of language, to perform the task?

Dr. Stevens was certainly a great loss to the sphere in which he moved. He was a man of great powers, and great acquirements of intellect; a scholar, a man of sense; of uniform benevolence of heart; and, above all, of firm integrity and virtue. The fruits of his poetical genius do not appear to have answered to its early blossoms; but, if he must not be placed in the first or second class of poets, he always rises above mediocrity; and certainly deserves more notice than he has obtained.

* Gent. Mag. Vol. LXX. p. 317, signed W. probably the Rev. Henry White of Lichfield.

ART.

ART. XIX. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XIII.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

Emboldened by the example of your ingenious friend Mr. Random in a former Number of your CENSURA, and still more by the candour which led you to insert his half serious, half ironical address, I too venture to offer you my advice. It will not be conveyed in terms of equal wit and humour, for I am, alas! the dullest of the dull, a prosing matter-of-fact fellow of the old school. Wit and humour are, indeed, fascinating and most engaging qualities, but they are neither in the power of every man, nor are they equally delightful to all. That ridicule is the test of truth, though long a favourite maxim, is at length completely exploded by the much more unerring test of good sense. Who now would wish to see it applied either to books or their authors? Who would desire to see an Addison changed to a Sterne, or the author of the Rambler even to "old Will Duncombe" himself, though certainly that respectable gentleman must be confessed to have been as perfectly innocent with regard to wit, as the facetious steward in the "Drummer or the haunted house."

But you are accused by your *demo-critic* correspondent of not abusing, or not pointing out the failings of those, of whose lives you give sketches. Now to apologise for vice, as Johnson did for the unfortunate Savage, is surely unbecoming a philosopher or a good

good man; but it cannot be necessary to display that vice to the world. Yourself an author and (not "a writer of verses," but which is very different) a poet, in you it would seem like envy to disturb the ashes of the dead in search of their private faults, when your business with them, like ours, is only as public characters. The world is connected with an author only by his works: and, as you justly observe in your criticism on the Memoirs of Mrs. Carter, it is unworthy of a strong mind to be biassed in the opinion of a work by the private character, or rather what you conceive to be so, of the author. And this, Sir, naturally leads me to advise you—for what claim have you to escape the fate of your brother essayists?—rather to finish some of those poems which you have already begun, and of which parts are published in your CENSURA. By what right (if I may assume that angry tone) do you so tantalize the expectations of your readers? Month after month have we been expecting the conclusion of RETIREMENT, and the remaining VISITS of your WIZARD, to seats in your own county, consecrated by the historic Muse. If the bent of your genius does not at present take that direction, "try," to use your ingenious correspondent's words, "another chord of your many-stringed harp;" yet still exert your own talents, and instead of depending on such casual communications as the lively essay of Mr. Random, or the present contrast to it, give us more of your own original compositions. *Strike the harp* again, *(though not in praise of Bragela;)* unmask pretended patriotism; detect the empiricism of ministers; unlock the treasures of historic lore; pour out, on any subject, the fruits of a well-

a well-stored mind, and as your great predecessor says, write yourself out before you die.

Your Bath correspondent alludes to your juvenile production of Mary de Clifford. I have read that elegant and affecting tale more than once with renewed pleasure; but though I can say with Dryden,

> "Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet,"

still I cannot wish that you should now employ your powers on a similar work. "To every thing," said the wisest of men, "there is a season," and that which became you in youth and was creditable to your early genius, would be a waste of the strength of your mind in maturity.

From you, Sir, we now expect something of more consequence; something which, while it may delight your equals, may help to form the minds of the youthful; something which may lead to the important conviction, that morality is not necessarily dulness, nor instruction tediousness. Hac itur ad astra—this is the road to that double immortality, to which both as an author and as a man you must, and ought to aspire; that you may in neither respect be disappointed is the sincere wish of

Your unknown friend,

LONDINENSIS.

No. XIV.

On the Traits and Concomitants of Poetical Genius.

IT has seldom happened that a man has finally obtained the fame of a poet, whose life has not exhibited

some traits in coincidence with the character of his art. The Muse is a jealous mistress, that will scarcely ever suffer any other to divide the attentions she considers due to her. And whoever is devoted to her alone, must necessarily possess many peculiarities.

There have been some poets indeed, who have held forth, that their productions were the mere amusement of a few leisure hours. But such assertions originated from a silly and unbecoming affectation. To have a taste for poetry, and to read it with delight, even though it be only occasionally and accidentally indulged, is very common; but to create it, requires a very different sort of power and habit.

If therefore we examine into the biography of those, who have aspired to this highest rank of authors, we shall find that those, who did not make it the principal, if not exclusive, object of their ambition, were either mere versifiers, deficient in all the main distinctions of this celestial art, or so weak in execution, that all their struggles fell lifeless in the attempt.

Ansty, and Cambridge, and Graves, might write doggrel verses; and John Hoole, and Potter, and Murphy, and Carlyle, might translate; but I can scarcely allow them the character of poets. The Wartons, Mason, Burns, Bampfylde, Cowper, Hurdis, Darwin, Beattie, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Smith, and Kirke White, &c. exhibit a very different picture. In each of these will be found many prominent and striking features. It will be perceived that those of them especially, who have most the power of affecting the heart, were themselves the victims of extreme sensibility. Something romantic and uncongenial with

the

the ordinary routine of life, marks the whole progress of their existence. Their lot, as far as wealth and honours are concerned, is obscure; and their efforts are unattended with the smallest success. Some of them absolutely incapable, and others enabled with great difficulty, to emerge from the gripe of poverty itself, they seem almost to prove, that the smile of the Muse is a signal for being condemned to pecuniary embarrassment, or anxiety.

The abstraction of mind, which generates and nourishes poetical excellence, is inconsistent with those minute attentions, by which people make their way in the world. Liberal sentiments, an indignant spirit, and a tender heart are all constantly checking the progress of such a journey. But these are the very fountains, from whence the bard draws the living colours of his song.

Hence the mere harmonious rhymer, the lively delineator of familiar manners, the writer of dry ethical precepts, which address the understanding only, even in verse the most musical, and diction the most correct, may, perhaps, assort more advantageously with worldlings, and succeed as they do. But he is not a poet; he is deficient in the soul of poetry. If the composition neither furnishes food to the fancy, nor elevates or softens the heart, the very essence of the Muse is wanting.

Nothing disgusts me more than the vulgar habit of confounding the versifier with the poet. The versifier is a very common kind of being; the gift of poetry is among the rarest of Nature's endowments. It requires no waste of the spirits; no exhausting thrills of the bosom; no world-forgetting excursions of the imagi-

nation to produce thousands of the most melodious rhymes. But the temperament of a poet is that of passion.

Perhaps of all the lately deceased poets the two most popular have been Burns and Cowper. And never was popularity more justly bestowed. They had both of them been steeped in the stream of Parnassus. They lived, as well as wrote, with every mark of the Muse upon their daily habits. They were the children of sensibility, which was the bane, as well as the source, of their happiness. Had they deadened this sensibility, by giving up their talents to worldly pursuits, they might have been lawyers, or statesmen, or heroes, but the well-fount of poetry would have been dried up.

It seems extraordinary that the Muse should be able to exert herself with success in the midst of anxieties, sorrows, and sufferings; but experience furnishes perpetual instances of it. The "Fairy Queen" must have been composed amidst perpetual alarms, in a country of barbarous rebels, impelled by want, revenge, and despair; in momentary insecurity; when a successful incursion of the threatening hordes who surrounded the author, would, even if he could save himself and his family from murder, condemn the remainder of his days to poverty and ruin. The "Paradise Lost" was dictated by the sublime and inspired bard, under the clouds of proscription and disgrace, with the sword of state dangling, almost by a hair, over his head. It is probable that their deep afflictions heightened the strong colours with which Nature had imbued the materials of their rich minds.

These peculiar faculties therefore are, beyond doubt, a dangerous and fearful gift; and we may forgive, though

though we may sometimes indulge a smile of contempt at, the cold and prudential, who shake their heads and bless themselves for having escaped it. But he, who is so stupid and so brutal-hearted as not to behold it with pity and reverence, even in its errors and its misfortunes, is a wretch who scarcely deserves the name of an intellectual being. I never contemplate the fate of poor Collins without a mixture of indescribable grief, and awe, and admiration. How eloquently and affectingly has Johnson said, "How little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers, or literary attainments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins! I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs."——"That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider, that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change; that understanding may make its appearance and depart; that it may blaze and expire!" *

It cannot be denied that this excessive sensibility is a blessing or a curse according to its direction. But the good and the evil are so nicely and imperceptibly intermixed, that rash or at least very bold is the hand, that will venture to attempt the separation of them, without fearing to destroy the good and the evil together.

* See Cens. Lit. III. p. 194.

Of our old poets the minuter shades of character have not been preserved. Of those of our days, of most of whom the curiosity of modern literature has drawn forth a more familiar and private account, all the existing memorials furnish ample demonstration of the truth of my remarks. I have learned from several who knew him intimately, that the sensibility of Gray was even morbid; and often very fastidious, and troublesome to his friends. He seemed frequently overwhelmed by the ordinary intercourse, and ordinary affairs of life. Coarse manners, and vulgar or unrefined sentiments overset him; and it is probable that the keenness of his sensations embittered the evils of his frame, and aggravated the hereditary gout which terminated his life at a middle age. He perhaps gave his feelings too little vent through the channels of composition, and brooded in too much indolence over the unarrested workings of his mind.

The sensibility of Rousseau was indulged to a selfish and vicious excess. But still it would be a narrow and despicable prejudice to deny, that it exhibited in its ebullitions a high degree of genius. Burke, flaming with resentment at the political evils produced by this eloquent writer's delusive lights, has drawn a just but most severe character of him Yet Burke himself, whose radiant mind was illuminated by all the rich colours of the rainbow, had nerves tremulous at every point with incontrolable irritability.

There are many, who require to be convinced of these important truths; who ought to be shamed out of their mean censures of the singularities or the weaknesses of genius; and who should learn, if they

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draw comfort, to suppress their triumph, at the mingled qualities of the most exalted of human beings!

August 8, 1807.

ART. XX. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 330.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Although the examples already produced may be sufficient to shew the unsolid foundation, upon which the new principle of the Editor of Wells's Geography rests, concerning symbols found on medals, as being memorials of the origin of cities from other distant countries; particularly that, where a *bull* is found, it indicates an origin from Mount Taurus; yet since all illustrations any way connected with scripture acquire some importance from that connection, and ought likewise to be accompanied with greater veracity, instead of being liable to censure as the eccentricities of human fancy and fable, I shall therefore guard students of scriptural geography against some more of the delusions contained in the work under consideration. And this also, more especially, because I would wish my censures of this author to be considered as equally applicable to many other learned romances of the present age, with which we have been favoured by Warburton, Bryant, Maurice, Wilford, and others: all of whom have, like this author, intermixed so much of their own theoretic imaginations with the few relics

of real truth, which they have presented to their readers; that it may be difficult to many persons to separate again the inventions of the writer and the artifices of the reasoner from the facts collected by the historian and antiquary. Warburton was, I believe, the original archetype of this new mode of literature, which has been followed by many others; who, although they have agreed in the mode, yet have applied it to a great variety of different subjects. And it seems to have had its origin hence, that they observed the public to neglect all instruction in solid truths as too dry for the taste of the age, and not sufficiently amusing for a vacant hour; as well as also, that writers themselves had got to the utmost extremity of the line of truth, so that they could find nothing new to say; hence they both of them agreed to enter into the region of fable. Warburton led the way into this new mode, by connecting together a series of learned romances, interspersed, indeed, with many curious episodes on various subjects, and put together in the very epic manner of Herodotus, himself the father of authorized fable. This was rendered more engaging by a sufficient quantity of satire, sneer, and criticism, on the opinions of other authors, so that it was read by men of ability as being the current and fashionable tale of the day. This Jewish and religious romance was succeeded by Mr. Bryant's etymological romance, containing a rich medley, concerning both religious and profane subjects. To these Priestly added a Christian romance, in his *history* of early opinions. Mr. Wilford and Maurice compiled Indian romances; Young, agricultural romances; various authors their several travelling romances;

mances; and now, at length, we have got a geographical and antiquarian romance concerning the first travels of the descendants of Noah from Mount Taurus. Upon the whole, they have verified the observation of Aristotle, that men evidently love hyperbolic exaggeration in every thing much more than the mere naked truth; as is plain, he says, from the common conversation of mankind, in which they always relate every thing accompanied with fabulous circumstances beyond the real truth, on purpose to gratify their hearers the more. Hence it is, that writers of this class are in so much favour with the public, and those who teach men nothing but truths can never hope to rise up to a level with these builders of castles in the air, but must rather expect, with Icarus, to fall down headlong to their native and groveling plain ground.

We need then now no longer to wonder, that the Editor in question undertook, as mentioned in my last letter, to prove that three different things were one and the same; that is, the constellation of the stars, Taurus in the heavens, the huge mountain Taurus upon the surface of the earth in Asia, and the bull Apis in Egypt, beyond the Mediterranean sea. I had not sufficient paper left in my last to shew how ingeniously, by the help of antiquarian rhetoric and etymological logic, he proves, that a *bull* on a medal was intended to denote all those three objects at the same time; but I will now attempt to supply that deficiency; hoping, however, that it will at the same time be considered as an example of the ingenuity and strict mode of reasoning employed by all those of his predecessors, above mentioned, in this new species of literature; whenever they wish to connect together a mountain

in

in one part of the world with a bull in another beyond the sea, and with a third as far distant as the heaven is from the earth. He says then, in addition to the passage quoted before "it is expressly said by Eustathius, *that the region of* [*Tauric Chersonesus*] *was denominated from the animal Taurus, or bull*; *which was considered as a memorial of 'O-Siris, the great husbandman, in Egypt, who first taught agriculture.* Now this seems to imply, that *Siris* signified a bull as well as Taurus; or else Taurus the bull would have no relation in its name to the person of whom it was a memorial: but if *Siris* was one way of pronouncing Taurus (such as results from comparing the Hebrew and Chaldee pronunciation of *Syr* and *Tur*), then Taurus had a direct verbal allusion to its primary object—for the Chaldee word *tur* or *tyr* was, by the Hebrews, pronounced *Sur*, *shur*, or *syr*. This *simple* principle accounts for such variations at once, and only leads to remark further, that the Chaldee pronunciation *tur* seems to have prevailed most among the Asiatic nations we are acquainted with, therefore *Taurus* was the name of the mountain among them, and was commemorated under the figure of a bull." P. 26 and 27. Hence it becomes *very plain*, that the Hebrew pronunciation of the word by *Syr* and *Siris*, and, consequently, *'O-Siris*, means a bull, like *tur* or *Taurus*; for the Egyptian bull Apis was sacred to Osiris, the great husbandman, and he had proved before, at fig. 21, that the Zor-aster, or sacred bull of Egypt, there shews the sun on the head of Taurus [the constellation.] Thus all the *names* of these three objects are proved to mean, in fact, the very same; and hence the same symbol of a bull on a medal denotes them

them all three. Now I shall not object to the logical accuracy of this *conclusion*, but only to the *premises*, concerning what is *expressly* said by Eustathius; for unfortunately it happens, that Eustathius never said any thing of what is there ascribed to him. The Editor does not, indeed, refer to the work or page quoted by him, but I presume it must have been from the commentary by Eustathius on the geography of Dionysius; and if mistaken in this it is his own fault, or rather his own prudence, in omitting the reference. Eustathius has nothing more, than only to observe, that when Dionysius mentions the Kimmerians as dwelling *under Taurus*, "that he means a different Taurus from that eastern one in Cilicia, or at least only a distant and northern branch of it, whence their region is called *Tauric Chersonesus*;" without any mention whatever of the *animal bull*, or the *great husbandman 'O-siris*. Τουτον ταυρον Διονυσιος λεγει ορος αλλο παρα τον ἑωον ταυρον, η Βορειον τι τμημα εκεινου του ταυρου, ὑφ' ᾧ κειν ται ὁι κιμμεριοι, Ενθα και η ταυρικη Χερσονησος. *Apud vers.* 168. When the foundation thus is taken away the house falls, and if he cannot find some other *historic* testimony he must depend solely upon the above mentioned *etymologic* proofs of any connection between the *animal*, the *mountain*, and the *constellation*. I shall only observe further, that I suppose *'O-siris* to be an error of the press for *ʿO-siris*, and that he meant ὁ to be the Greek article *the*; so that *ὁ-siris*, by this conjuration, means *the bull* most certainly; and why should not Greek be joined with Hebrew and Egyptian words, just as a man's head to a bull's body, and this to mean a river? I should be apt, however, again to call this a *fabulous animal* rather

rather than a bull; and certainly, also, it was a long journey from Mount Taurus for the word to come first to Greece and then into Syria before it reached Egypt: or did the Editor mean that, by a common poetic licence, ὁ might be cut off from *Siris* as being no necessary part of the word? It was, indeed, very natural for different and distant nations to give the same name of *bull* to a mountain, yet without any imitation one of another; for a bull is the largest animal known on this side of India, and by the thick massy form of its neck and shoulders, not an improper symbol of the vastness of the object represented: but it is not quite so obvious, that there is any connection between the names *Osiris* and *Taurus*, as that the one should have been formed from the other; however, the difficulty seems to constitute the merit of the derivation in this new mode of literature, which has, for its object, whatever is vast, uncommon, or extraordinary, and beyond the puny knowledge of the rest of mankind:

> So that tho' from Taurus Osiris is deriv'd, no doubt,
> Yet it must be said, it has travelled a little round about.

Aristotle, however, had extracted a good rule out of the profane poet Homer, which would be of use to some Christian annotators on the bible, that even one's romances ought to have some appearance of truth.

Some or other then of the above considerations clearly set aside all evidence deriveable from every one of the writer's medallic types having a bull upon them excepting three, namely, N°. 11, pl. 4, because it has lost its head and horns, so that it is more like a mule than a bull; and N°. 14, which presents a calf sucking a bull,

a bull, as the Editor conceives by the help of his glass. This, indeed, does not seem very natural, yet he thinks it would not be unnatural if it referred to Mount Taurus; for as other articles of the type seem to indicate *fertility*, he is of opinion "that a fertile Mount Bull, maintaining a herd of calves, would be no absurdity." P. 21. For my own part, I should think, that the whole medal rather meant to represent *a famine*; for certainly nothing but necessity and a total want of all food could produce such an extraordinary adventure. As to the third medal, N°. 16, pl. 3, this is the only one, which has the least appearance of representing Mount Taurus, for this certainly exhibits the form of a bull at full length, and has underneath ΠΥΛΑΙΩΝ. Now *Pylæ* was a city at the foot of Mount Taurus, situate at a common pass from the north of Asia Minor to the south, often called *Pylæ Ciliciæ*; but Cicero calls it *Pylæ Tauri:* yet still even here it was not meant to commemorate the descent of the inhabitants, or their ancestors, from Noah's ark on the top of Taurus, but merely to distinguish it from other cities of that name elsewhere, of which there were many called *Pylæ* likewise, and the bull on the medal answered the same purpose as the phrase of Cicero would have done for a legend —These extravaganzas, however, do not diminish the utility to be derived from medals, when soberly explained, but the height of Mount Taurus has, in the present case, lifted the author's head a little too high into the clouds; and he will not be dissatisfied, that others should take a little view from Mount Pleasant as well as himself from Mount Bull, in order to prove, that romance is the

order

order of the day, as our neighbours, the French, can verify likewise, who have been engaged nearly twenty years in political romances, and are not yet sick of them.

S.

ERRATA.

P. 327, l. 22 and 24—For *rope* and *ropes* r. *robe* and *robes*.
329, l. 18—For *ſyanam* r. *Cyanem*.

ART. XXI. *The Contented Knight, or the Carp too Cunning. A Ballad from a MS.*

" *To the tune of St. George and the Dragon.*

" Within the wood a virgin ash
Had twenty summers seen;
The elves and fairies mark'd it oft
As they tript along the green;
But the woodman cut it with his axe,
He cruelly fell'd it down,
A rod to make for the Knight of the lake,
A Knight of no renown;
Turn it taper and round, Turner,
Turn it taper and round,
For my line is of the grey palfrey's tail,
And it is slender and sound.
St. George he was for England,
St. Denis he was for France,
St. Patrick taught the Irishman
To tune the merry harp;
At the bottom of the slimy pool
There lurks a crafty Carp,
Were he at the bottom of my line,
How merrily he would dance.

In

In the Pacific Ocean
There dwelt a mighty Whale,
And o'er the waves from London town
There went a noble sail;
With hooks and crooks and ropes and boats
'Twas furnish'd in and out,
Boat-steerers, and line-managers,
Harpooners bold and stout:
The dart flew true, and the monster slew,
The seaman bless'd the day;
All from his fin a bone so thin
At the top of my rod does play.
St. George, &c.

Moulded and mix'd is the magic mass,
The sun is below the hill,
O'er the dark water flits the bat,
Hoarse sounds the murmuring rill,
Slowly bends the willow's bough
To the beetle's sullen tune,
And grim and red is the angry head
Of the archer in the moon.
Softly, softly, spread the spell,
Softly spread it around,
But name not the magic mixture
To mortal, that breathes on ground.
St. George, &c.

The Squire has tapp'd at the bower window,
"The day is one hour old
Thine armour assume, the work of the loom,
To defend thee from the cold."
The Knight arose, and donn'd his clothes,
For one hour old was the day,
His armour he took, his rod, and his hook,
And his line of the palfrey gray.

He

He has brush'd the dew from off the lawn,
He has taken the depth by the rule,
" Here is gentle to eat, come, partake of the treat,
Sly tenant of the pool."
St. George, &c.

The Carp peep'd out from his reedy bed,
And forth he slyly crept,
But he lik'd not the look, for he saw the black hook,
So he turn'd his tail and slept.
There is a flower grows in the field,
Some call it Marygold a,
And that, which one fish would not take,
Another surely would a.
And the Knight had read in the books of the dead,
So the Knight did not repine,
For they, that cannot get carp, Sir,
Upon tench may very well dine.
St. George, &c.

He has brush'd the dew from the lawn again,
He has taken the depth by the rule,
" Here is boil'd bean and pea, come breakfast with me,
Sly tenant of the pool."
The Carp peep'd forth from his reedy bed,
The Carp peep'd forth in time;
But he liked not the smell, so he cried go to Hell,
And he stuck his nose in the slime.
But the Knight had read in the books of the dead,
And the Knight did not repine,
For they that cannot get carp, Sir,
Upon tench may very well dine.
St. George, &c.

Then up rose the Lord of Penbury's board,
Well skill'd in the musical lore,
And he swore by himself, tho' cunning the elf,
He wou'd charm him, and draw him ashore.

The

The middle of day he chose for the play,
And he fiddled as in went the line;
But the Carp kept his head in his reedy bed;
He chose not to dance or to dine.
"I prithee come dance me a reel, Carp,
I prithee come dance me a reel;"
I thank ye, my Lord, I've no taste for your board,
You'd much better play to the eel.
St. George, &c.

FINIS.

ART. XXII. *Stanzas to a Flower.*

I see thee at the trembling dawn,
Inhale the spirit of the morn;
When shadows fall, I still am near,
And mark thee bathed in evening's tear
Most feelingly:

Because, lov'd flower, to thee is lent,
A sweet, a hidden sentiment,
That can a mournful bliss impart,
Can vibrate through my aching heart
Most tenderly.

When pensive memory turns to me,
When thoughts are thoughts of agony,
Near thee I sorrowing vigils keep,
And teach my languid eye to weep
Most fervently.

Yet thou canst lift a fragile form
Unmindful of the passing storm,
Canst bid the tender blossom live,
And to the winds its fragrance give
Most fearlessly.

That thought had fill'd my musing mind,
That thought my sorrow had refin'd,
When soft a mourning spirit gave,
" He too shall bloom beyond the grave,
Most gloriously!"

Hence does a quiet hope await
To soothe the anguish of my fate,
And with a pensive rapture bless,
And with a faith, a tenderness
Most heavenly!

Bury St. Edmunds. ****.

ART. XXIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *The Epigrams of P. Virgilius Maro and others; with the praises of him and his Workes: also his Epitaphs, composed by divers illustrious persons: and lastly, the Argument of his Workes. London.* 1624. 12*mo.*

Dedicated to Nathaniel Gurlin by John Penkethman.

Art. 2. *Onomatophylacium: or the Christian Names of Men and Women, now used within this Realme of Great Britaine; alphabetically expressed, as well in Latine as in English. With the true interpretations thereof; digested in three severall Tables, &c. By I. P. publike writer. London.* 1626. 12*mo.*

Art. 3. *The fairest Fairing for a schoole-bred sonne; whereby praise, ease, and profit may be wonne. That is to say—The Schoole-Master's Precepts, or Lillie's Lesson to his Schollars. Translated by I. Penkethman, lover of learning.* 4 *leaves.*

The publisher of these trifles seems to be spoken of by Wood, as having made additions to Hopton's Concordance of Years, 1635. Vid. Ath. Oxon. I. 396.

Art.

Art. 4. *Sophoclis Antigone. Interprete Thoma Watsono J. V. Studioso. Huic adduntur pompæ quædam ex singulis Tragœdiæ actis derivatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententiis refertissima, eodem Thoma Watsono authore. Londini, excudt. Joh. Wolfius*, 1581. *4to.*

This translation is inscribed to Philip Earl of Arundel; and has Latin verses prefixed by Phil. Harrison, Chr. Atkinson, Fr. Yemans, C. Downhall, and W. Camden. Mr. Warton remarks, that Meres has mentioned this version, but with so much ambiguity, that it is difficult to determine from his words whether it appeared in Latin or English. The former is the language employed; as the title itself might have denoted.

Art 5. *Melibœus Thomæ Watsoni sive Ecloga in obitum honoratiss. viri Dom. Francisci Walsingham, equitis aurati. Londoni, Excud. Rob. Robinson.* 1590. *8vo.*

In the same year this was translated by its author, and printed at the same press, though unnoticed by Herbert.

Art. 6. *An Eglogue upon the death of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Walsingham, late principall secretarie to her Majestie, &c. Written first in Latine by Thomas Watson, Gent. and now by himself translated into English.* 1590. *4to.*

"I interpret *myself* (says Watson) lest Melibœus, in speaking English by another man's labour, should leese my name in his chaunge, as my Amintas did." This alludes to his "Amintæ Gaudia," Latinized from Tasso; and thence Anglicized by Ab. Fraunce and J. T. In his present eclogue, or epicedium, he thus developes the allegorical personages:

Diana, her Majestie (Q. Eliz.)
Melibœus, Sir Francis Walsingham.
Dryas, Lady Walsingham.
Astrophill, Sir Philip Sidney.

Hyale, Lady Sidney.
Tytirus, Mast. Tho. Walsingham.
Corydon, the Author.

Art. 7. *Elizabetha Triumphans. Conteyning the namned practizes that the divelish Popes of Rome have used ever sithence her Highnesse* [*Q. Elizabeth*] *first comming to the Crowne, by moving her wicked and traiterous subjects to Rebellion and Conspiracies; thereby to bereave her Majestie both of her lawfull seate, and happy life. With a Declaration of the manner how her Excellency was entertained by her Souldyers into her Campe royall at Tilbery in Essex: and of the overthrow had against the Spanish Fleete; briefly, truly, and effectually set foorth, declared, and handled, by J. A. Post victoriam gloria...At London: Printed by Tho. Orwin, for Tho. Gubbin and Tho. Newman.* 1588. 4*to.*

The dedication to Julius Cæsar, LL.D. is signed Ja. Aske. The poem is of great rarity, and curious, from being written in blank verse: but the title only is here given, as the whole was carefully reprinted by Mr. Nichols in Vol. II. of the Royal Progresses.

Art. 8. *The princelye pleasures at the Courte at Kenelwoorth: that is to saye—The Copies of all such verses, proses, or poeticall inventions, and other devices of pleasure, as were there devised and presented by sundry Gentlemen, before the Quenes Maiestie, in the yeare* 1575. *Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, and are to be solde without Newgate, over against Saint Sepulchers Church.* 1576. *Small* 8*vo.*

The copy from which I cite the above title is imperfect, and was purchased at the sale of Dr. Wright's library by Dr. Farmer, who affirms that no other copy of the same edition is known to be extant. The tract was reprinted at the end of Gascoigne's poems in 1587, and has since been incorporated

rated into Vol. I. of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses. An address to the reader, not inserted in Gascoigne's works, will be found in the preface of Mr. Nichols to Vol. III. of his very amusing and interesting compilation.

T. P.

ART. XXIV. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 222.]

1792. June 7. In the East Indies, Mr. Reuben Burrows.

—— Aug 8. John Leake, M. D.

—— Sept. 26. At Norwich, John Murray, M. D. æt. 72.

——— 30. Rev. Mr. Belward, Rector of Burgh Castle, and Ashby, Suffolk.

—— Nov. 10. At Hinkley, Co. Leicester, Mr. John Robinson, æt. 70.

——— 17. At Eltham, æt. 82, Philip Burton, Esq.

——— At Kimpton, Herts, Rev. Dr Barford, Prebendary of Canterbury, &c.

1793. Jan. 19. At Florence, Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford.

——— 26. At Cheltenham, Geo. Monck Berkeley, Esq.

——— In America, aged 98, Mr. Webber Groves, formerly author of a Treatise "*On the Commercial Intercourse between Great Britain and America.*"

—— Mar. 4. The Rev. Digby Cotes, æt. 77.

——— In America, aged 98, Mr. Job Maurice.

1793.

1793. Mar. The Rev. Mr. Vivian, of Cornwood, near Ivybridge.

—— April 5. Mr. Dale Ingram, formerly Surgeon to Christ's Hospital.

——— 15. Thos. Monkhouse, D. D. F. A. S. Vicar of Monk-Sherborne, Hants, part Editor of "*Clarendon's State-Papers.*"

——— 20. At Edinburgh, Robert Boyd, LL.D.

—— May 1. At York, James Crowther, M. D.

——— 9. At Love-hill House, near Windsor, the Rev. David Scurlock, A. M. author of "*Thoughts on the Influence of Religion in Civil Government, and its tendency to promote and preserve the social liberty and rights of Man.*"

——— At Tatham, near Lancaster, the Rev. G. Holden, author of an annual publication, entitled "*Holden's Tide-Table.*"

—— July 8. At Elland, Yorkshire, the Rev. Geo. Burnet, A. M. aged 60.

—— Sept. 13. Alexr. Ld. Saltoun, æt 36.

——— 27. At Hemingford-Abbots, Co. Hunt. the Rev. Charles Dickens, LL D. aged 73.

——— 28. In Chancery Lane, Josiah Brown, Barrister at Law.

—— Oct. 6. The Rev. Mr. Hodson, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of a "*Tragedy and Observations on the Greek Tragedy.*"

—— Nov. 1. In Newgate, Lord George Gordon, æt. 44.

—— Dec. 11. At Tottenham, the Rev. Sam. Hardy, aged 73.

1794. Jan. 27. Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke, aged 60.

——— 18. At Birmingham, A. G. Sinclair, M. D.

—— Mar. 25. John Jackson, F. A. S. of Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, wine-merchant.

—— April 21. Rob. Riddell of Glen-Riddell, F. A.S.

——— 26. Wm. Browne, Esq. F. R. S. Editor of "*Reports in Chancery, and Cases of Appeals to Parliament*," &c.

—— May 9. The Rev. Francis Okely, of Northampton, æt. 76, many years a preacher of the Moravian church. He published "*Psalmorum aliquot Davidis Metaphrasis Græca*," 1770, &c.

June 17. At Litchfield, Wm. Grove, Esq. LL.D. æt. 53.

——— 24. In Westminster, Chas. Pigott, Esq.

July 12. At Appleby, Co Leic. John Henn.

——— In Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, aged 66, Robert Wells, merchant, author of a "*Travestie of Virgil*," &c.

—— Aug. 31. At Ware, aged 84, Alex. Small, F.A.S.

—— Sept. 5. At Dublin, Rt. Hon. J. Hely Hutchinson, aged 79.

——— 24. Miss Charlotte Hutton, daughter of Dr. Charles Hutton.

—— Oct. 20. James Adam, Esq. architect.

——— The Rev. William Green, A. M. Rector of Hardingham, Norfolk, Translator from the Hebrew of "*The Whole Book of Psalms, with Critical Notes and a Commentary, and also of the poetical parts of the Old Testament.*"

1795.

1795 — The Rev. Thomas Tournay, Rector of St. Mary's, Dover, and father of the present Warden of Wadham College, Oxford. He was author of a poem, entitled "*Ambition and the Cave of Death.*"

Art. XXV. *Literary Obituary.*

On July 11 was interred, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, George Atwood, Esq. F.R.S. He died in the sixty-second year of his age, sincerely lamented, as he was deservedly esteemed by all who had the happiness of knowing him. He was highly distinguished for mathematical science, was honoured with the medal of the Royal Society, and was author of several treatises, which prove his inventive powers, as well as the depth and extent of his erudition. He was educated at Westminster School, was for some time a Tutor, and for many years a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He read to the whole University, Lectures upon several branches of Experimental Philosophy, which were much attended, and justly admired. Mr. Pitt, having been one of his auditors, was induced to form a more intimate acquaintance with him, and finding that his talents would be eminently useful to the public, bestowed upon him, in the beginning of the year 1784, a sinecure office, (which is extinguished at his death) that he might be enabled to devote a large portion of his time to financial calculations, in which Mr. Pitt employed him, to his own entire satisfaction, and to the great advantage of the revenue. The high opinion Mr. Pitt entertained of him, and the confidence he reposed in him, were strengthened by experience; and Mr. Atwood's labours were continued with the most zealous perseverance, until his declining state of health rendered him incapable of severe application.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

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